

THE LIFE OF
GEORGE GRENFELL
CONGO
MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER



GEORGE HAWKER



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THE LIFE OF GEORGE GRENFELL

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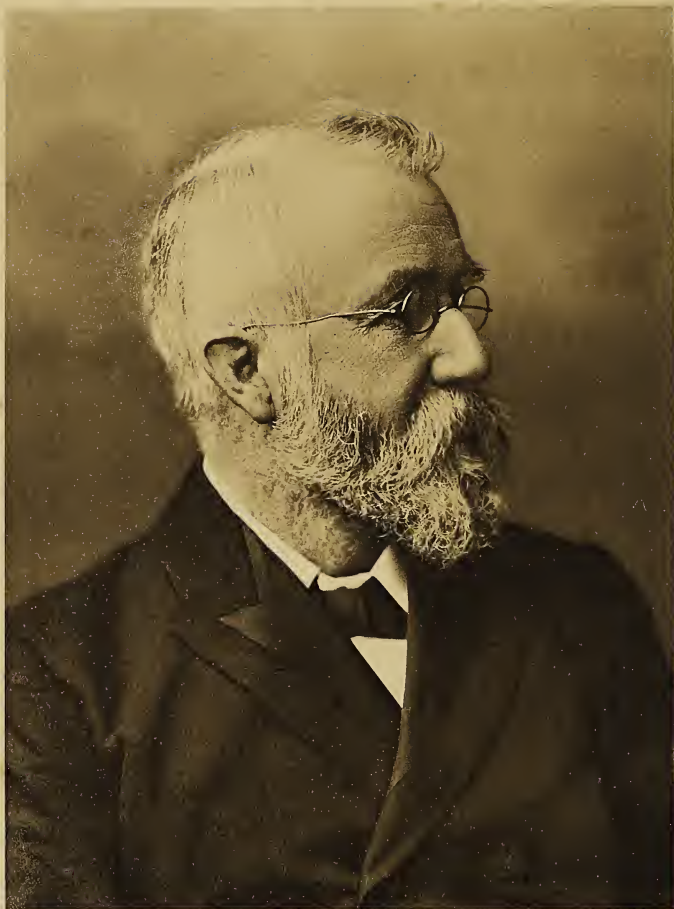


Photo. W. Lewis Wadford.

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George Grenfell
(. August 21, 1849. July 1, 1906.)

THE LIFE OF GEORGE GRENFELL

CONGO MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER

By GEORGE HAWKER

Minister of Camden Road Baptist Church, London

*WITH PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT, MAPS,
AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS*

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THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

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TO
ALFRED HENRY BAYNES

WHO WAS GRENFELL'S FRIEND AND COUNSELLOR AND
CONFIDANT FOR THIRTY YEARS, WHO GAVE HIM
UNSTINTED LOVE AND TRUST AND RECEIVED AN
EQUAL RETURN,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S
AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM

INTRODUCTION

WHEN I was requested by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to write the biography of my friend and former fellow-student, George Grenfell, it was stipulated that the volume should contain a section of about a hundred pages to be contributed by an expert (Sir Harry Johnston, if possible), in which the scientific side of Grenfell's work should be duly discussed and appraised. Subsequently, Sir Harry Johnston consented to undertake this task. But when Grenfell's papers and journals came to hand, it was apparent that two or three chapters included in a general biography would be quite inadequate for the worthy treatment of Grenfell's scientific achievements. It was therefore arranged that Sir Harry Johnston should write a separate work, an arrangement in which I cordially concurred.

That work has been published under the title *George Grenfell and the Congo*, and has secured the high encomiums of competent critics. The writer has given a vivid account of Grenfell's travels and observations, enriched by his own stores of African learning; and incidentally he has given an impartial, authoritative, yet glowing appreciation of the humanitarian and scientific value of the work of African missionaries, for which the whole Christian Church, and especially the Baptist denomination,

will be ever grateful to one who has attained distinction as scholar, explorer, and colonial administrator.

By arrangement Sir Harry Johnston's theme was 'Grenfell the Explorer'; mine, 'Grenfell the Missionary.' But it is obvious that in the case of a traveller who was always a missionary, and a missionary who was always a traveller, such delimitation could not be rigorously observed. Sir Harry Johnston was constrained to write missionary chapters, and in these pages the missionary is seen for the most part *en voyage*. He would have ordered his life otherwise, but bowed to the will of God as revealed in urgent circumstances.

My work is based on Grenfell's letters, mostly hitherto unpublished, and I have been ruled by the single purpose of providing the reader with the means of knowing George Grenfell. As far as possible I have employed his own words, allowing him to disclose himself. The task has not been a light one. Though Grenfell published little, and left nothing in the form of autobiography, he was a voluminous correspondent, and the making of this book has involved the critical reading of thousands of pages of his manuscript.

Both Sir Harry Johnston and I are under obligation to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for granting us the assistance of the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, who was for many years the Society's Secretary on the Congo (in which capacity he rendered important and unique service), and who was one of Grenfell's most intimate friends.

Sir Harry Johnston has made generous and graceful acknowledgment of the value of Mr. Forfeitt's service, and I, who am the greater debtor, confess that his co-operation has been indispensable. Mr. Forfeitt has greatly relieved me in the labour of collecting, arranging,

and sifting the immense mass of material placed at our disposal, and has been my trusty counsellor at every critical point; for which service and much other kindness I tender him my warmest thanks. If the work should be found reasonably free from errors, it will be largely due to the vigilance of my friend, and to his expert knowledge of Congo problems and affairs.

Having regard to the simplicity of Grenfell's nature, I have not thought it necessary to include a chapter of formal and analytical appreciation. His outstanding characteristics are written in large letters, and he who runs may read. Yet in one respect this presentment of the man may surprise some who had much intercourse with him. Though intensely devout he was not an effusive pietist. Spiritually he was a shy man. The flowers of his soul required for their unfolding an atmosphere of peculiar sympathy, and his wistful saintliness would hide itself from admirable persons of differing temperament, who would think of him in chief as the geographer, the accountant, and the engineer. Others, no less appreciative of his practical genius, will remember him first of all, as a tender-hearted man of God.

Grenfell's modesty veiled him from the world. In this book the veil is drawn aside. Here the man appears, largely as pictured by himself, in his intimate correspondence. The mechanic, slaving in stoke-hole gear, with odd shoes tied up with bush grass: the distinguished explorer, fêted at a Governor's palace, or dining with a King: the missionary of Jesus Christ watching with tense emotion by the deathbed of an African boy, whose eyes are lit up by the ineffable vision: the soldier of the Cross, stopping a battle by means of moral courage and a bamboo stick: the man

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of business, evolving order out of chaos in affairs that have been disarranged by disaster and death : the man of letters, sitting down to write an essay in dignified and measured English : the faithful friend, yearning in his loneliness for the grip of a hand which he cannot reach, and for 'the kindly look in Jennie's eyes' : the loving father, pouring out his soul's treasure for the spiritual profit of a dear child in a distant land : the man of faith, who is sure of God in the darkest hour : the workman needing not to be ashamed, who toils till the tools drop from his nerveless hand : the Christian gentleman, courteously considerate of others to his last whispered word—here he is revealed that the world may judge him, if it cares to turn aside and see.

Grenfell's latest years were rendered heavy and sorrowful by the gross maladministration of the Congo Government, involving the atrocious suffering and untimely death of innumerable natives ; by its perverse policy of hindrance in relation to Protestant missions ; and, in lesser degree, by misinterpretations of his own attitude and conduct. He fondly believed that, if the Congo State became a Belgian Colony, a new *régime* would be inaugurated—and Protestant missionaries still labouring on the Congo will only relinquish such faith under dire compulsion. They are destitute of the political animus which has been freely but erroneously ascribed to them ; and none will rejoice more than they if the Belgian nation, by humane and equitable rule upon the Congo, should proceed to make reparation for vast and cruel wrongs, the anguish of which shortened Grenfell's journey to the grave.

I have found it impossible, without undue extension of this volume, to include tributes to the character and work of George Grenfell, elicited by his death. Two

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memorial services should, however, be mentioned. The first was held in Bloomsbury Church, London, on September 19, 1906. It was addressed by leaders of the Baptist denomination, and by Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., who was delegated to represent the Royal Geographical Society. His generous appreciation spoken upon that occasion has been elaborated in the important work already mentioned.

On September 24, 1907, memorial meetings were held in Heneage Street Baptist Church, Birmingham, and in the course of the proceedings a tablet, erected in the church, was unveiled by the Rev. Benwell Bird, who was minister in Grenfell's day; a Grenfell Museum was opened, and addresses were delivered by men who had known and loved him from boyhood, and by colleagues who had wrought with him in the field.

In the course of an address then delivered the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt bore his own witness to the loftiness of Grenfell's character and the value of his work, and cited other significant testimonies, brief extracts from which are here reproduced.

The *Times* said, at the time of his death: 'Few explorers in any part of the world have made such extensive and valuable contributions to geographical knowledge as this modest missionary, who, had he possessed the ambition and the "push" of men who have not done a tithe of his work, would have been loaded with honours. . . .'

Dr. Scott Keltie, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, wrote: 'Mr. Grenfell was one of the ablest and most intelligent of African explorers. Mr. Grenfell was a man of exceeding modesty. Had he been bent on fame and money-making, he might have been one of the best-known travellers of his time, and might, years ago,

have made a competency ; but he seems not to have cared for any of those things. In my opinion he deserves to be placed in the first rank among African explorers.'

The *Royal Geographical Journal* said of Grenfell : ' His geographical labours were not allowed to interfere with his primary work as a missionary, to which he devoted himself with unflagging zeal to the last.'

Lord Montmorres, in his book on the Congo, says : ' Mr. Grenfell was one of the grand old school of British missionaries, whose loss will be an absolutely irreparable one to the cause of humanity, and the progress of white rule in Africa.'

One of the most notable tributes was written by the well-known Belgian Geographer, Monsieur A. J. Wauters, in *Le Mouvement Geographique*. It contained the following sentences :—

' George Grenfell, who has just been struck down by death, is one of the most noble figures in the history of the foundation of the Congo Free State.

' Grenfell explored and evangelised Central Africa after the fashion of Dr. Livingstone. . . . He came as a man of peace, winning the confidence of the savage natives by his patience, tact, and cleverness, taking care not to respond by violence to the brutish diffidence of these primitive beings. . . .

' When we consider that the conquest of new land is so often accompanied, in spite of all, by abuses, excesses, and by guilty practices and doings, condemned by civilisation, it is refreshing to be able to recall the remembrance of this good man, a missionary in the purest sense of the word ; who succeeded, as the messenger of peace, in irradiating the immense basin of the Congo by his itineraries and in endowing its geography with fixed points, carefully determined by astronomical observations.'

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Perhaps the noblest verbal tribute to Grenfell's character is contained in a letter written by one of his colleagues, who knew him well, and was with him when he died. Writing to the Rev. C. E. Wilson, under date, Yalembe, July 4, 1906, the Rev. W. Millman says: 'All the white men in the district took the opportunity of testifying their respect for the departed veteran and their sympathy with the bereaved family and with the Mission. The Roman Catholic priest asked to be permitted to attend the funeral and render homage to the man who, he said, was a noble man and good. And we two missionaries with broken hearts—for this day the Lord had taken away our head, in whom the beatitudes were exemplified even unto the bitter last—committed his body to the grave, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

My thanks are due, and are hereby cordially tendered, to friends who have supplied me with material used in the preparation of this volume. To Mrs. Grenfell, for several important interviews; to Mr. Joseph Hawkes, for the use of Grenfell's private papers, committed to his charge; to Mr. A. H. Baynes, Honorary Secretary of the B.M.S., and the Rev. C. E. Wilson, B.A., General Secretary of the B.M.S., for access to the archives of the Mission House, and for sympathetic counsel; to Grenfell's several correspondents who have granted the loan of private letters, and whose names are mentioned in the narrative; to Mrs. Rowe, of Sancreed (Grenfell's sister), and to several of his old friends in Birmingham, for particulars of his early life; to the Rev. John Stona, M.A., Vicar of Sancreed, for much courtesy and for particulars concerning one whom he knew well and esteemed highly, and who was an occasional worshipper in the beautiful parish church

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of his fathers ; to the Rev. Thomas Taylor, M.A., Vicar of St. Just-in-Penwith, for his marked kindness in tracing Grenfell's genealogy ; to the Rev. R. V. Glennie, for translating Baluti's touching story of the last days of his ' Master ' ; and to other of Grenfell's colleagues who have made interesting verbal communications.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following for the use of valuable photographs : the Rev. William Forfeitt, Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Birmingham, and other of Grenfell's colleagues and friends. Several of his own photographs have also been used in illustration.

It may not be unnecessary that the following abbreviations which frequently occur in the text should be here explained : A.B.M.U.—American Baptist Missionary Union ; B.M.S.—Baptist Missionary Society ; C.B.M.—Congo Balolo Mission ; C.M.S.—Church Missionary Society ; L.I.M.—Livingstone Inland Mission.

It should be mentioned also that Grenfell was known to the natives as ' Tala Tala ' (' Look ! Look ! '), a name suggested by his spectacles. Later, when his hair had grown white, he was known as ' Nkoko ' (' Grandfather ').

And now it is my desire and prayer that by means of this book the ancient word may be fulfilled in the case of my friend, whom I knew well thirty years ago, and whom I know better now : ' He being dead yet speaketh. '

GEORGE HAWKER.

ANSON ROAD, LONDON, N.

March, 1909.

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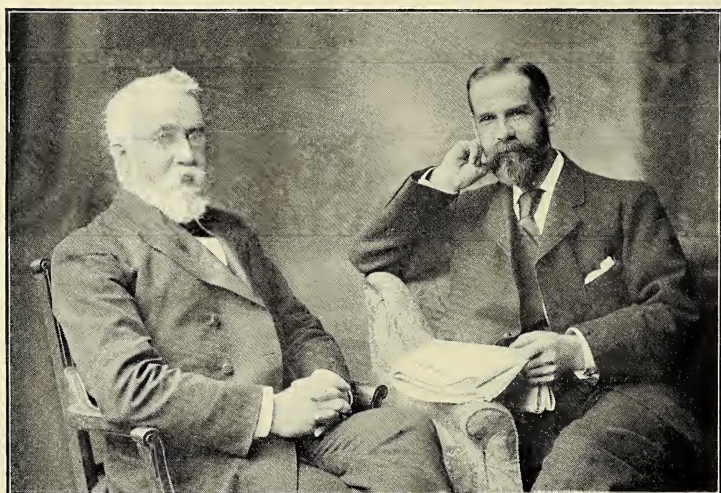
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ALFRED HENRY BAYNES, Esq., F.R.A.S.
Photo: Elliott & Fry.



THE REV. GEORGE GRENFELL. THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.
 Taken during Grenfell's last furlough in 1901.
Photo: W. Coles, Watford.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE GRENFELL

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

Birthplace—Removal to Birmingham—Influence of Early Surroundings—‘Shan’t’—Sancreed—Ennis Cottage—Grenfell born Aug. 21, 1849—Grandparents and Parents—Father’s Character—The Family Tree—Grandfatherly Solitude—Grenfell at School—The Doctor’s Forecast—Heneage Street Baptist Church—Sunday School—George Grenfell and Joseph Hawkes—Enters the Church—The Rev. Samuel Chapman—Friends and Helpers—James Weston—Strenuous Sundays—The Bloomsbury Theological Class—Its Meetings—The Class and the Roman Catholic Bishop—Grenfell as a Teacher—‘Will it Wash?’—Apprenticeship—Responsibility—Foundation of an Auxiliary of the B.M.S.—Its Magazine—The Threepenny Bit—Desire for Missionary Work—Enters Bristol College.

GEOURGE GRENFELL, who will rank in history among the great missionaries who have also been great explorers, was born at Sancreed, a sequestered village lying on the uplands behind Penzance. He was but three years old when his parents removed to Birmingham, and his boyhood and youth were passed in the smoke-stained atmosphere of the metropolis of the Midlands. But Sancreed, often revisited and always loved, must be reckoned with in any true appreciation of his character and genius. The hush and the beauty of the place, its clear skies and distant views of the

Early Years

boundless sea, contributed to the making of his mind. And he came of a stock for whom the hills and the fields, the cliffs—passing lovely in the sunshine but grim as death in the storm—the sea—sometimes a tender wooer, and sometimes a furious foe—and the few and simple neighbours of the village or the fishing town, made up the world.

Grenfell's town life rendered him reasonably easy among the multitude, but the deeper yearnings of his heart were ever toward the wide simplicities of nature. He hated every form of fuss. Applause and publicity, which many covet, were positively painful to him. He craved to be quiet and to do his work in peace. He never wrote a book, though he might have written a score, and made a competency. Some of his most vivid and valuable writing was done in the wilds, and addressed in the form of letters to mother, child, or friend.

Grenfell was a Cornishman by birth and breed; and the Cornish are a sturdy race, capable of wholesome stubbornness. The metal of their native hills has passed into their blood; and the infinite perseverance and steadfast courage which characterized Grenfell's work may be accounted for in part by his Cornish extraction.

Long ago I heard a lecture by a Cornishman of note, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, upon his own people. In the course of a dramatic passage, he threw himself into a typical attitude, assumed a typical expression, and uttered the word 'Shan't!' The impression made was indelible, and the Cornishman's 'Shan't' echoes in my mind across the interval of a quarter of a century.

Grenfell could say 'Shan't.' There was a moment in his life when it became in effect his reply to a behest of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, formally conveyed to him by the letter of his ever dear

DSI

and honoured friend, Mr. Baynes. There had been heavy losses on the field. Grenfell, who had curtailed furlough in regard for solemn exigencies, was over-worked and spent. Friends naturally became nervous, and he was ordered home. His 'Shan't' of course was watered down by pages of gracious and apologetic argument, but the gritty heart of it was there, and he did not come.

Sancreed is 'far from the madding crowd'; yet a thin stream of bustling life ripples near by through the days of the summer months, and the muffled throbbing of the motor-bus must sometimes break the stillness of its quiet evenings. Tourists, with Land's End for objective, leave the train at Penzance, and are conveyed by motor past the docks, along the esplanade, through the suburb to the borders of Newlyn, now itself a greater suburb of Penzance.

Crossing the bridge at the entrance to Newlyn, the road turns sharply to the right, and the labouring engines slowly climb the hill, beside a romantic stream which tumbles swiftly to the sea. Half an hour of charming up-and-down journeying brings the travellers to a hamlet called Drift, and here, near the top of a sharp ascent, the pilgrim to Grenfell's birthplace parts company with tourists, and, taking a by-road which leaves the main track at right angles, makes for Sancreed.

A walk of a mile along a lonely high-lying road, bordered by expansive hedges of bracken and bramble, from which valleys drop away on either side, brings him to a point of view whence the heart of Sancreed is more or less visible in winter, but in summer almost completely hidden. A big hill rises right ahead, skirted by a wood, and in this wood lie embowered Sancreed Church and 'Church Town.' The latter now consists

Early Years

of the Vicarage, the School and School-house, and the homestead of the Glebe Farm, once an inn, but now a private residence.

Passing through Church Town and emerging from the wood, the wayfarer shortly comes to a Methodist Chapel and a cluster of cottages. His road then divides, and bearing to the left and clinging to the broad shoulder of the hill he is at length rewarded by the sight of Trannack Mill, nestling in what might be called the nook of a little valley, through which runs a stream, so exiguous that it is difficult to imagine it turning a practicable wheel. The Mill is now merely a farmstead, and living memory fails to fix the location of the vanished wheel. It is approached by a green track which runs beside the stream for a couple of hundred yards ; and at the commencement of this track, and on the edge of the estate, stands Ennis Cottage, in which George Grenfell was born on August 21, 1849.

At the time of his birth his grandfather, John Grenfell, worked the farm (some twenty-one acres in extent) and was engaged in business as a carpenter, having a workshop in Church Town. His son George, Grenfell's father, worked with him. But times were bad. The decay of the mining industry, in which the Grenfells had some direct interest, hurt them in their business, besides involving loss in shares ; and in 1852 George Grenfell senior made his home in Birmingham.

John Grenfell of Trannack Mill hailed from St. Just, and was brought up on the farm of his maternal grandparents, Michael and Catherine Rowe, of Botree.¹

¹ One of the heirlooms of the family is a blue jug, which bears the following inscription :

Mich^l and Cath^e Rowe
Botree St. Creet
May the honest heart never know distress

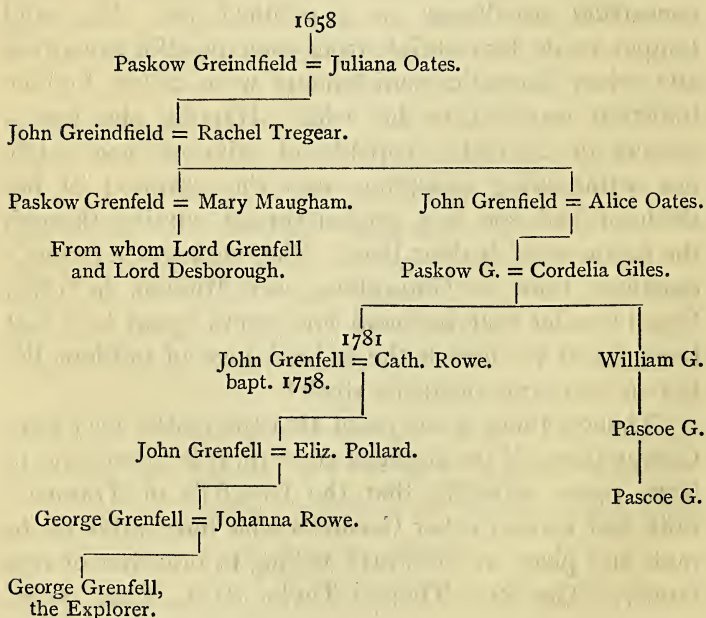
He came to Trannack Mill upon his marriage with Elizabeth Pollard, to whose family the estate formerly belonged, and here were born their two sons, John, who died in 1843 at the age of twenty-eight, George, the father of the missionary, and also their daughter, Elizabeth Pollard Grenfell, a woman of marked saintliness, who enjoyed a close friendship with her vicar's daughter, a kindred spirit, and died upon a visit to her brother's house in Birmingham in 1856.

Grenfell's father is spoken of as a man of quiet and patient temper, singularly kind-hearted, but somewhat wanting in the energy that makes way in the world. He was a man of good intelligence, fond of reading, a keen politician, and a strong conservative. He had an excellent memory for dates and figures, an admirable endowment in a political friend, a disconcerting peculiarity in a political foe. His mild temper made him shrink from even needful severities, and when domestic punishments were called for the infliction was left to his wife. Happily she was a woman of character, capable of winning love while not withholding discipline, and the devotion of her distinguished son is a golden thread running through the fabric of both their lives. She, also, was a farmer's daughter, born at Gunwalloe, near Mullion, in 1823. Small wonder that boyhood and youth spent in a vast town failed to quench the in-bred love of outdoor life in one who came of such a stock!

Though there is no proof that the matter ever gave George Grenfell the slightest concern, it is interesting to learn upon authority that the Grenfells of Trannack Mill, and certain other Grenfells who have attained to rank and place in the world, belong to branches of one family. The Rev. Thomas Taylor, M.A., Vicar of St.

Early Years

Just-in-Penwith, the distinguished Cornish genealogist, having kindly interested himself in the matter, writes as follows, under date of March 5, 1907: 'I have solved the problem. Quite incidentally I learnt this afternoon that John Grenfell, who married Catherine Rowe, was the brother of William Grenfell, the grandfather of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, our school attendance officer. So that either the age of John Grenfell was incorrectly stated on the Sancreed monument, or (which is quite likely) the monument was erected to the memory of another John Grenfell. On a separate slip I give you the pedigree. You will now be quite justified in stating that George Grenfell was nearly related to Lords Grenfell and Desborough.'



Though Grenfell left Sancreed in infancy, and probably before any lasting impressions were made upon his mind, he renewed his acquaintance with his birthplace while still a child, and ‘Beacon Hill,’ which fronted Ennis Cottage and Trannack Mill, was ever a well-loved feature in his mental landscape.

In 1856 we find him making a long stay at the Mill, and two letters addressed by his grandfather to his parents in Birmingham afford interesting glimpses of his life at the age of seven years. The writer says, under date May 6, ‘George was poorly last week and did not go to school, but went yesterday. To-day it rains much, so he must not go. Grandmother is very careful of her George, and would not consent to his being polled [*i.e.* having his hair cut], but I intend to get it done on Thursday if the weather will let us go to Penzance.’

Then follows a story of how George went with his grandfather in search of strayed bullocks on the previous evening, being sometimes carried pick-a-back. In the course of the journey he ‘wanted a morsel,’ and was promised refreshment when they got to Sellan, which soothed his trouble. As they entered Sellan a certain kindly Peggy Waters met them, kissed George and fed him. Upon returning to Trannack Mill they found the bullocks safe at home.

As one reads this artless account of an early expedition, one wonders whether in greater quests of later years it recurred to the memory of the traveller, and whether, when at times he lay down hungry in the African wilds, he dreamed of Peggy Waters and her kiss and her loaf. The letter adds the information that ‘he has plenty of playmates, plenty of playthings, and money too, of which he is proud.’

Early Years

A second letter, dated June 2, states that 'Grand-mother,' though suffering much with rheumatism, made the journey to Penzance on Thursdays, and that George always accompanied his grandparents. Then follows an account of a childish exploit. The previous Friday was 'a day of rejoicing,' and George and his grandfather saw 'the fixtures' being put up in preparation 'for the children and others to take tea.' For some reason George was unable to attend the feast; but his grandfather writes that he 'was very willing to stay at home, and went out into the garden and fixed up poles to make a booth, and trimmed them off with greens and flowers. He did it all by himself. Indeed, I knew nothing of it until it was almost finished. So we took tea in the garden very comfortably.' It would be interesting, if it were possible, to compute how many poles George fixed up in the following fifty years to provide shelter under which the bodies and souls of men might find rest and refreshment.

At this time he was rid of his cough, but had a remainder of cold which caused deafness. His grandfather gives some quaint hints of treatment, requests his parents' 'thoughts about it'; and adds, what they would be pleased to hear, and what is still interesting to read, that 'he is very brisk and lively, goes to school regularly, and is very fond of it, is growing finely, has a great red face, and is made much of by his schoolmaster and playmates.'

The story of this visit to Sancreed ends sadly. George's mother had come down from Birmingham to fetch her boy home. While she was on a visit to her sister at Sithney, near Helston, her father died suddenly, and she was hastily recalled to the house of mourning. Whether George was at Trannack Mill at this time, or



GRENFELL, Aged 19.

IN MIDDLE LIFE.

AS A YOUTH.

Photos: T. Lewis, Birmingham.



GRENFELL'S BIRTHPLACE AT SANCREED, NEAR PENZANCE.

Photo: Mr. Charles Stewart, Penzance.

The Doctor's Discernment 9

at Sithney with his mother, cannot now be determined ; but in any case, the loss of his genial grandfather, whose love for him was sufficiently evident, and who 'was an upright man and well thought of,' would be a real grief to his child heart. His grandmother lived twenty years longer, and attained the age of eighty-two.

Grenfell's grandfather was pleased with his school work at Sancreed, and later, in Birmingham, his intelligence was well-esteemed by his masters and schoolfellows. But apparently there was a dull period in which his progress in learning was so slow that his mother's mind was perturbed. Two years subsequent to the Sancreed visit he was ailing. Perhaps the illness accounted for his dulness.

Two doctors met in consultation. One of them ventured the opinion that he had a fine head. His mother lamented his backwardness, and was asked, 'How old is he?'

'Nine years to-day,' was the reply. Whereupon the doctor said to the boy, 'If you don't get on, it won't be for want of a head.' This was one of those chance words which a fond mother hid in her heart ; and the story was often told by her in later years, when the doctor's discernment had been sufficiently vindicated.

It was probably a year or two later than this that George Grenfell entered the Baptist Sunday School at Heneage Street, perhaps the most momentous act and fact of his life.

Heneage Street Baptist Church, Birmingham, was founded in 1842, and was then suburban, but the extension of the city has involved changed conditions. The Church has now to sustain a ministry in a difficult district, and like other Churches similarly placed has been called upon to endure the loss of wealthy and able

supporters who have migrated to fairer scenes. Happily it retains the affectionate and devoted interest of a few strong men who were nurtured within its borders and cannot find it in their hearts to forsake the old home.

Heneage Street was George Grenfell's spiritual home, and he loved it to the end. Every scrap of Heneage Street news was ever welcome. His letters teem with references and inquiries. The joys of Heneage Street are his joys; its sorrows are his sorrows; and from the wilds of Africa his heart returns to the dear sanctuary with longing akin to that which the exiled Jew experienced for Zion.

At a public meeting, occasioned by the unveiling of a Grenfell memorial tablet in Heneage Street Church, to which other reference has been made, one of Grenfell's oldest friends stated that he appeared as quite a boy in the Sunday School, but that the circumstances of his coming were unknown. Since then the facts have been disclosed. His people belonging to the Church of England, he and a younger brother attended St. Matthew's Sunday School. But at St. Matthew's was a bigger boy who bullied and oppressed the younger brother, and to escape this annoyance, doubtless with his parents' approval, Grenfell and his brother joined the School at Heneage Street.

Among the influences of Heneage Street that went to the making of Grenfell's character, his boy friends, in whom he was singularly fortunate, must take an important place. Foremost among these was Joseph Hawkes, who remained his close and confidential friend until his life's end, and who has further proved the stability of his friendship by wise and sympathetic care for the interests of those dear ones whom Grenfell left

A Lively Reminiscence

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behind. Joseph Hawkes was his school-fellow on weekdays as well as Sundays. They both attended the Gem Street branch of King Edward's Grammar School. It was a Church of England foundation, but the religious difficulty seems to have been met in a simple, practical fashion. During study of the Church Catechism, Non-conformist scholars were withdrawn. Instead of the Collect, they were expected to recite the text of the sermon which they had heard on the Sunday morning. There was a purely Scripture Catechism which all studied in common, and Mr. Hawkes bears witness that Grenfell and he and many others were indebted for a solid grounding in Scripture knowledge to the Headmaster's excellent teaching.

Joseph and George were great friends, but the 'course of true love' was not always smooth, and I am indebted to Mr. Hawkes for a lively reminiscence which will go to the heart of any schoolboy who dips into these pages, and haply appeal to others whose school days belong to a remote but unforgotten past.

One day they had a difference, and determined to fight it out. The fight was not of the common fisticuff order, but more in the nature of a duel. Each wore at that time a short waterproof cape, which, being compactly rolled up, formed a species of baton, not exactly a deadly weapon, but formidable enough for schoolboy uses. After lessons the combatants betook themselves to the 'clay-pits' in a certain field, and having formulated rules, including brief intervals for rest, they fought with their capes for the space of one hour. As neither confessed himself beaten, and both were reasonably played out, the contest was declared 'drawn,' and amicable relations were resumed. There was a sequel in the case of Joseph Hawkes. Arriving at home an

Early Years

hour and a half late, 'red as a lobster,' and unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, the episode was rounded off for him by sound paternal chastisement.

Both boys at the time of this strenuous interlude were about twelve years old. Some three years later Grenfell was baptized, and received into the fellowship of the Church on November 7, 1864, his friends Joseph Hawkes and William Hastings taking the same important step within some few months. These lads, and others who went the same good way, confess their indebtedness to the earnest and virile ministry of the Rev. Samuel Chapman, who was then pastor of Heneage Street, and subsequently exercised a long and distinguished ministry in Australia. Mr. Chapman's methods were a little awe-inspiring and wanting in surface winsomeness ; but his strength of character was felt and appreciated by these lads, who had the stuff in them of which men are made, as their after careers have proved.

They loved their minister, if they were now and then afraid of him. When one of them went to the vestry with palpitating heart to declare his decision for Christ, and his desire to join the Church, he was dumfounded as the minister rose from his chair, stalked down the room, and exclaimed in formal tones, 'Well, Master William, what is the reason for the hope that is in you ?'

But this was just by way of preliminary testing ; and in a few minutes the minister was sitting beside his young friend, talking gently, and drawing out the boyish story of trust and love.¹

¹ The following was written by Grenfell in reply to an inquiry as to the circumstances of his decision for Christ and his consecration to missionary service : 'My earliest religious impressions of a serious kind

Two Personalities

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When he was on the point of leaving Birmingham some three or four years later, Mr. Chapman received a letter signed by George Grenfell, Joseph Hawkes, William Hastings, and another, who had joined the Church under his ministry, begging him to stay. He confessed, when his decision was announced, that the letter of these four young men had caused him even greater hesitation than the formal appeal of the Church.

In the Sunday School there were two personalities which greatly influenced young George Grenfell and his friends: one a man of culture and means, the other poor and illiterate; but which of the two was the more dominant and moulding force it were perhaps difficult to determine. Mr. George Cauldwell was an assistant master at King Edward's Grammar School, and a Bible Class teacher at Heneage Street. He took the greatest interest in the lads and young men of the school, and was enthusiastic in the matter of foreign missions, a fact that doubtless counted in the shaping of Grenfell's bent. The lads whom he sought to serve profited by his instructions, respected his abilities, deferred to his judgments, and responded to his interest with affectionate regard.

date back to the early sixties, when the great wave of awakening that followed the revival of '59 was passing over the country. I was baptised in Birmingham by the Rev. Samuel Chapman (subsequently of Melbourne, Australia) in 1864. My interest in Africa began even earlier, being aroused by the pictures in Livingstone's first book, and deepened when I was about ten years of age by the reading of the book itself. Among the earliest of my resolves as a Christian was that of devoting myself to work in Africa, and, though I cannot claim that it never wavered, it was certainly ever after my dominant idea. It was under the influence of Mr. Saker that eventually I gave effect to the determination to be a missionary.' For some account of Mr. Saker, see *Alfred Saker: the Pioneer of the Cameroons*, by E. M. Saker. R.T.S., 1s. 6d.

Their other friend and mentor was one James Weston, an ironmonger's out-door porter, who worked for a small wage, lived in a mean lodging, knew nothing of letters outside the Bible, and yet was a spiritual force which counted for much in the life of Heneage Street Church, as was gladly confessed by the minister and all others who knew the facts. He had an extraordinary influence over boys, and the simple explanation was that he loved Christ and he loved them. He was a Sunday School teacher, and could always command a prayer meeting of forty boys after school. Some of them loved him so much that they got up early to walk with him to his work, or waited about that they might return with him at night.

Grenfell was one of his special friends, and under James Weston's direction and inspiration he was early inured to the life of strenuous service. I am under obligation to Mr. William Hastings for a detailed account of the Sunday programme observed by Grenfell and his friends, from the age of sixteen onwards, for three or four years, with hardly a break. The day commenced with the seven o'clock prayer meeting, which James Weston was very careful that they should attend. At nine-thirty followed morning school, and Church service. After service tracts were distributed in assigned districts. Afternoon school commenced at two-thirty; and after school, and a hurried tea, a visit was made to two outlying hamlets, Washwood Heath and Ward End. Here, again, tracts were distributed, people conversed with, and an open-air service held on a piece of waste ground¹ opposite the Swan

¹ Upon this piece of ground, 'consecrated' by these simple evangelistic labours, now stands a chapel, belonging to the United Methodist Free Church.

Inn ; and it says something for the service that the visitors at 'The Swan,' always turned out to make part of the congregation. The day concluded with the evening service at Heneage Street, and a final prayer meeting.

Grenfell did not preach in these days. He was content with the humbler duties of visiting poor folk and beating up an audience for his friend James Weston. His genial, sympathetic personality made his visits ever welcome, and in some of the cottages he was assured of affectionate reception.

These Heneage Street young men, whose religion was the first interest of their lives, and who knew how to profit by the ministrations of pastors and teachers, took themselves seriously, and believed that they were capable of helping one another. There lies on my desk as I write a MS. volume, having a printed inscription ; 'The Minute Book of the Bloomsbury Theological Class.' It is an interesting document, and constitutes the record of a Society of some half a dozen young men who met for mutual improvement by means of the discussion of theological subjects. A preliminary meeting was held at the residence of Mr. W. Hawkes, 168, Bloomsbury Street, on October 18, 1866, and was attended by William Hawkes, John Fisher, William Hastings, George Grenfell, and Joseph Hawkes, jun. Mr. Fisher takes the chair for the evening, and it is resolved that those present 'do form themselves into a class under the name of the Bloomsbury Theological Class.' W. Hawkes is appointed secretary. The membership is limited to ten. Candidates for membership must be unanimously elected. The entrance fee is fixed at sixpence. And the following is determined to be the order of procedure at meetings of the class :

Commence at eight o'clock with election of Chairman ; Paper by member, not to exceed twenty minutes ; Criticism and discussion thereon ; Close with prayer at a quarter past nine. The meetings are to be held weekly at 168, Bloomsbury Street.

On Thursday, October 25, the first ordinary meeting was held, at which all the members were present, with the addition of George Davis, who had been nominated at the preliminary meeting. The paper read by George Grenfell was entitled 'A Few Remarks on the Inspiration of the Bible.'

At this stage the minutes are brief and formal. But later an abstract of the evening's paper is given, with hints as to the trend of the discussion. In looking through these minutes one is impressed by the punctilious order of procedure observed by these young and independent students, the extreme gravity and the innocent audacity of their discussions. Their quarterly balance sheet never deals with so great a sum as twenty shillings, but it is 'audited' by an 'auditor' who has been appointed by ballot ; and no theme is too august to be tackled by them.

When the class had been in existence two years, its rules were revised, its meetings made fortnightly, and a programme of thirty-one subjects drawn up, covering the whole range of Biblical and Practical Theology. But in the construction of this programme the class seems to have exhausted its waning energy, and within three months it was dissolved with formalities as exact as those which marked its institution.

Among other papers read by Grenfell was one entitled 'Christian Amusements,' concerning which the minute records : 'He laid it down that a Christian might engage in that upon which he could conscientiously ask

Letter to Dr. Ullathorne 17

the blessing of God. Going into particulars, he objected to Theatres, Concert Halls, Circuses, Fairs, Games of Speculation, and all kinds of gambling. He saw no harm in the games of Draughts and Chess, nor in Soirées, Conversazionies, Penny Readings, etc., which he thought might be made conducive to good when properly managed.' This reasonably conservative pronouncement occasioned a discussion which had to be adjourned; and in the end at least two members of the class protested against its laxity.

About this time there was some public controversy in Birmingham concerning points of difference between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Creeds. And the members of the Bloomsbury Theological Class, always taking themselves seriously, sent a letter to Dr. Ullathorne, the Roman Catholic Bishop, describing their constitution and aims, affirming their Protestant faith, but admitting that there were matters under discussion on which 'we are unwilling to pass judgment until we have given them our mature consideration.' Such being the case they request the Bishop to 'appoint some one who understands the doctrines of Roman Catholicism, and the foundations on which they rest, to discuss with us in a calm and friendly spirit, the points upon which we vary in belief.' They give little hope of conversion, but promise 'a fair hearing.'

There was no response, and at a subsequent meeting, a second letter was approved, expostulating with the Bishop for his lack of courtesy in failing to reply. This second letter was signed by George Grenfell. Surviving members of the 'Class' smile at their record. But it is one of which no man need be ashamed.

It was through the Sunday School that George Grenfell entered the Church, and his interest in the

school never waned. Early he became a teacher, and subsequently rendered excellent service as secretary of the girls' school. Fellow-workers still bear testimony to the unfailing geniality and absolute reliability which made service with him delightful and inspiring. While at college he used to tell a story of his teaching experience which will probably recall kindred quaint humiliations to the memory of many readers.

One day, surrounded by a group of small boys, he was elate at having secured unwonted attention. Every eye was fixed upon him, and his exhortations became the more fervid. Suddenly he was pulled up by the exclamation from one of his scholars, 'Teacher, will it wash?'

Everybody who knew Grenfell will be able to imagine the keen look, and sharp accent with which he said, 'Wash, wash; will what wash?'

'Your new tie, teacher,' came the answer. Alas! it was not his 'doctrine,' but his flaming bit of vanity which had made the great impression.

For Grenfell, and two or three of his friends, the strenuous Sunday which has been described was nowise followed by a lax Monday. The Rev. S. Chapman was succeeded in the pastorate of Heneage Street by the Rev. Benwell Bird, and George Grenfell, William Hastings, and Joseph Hawkes at one period attended a private class at Mr. Bird's residence on Monday mornings at half-past six o'clock, for the study of elementary Greek. One surmises that love for their minister as well as zeal for knowledge incited these young men to practise so much self-denial. Their earnestness was beyond question, and Mr. Hastings tells of sitting with Grenfell on the Malt-house steps at five o'clock on summer mornings as they conned their lessons. Grenfell was naturally affectionate and

sympathetic, and in this regard his minister was singularly qualified to draw out the best that was in him, and to add to the wealth of his soul. The friendship formed in those days lasted until it was broken by the hand of death. But the golden bond will be welded again in the glow of the life beyond.

The early hour of the Monday morning class was, of course, necessitated by the business engagements of the students. On leaving school Grenfell was apprenticed to Messrs. Scholefield and Goodman, a firm of merchants who dealt in hardware and machinery. In their shops and warehouses he acquired commercial and mechanical knowledge which proved of immense value in his subsequent career. His diligence and aptitude secured the confidence of his employers, and while still but a senior apprentice he was placed in responsible charge of the gun-room, where it was his business to examine and pass for export guns sent in by makers. If defect was discovered he was authorized to return the faulty gun, but he took such pleasure in the delicate mechanical work involved, that repairs and readjustments were often effected by his own hands. So testifies his friend Mr. Joseph Hawkes, who spent many hours with him in the gun-room, discussing missionary work, the subject in chief which stirred their ambition and shaped their dreams. At this time David Livingstone and Alfred Saker were Grenfell's heroes. He read with avidity all that was published concerning them and their work, and his heart was more and more drawn out to Africa, for which he was destined to live and die.

I am indebted to Mr. Alfred Caulkin for the following account of the formation of 'The Birmingham Young Men's Baptist Missionary Society,' in which Grenfell was ardently concerned: 'In the autumn of 1871, the Rev.

Early Years

Goolzar Shah, a native of Bengal, visited Birmingham as deputation to the Annual Meetings of the Birmingham Auxiliary of the Baptist Missionary Society. His advocacy of the importance of the better education of the sons of native Christians made a great impression upon the various meetings at which he spoke. With a view to giving practical effect to this object a meeting of young men was held on the 5th October, 1871, under the presidency of the late Mr. J. S. Wright. At this meeting it was resolved that an association of young men be formed, to create a deeper and wider interest in Foreign Missions and to increase the support which this town now affords to the Baptist Missionary Society. This end was to be secured—

- (1) by subscriptions amongst its members;
- (2) by quarterly meetings of its members;
- (3) by Sunday School addresses;
- (4) by a quarterly publication;
- (5) by an annual meeting.

‘It was also resolved that the first efforts of the society should be made towards providing Christian Education for youths in India.

‘It is interesting to note that among the speakers at the first annual meeting were the Rev. Charles Vince, the Rev. Benwell Bird, and Mr. J. S. Wright. George Grenfell was one of the young men who took an active interest in the formation of the society. He was appointed Editor of its magazine, *Mission Work*, which he most ably conducted. He was on its list of speakers giving periodic addresses on Missionary topics in the various Sunday Schools, and it was in connection with the work of the Society that his desire for Missionary work was fostered and matured. Many of his closest friends were among its members, and he was at various

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times helped by gifts they sent out to him of lathe and tools and other things useful for his very varied work.'

The first two numbers of the Quarterly magazine, *Mission Work*, which Grenfell edited, have reached me, and they do him no small credit. A paragraph from the first article, 'Our Raison d'être,' will intimate the tone and quality of the stuff he purposed to purvey, and may be read with profit still.

'With one or two exceptions, missionary periodicals confine their reports exclusively to the labours of the particular society with which they are identified, but we propose to adopt a different course. The publications of all the Societies will be searched, and those facts which are of the most general interest, and of the greatest importance, will be transferred to our own columns. At present, as a matter of necessity, if not of convenience, Missionary labourers are divided into party sections; but the success of any one mission is God's blessing for all mankind, and should be used as a Divine encouragement to all workers in all parts of the world. There is no single society which is strong enough, and rich enough in resources, to occupy the whole field; but that is no reason why its supporters should not be wise enough to gather materials for thankfulness and stimulus from every region. No matter by whom or where the Gospel is preached, every one of its victories should be gratefully received by all the Churches in Christendom for the sustenance of their common faith in God, and their common love to Him who died to redeem the human race. The "Birmingham Young Men's Baptist Missionary Society" will be able to work in only one small sub-division of the divided field, but its members must strive to cherish that broad

spirit which gladly drinks in hope from every stream of success wherewith our Lord doth refresh the waste places of the earth. In order to promote this end, "their own Magazine" will, from time to time, set before them proofs from all quarters of the globe that the Gospel is, as of old, the power of God unto salvation.'

It is impossible to determine with certainty, at this date, what pages of the Magazine were written by the Editor; but each of the first two numbers contains an article, signed 'Delta,' which may be ascribed to Grenfell's pen. The first is entitled 'The Threepenny-bit at the Missionary Meeting.' The temptation to quote extensively is strong, but a sentence or two must suffice: 'There is no mistake that the threepenny-bit may read out a salutary lesson to many of its older and bigger brothers. . . . How seldom do we hear a hundred-pound cheque say, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up to the house of the Lord." If a ten-pound note goes to a religious collection once in its lifetime it thinks it may walk in the counsel of the ungodly all the rest of its days; while a sovereign, putting in its appearance with its smaller relations on the plate, excites in the mind of the deacon an unpleasant misgiving that somehow or other it has got on the wrong track. . . . A man with only a threepenny-bit in his pocket cannot travel very far, and a man with only a threepenny-bit in his mind cannot go much farther.'


The date of 'Mission Work, No. 1,' is January, 1873. An article, entitled 'Holy Week in Hayti,' is from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Hawkes, Baptist Missionary at Jacmel. Grenfell's closest friend had entered the service he had long desired; and it is probable that his friend's departure precipitated his own decision to

become a missionary. There had been some wavering shortly prior to this, and he had entered into business on his own account, with a view to settlement at home. But the call was not to be evaded, and the following entry from the Heneage Street Church Minute Book proves that the die was cast.

‘Mr. George Grenfell having made a statement expressing his desire to devote his life to Missionary work, it was proposed by Mr. Cockshott, seconded by Mr. Silman, “That this church having heard from Mr. G. Grenfell of his desire to labour among the heathen, and having the fullest confidence in his moral character, and in his fitness for the work, most cordially commends him to the Collegiate committee of the Midland Baptist Association, with the view of his being sent to one of the Colleges in order to be prepared for Missionary work.”’

There ensued delays which meant trial for Grenfell’s ardent soul, and Mr. Bird recalls that during this period he preached one Sunday morning on the text, ‘Wait on the Lord and keep His way.’ After the service Grenfell came to the vestry and expressed gratitude for the message, which was a word from God to him in circumstances which called for patience and the steadfast discharge of present duty.

His patience was rewarded in God’s due time. Obstacles were removed. Business was relinquished, in spite of hopeful prospects; and in September, 1873, Grenfell was received at Bristol College as a probationary student.



CHAPTER II

COLLEGE DAYS

The Baptist College, Bristol—Stokes Croft in Grenfell's Day—The College Traditions — Dr. Gotch and his Methods—The Rev. J. G. Greenhough — College Life and Experiences Described—Robert Hall's Oddities—Accepted as Full Student—Thoughts of Africa—Dr. Underhill's Letter—Possible Call—Recreation—The Rev. H. C. Bailey's Recollections—'A Near Thing'—The Summons—Letter from Mr. Saker—Accepted for the Cameroons — Preparations — Designation Service—Saker and the Slave-trade—Liverpool Experiences—Personal Recollections—Grenfell at College—And Thirty Years Later.

THE Baptist College, Bristol, which Grenfell entered in September, 1873, stands in Stokes Croft. The name of its location is suggestive of rural quiet. And indeed at the time of its erection the present grim and venerable building would be more in the country than in the town. It was then remotely suburban, and students, dwelling in an atmosphere of academic stillness, could walk out to meditate in the fields, which swept up in green undulations to the walls of their home of learning.

Time and progress have altered that. Stokes Croft is a roaring city street, and the present-day student, who wishes to meditate in the fields without loss of time, will catch the electric tram, which clangs its bell at his door, and be whirled away through miles of bricks and mortar before the green, quiet spaces for

which his soul longs come into view. But the days of the old place are already numbered.

In 1873 Stokes Croft, though far from being rural, was still suburban. The noise of traffic was less continuous, the surrounding greenery was ampler and less smoke-blighted, and the fields were still not far. The gaunt, rectangular stone building was as it is, and often elicited from passing strangers unflattering inquiries as to its character and uses. (It is an old tradition that the architect was expert in gaol-building.) But the life within was bright and buoyant, perhaps to a fault, and many men, to the end of their course, will remember Bristol College with wistful gratitude, and will see its heavy frowning walls touched with beauty by the toned lights of dear days that are dead.

The College has great traditions. The names of Andrew Gifford, Dr. Ryland, John Foster, and Robert Hall lend lustre to its annals. Its library and museum contain treasures of unique interest and inestimable value. In 1873 the Principal, the Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., was one of the greatest living Biblical scholars, and was engaged with others at that time upon the revision of the Old Testament. His methods in the lecture-room were unconventional, and in the technique of teaching he might easily have been surpassed. But he possessed a mind of great breadth and refinement, commanded the respect of all his students, won the reverent affection of many, and went far to create an atmosphere favourable to mental and spiritual growth. Gentle, genial, indulgent, he yet carried himself with a calm, old-world dignity which discouraged the taking of liberties, and precluded the thought of rebellion. Possibly he may have been a little too tolerant of the 'high spirits' of some of the young men committed to his charge.

But his rule was more successful than that of many a martinet.

Old students of Grenfell's time will well remember how at the commencement of each session, when freshmen were present, 'the Doctor' gravely produced a little code of 'Rules of the House' and read them through, adding brief words to this effect: 'Now you have heard the rules, and I shall trust you to keep them. I do not expect to have to look after you as schoolboys. I shall assume that you are gentlemen until you prove the contrary.'

Yet in certain minor matters of order Dr. Gotch could be punctilious, and when displeased could be severe. Upon one occasion Grenfell was subject to sharp rebuke. The rebuke was unmerited and was administered in mistake. Grenfell's quick, sensitive nature was instantly up in arms, and he talked to 'the Doctor' as perhaps no other man in the house would have dared to do. But Dr. Gotch, who was more than just, instantly made amends, and by the untoward incident the mutual respect of the two men was deepened.

There is another man, happily still with us, who must be mentioned as exercising marked influence upon Grenfell during his short student course. The Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., commenced his ministry at Cotham Grove, Bristol, some few months before Grenfell entered College, and Mr. Greenhough's coming to Bristol marked an epoch in the lives of many of the students. Later he became tutor in Logic and Church History, but prior to his formal connection with the College his influence was great. The men flocked to hear the young man who was 'the Doctor's' pastor, and for whom 'the Doctor's' admiration was neither silent



HENEAGE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM.

Inset—Grenfell Memorial Tablet in Heneage Street Church.

Photos : T. Lewis, Birmingham.



BAPTIST COLLEGE, STOKES CROFT, BRISTOL.

Photo: W. H. Midwinter & Co.

nor stinted; and hearing him they heard a voice that was not an echo, and craved for more. Evangelical, devout, modern, original, full of surprises, placing old truth in new light, tender, consolatory, and at times ruthless in sarcasm, Mr. Greenhough's sermons held many of his hearers spell-bound. His English always virile, often exquisite, never high-flown, had singular fascination for men who were striving for mastery in the use of their own tongue.

For Grenfell and fellow-students who were sympathetic, those Sundays in Cotham Grove were never to be forgotten. Writing long years after to Mrs. Greenhough, acknowledging the receipt of a volume of her husband's sermons, Grenfell remarks that as he reads with delight he can hear them delivered in the old Cotham Grove manner. That manner was distinctive, but open to criticism. Mr. Greenhough was careless of the graces of elocution. To enthusiastic disciples, however, the foibles of the teacher were dear as other men's excellences, and sure to be repeated. More than one Bristol student has felt himself flattered by being told that he reminded a hearer of Mr. Greenhough; not reflecting that 'it is one thing to mimic the limp of Vulcan, another to forge the shield of Achilles.'

Grenfell's earlier College experiences were not entirely happy, and in this he was not peculiar. The custom of mildly 'ragging' freshmen obtained, and his earnest soul and sensitive nature revolted against what struck him as frivolous and unseemly boyishness. An accidental circumstance may have accentuated the trouble in his case. The men of each year, according to College custom, constituted themselves a kind of informal society in the house, and held together for pleasure or for pain. The men of the previous year,

who were 'Second year' men when Grenfell entered, numbered six. But for the first half of the session Grenfell's 'year' included only himself and another freshman. In their tribulations, therefore, they lacked the force of numbers for offering resistance and making reprisals. However, it was soon manifest to himself and others that Grenfell was well able to take care of himself; the soreness wore away, and he quickly attained to good-fellowship with all the men in the house who were worthy of his friendship or his steel.

In the following extracts from a series of letters addressed to his friend Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Birmingham, the reader will be glad to find glimpses of Grenfell's College life and phases of his experience conveyed in his own words.

'September 27, 1873. You ask me to tell you all about College life. Well, I have not time to write a book, but my experience would fill one. First the men, seventeen of us, some of all sorts: two or three scholars, two or three wits, but the majority—well, I don't know whether Christian charity will permit a definite expression. They are mostly my juniors in years, but my seniors in learning, and with that patronizing air that is so objectionable, two or three have aroused my ire. Freshmen are for the nonce the subjects of general tirades. One or two I have shut up by dropping on them heavily, and showing them I would not be fooled. . . . I have really got angry three times, but each time it was righteous anger, and the showing of my teeth proved to be judicious, for three fellows have stopped their boyish tricks.'

There follows the story of a quaint but extremely annoying bit of mischief, and then occurs this sentence: 'There's a boyishness about many of the fellows I

can't do with. When they pass you, they must pinch and catch hold of you, and that's another of the things I have stopped as regards myself. . . . The place is fraught with queer stories. Every study has its legend and peculiar history. Their several doors still testify to the sieges they have stood.

'Robert Hall's oddities afford themes for many yarns of which the fellows are very fond. Opposite the College used to stand "The Moon Hotel." Its sign, after the wont of signs of the times, used to "hang out" and swing in the wind. It wanted oiling, and thus terribly annoyed Robert Hall. One night he got a ladder and took it down. A student was suspected. Proprietor comes across. Inquiry is instituted before the assembled house. No one knows anything. Then it is discovered that Hall is not present. Suspicion points to him. Inquiries are made at his study door, which is found to be locked. No answer. The Tutor makes appeal, and after a time elicits from the inmate of the study: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it." More particulars about present mode of life next time. I am comfortable. Good food, good accommodation, and a glorious end to work for.'

'November 1. If you can come, the day you arrive will make an oasis in a very weary land as regards friendships. College chums somehow don't get near to one another. Perhaps we look at each other's faults too closely. Our number is reduced to fourteen this week, three men having left. On Tuesday, one went to Glasgow: yesterday one got married (so he went "doublin"—forgive me). He's bound for Jamaica on the 17th. Another of our men is going with him for his health. He is consumptive, and it is his only chance

of life, and that a very slender one. He is the cleverest man in the house. . . .

'You ask for particulars of how I get on and spend my time. Well, first I find staying up late easier than getting up early, so I generally retire at one a.m., and get up before eight in the morning. Prayers at quarter-past eight, at which the students in rotation officiate. Breakfast, half-past eight: Lunch, half-past eleven: Dinner, half-past two: Tea, five: Supper, nine: Prayers, half-past nine. No classes after dinner, or on Saturdays. I preach my seventh sermon since I have been here, to-morrow. On Tuesdays the students read in rotation a sermon, which is criticized by Principal, Tutor, and students, and a nice flaying the poor wretch gets. I won't be accountable for my deeds when my turn comes.'

Then the rod falls upon the peccant men of the 'Second year.' But as they have doubtless long since atoned for their youthful foibles, they shall be spared the re-infliction. 'College life is not all plain sailing. It has many hard lines, as well as pleasant places. But I am glad I am here, and hope to benefit by it, as I have no doubt I shall. Missionary enthusiasm is very low, and the decay of mine is still predicted, as many have entered with missionary intentions, but have relinquished them.'¹

'November 27. I'd like "to do" Ruskin, but haven't touched anything lighter than Macaulay's

¹ If the missionary enthusiasm of the College was at low ebb in Grenfell's day, the tide quickly turned. Subsequent to his departure for Africa forty Bristol students have entered the mission field. Some are rendering distinguished and heroic service to-day; and some, being faithful unto death, have received the crown of Life. The Bristol 'Students' Missionary Association,' formed in 1878, is a vigorous and influential auxiliary of the B.M.S.

Essays since I've been here. It's grind, grind, grind. Last week I hadn't my boots on from Sunday till Saturday afternoon—only slippers, for I hadn't been out during the interval.

'My turn to be immolated does not come till after Christmas, thank goodness. It's a wretched business. No milk of human kindness ; all knives are whetted for the occasion, and no quarter. The Doctor's criticism lasts from half to one hour, and pretty scathing it is.

'On Sunday last Woolley and I rode twelve miles out to a little chapel in the Mendip Hills to take two services, and a glorious day we had. The weather was fine, and in the afternoon we went up one of the hills and had a magnificent view of sea and land. He preached in the morning : I at night.'

'December 12. I am happy to tell you I shall soon be in Birmingham. All being well I shall arrive on Friday next by the train due at 6.40. Woolley (a Graham Street man in our house) comes with me. After a little agitation we have had our holidays lengthened so as to have three weeks clear.

'My probationary period is now concluded, and yesterday at a general Committee meeting, I was accepted a full student.

'After our return our numbers will be increased by three, one a "canny Scot," late of Knight's (of prayer notoriety) Congregation, Dundee.

'I'm very busy just now grinding up the first three chapters of Butler's Analogy, second part, for an examination on Friday next, the morning of the last day before Xmas holidays. An hour's work this evening will finish all the routine lessons for next week and leave every hour, except class hours, disengaged for Butler. It's stiff sort of stuff to get up. I'm trying

to memorize, but forty pages will be too much verbatim I fancy, as I have only done about four yet, and got a fair general notion of the first chapter.

‘On Sunday I commence the duties of monitor for the week, which involves my getting up, ringing the prayer bell, and marking attendance at prayers ; and if any funerals come in, I shall have to officiate. It’s trying sort of weather just now.

‘Last week two of our men tried to frighten me by dressing a dummy, and fixing it in my bedroom. I sewed their night-shirt sleeves up, and had the laugh at them at breakfast.

‘It is drawing so near to Xmas that we are getting disorganized, and if it were not for the exam. there would be very little work done till after the holidays. Anxiety to get away is becoming universal, and the time table is studied with greater avidity than the Classics. I’m rather glad I’m not preaching to-morrow under the circumstances. I had two services last week.

‘I shall be glad to see you again. If you can’t manage to meet me when I arrive, you will be sure to see me at Heneage Street on Sunday.’

‘January 20, 1874. I am sticking closer to work this half than I did last and hope to accomplish more, but it is wonderful what a lot of time it takes to get over the ground. . . .

‘I am looking forward to seeing you soon, it seems such an age since Christmas, which has sunk into the very far past already ; and to think it is not a fortnight since I saw you appears an absurdity. My whole holiday seems to have very little more reality than many a dream that has left its impression to linger for a while. As tales that are told so pass our days, and I am

disgusted at their apparent fruitlessness. Here have I lived in the world these four and twenty years, and have not yet begun to do, only to prepare; and I've always been "going" to do. I wonder if my life will be as resultless in the future as it has been in the past; if this "getting ready" is to be the chronic condition of my being?

'You'll say I've got the "Blues." Perhaps a touch. One spends many a quiet hour here and can't help thinking at times, and to look forward so far without a definite outline of the course of events presenting itself is not altogether soothing to one blessed with my impatience.

'I'm ashamed of my letter now I've finished it, when I consider its grumbling tones and then consider the grandness of the work to which I aspire. I can't expect to forge the weapons for so great a fight in a hurry. If I do I must not expect them to wear.'

The following letter dated February 11, from Dr. Underhill, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, shows that Grenfell had offered himself to the Committee for service in Africa.

'It is with pleasure that I reply to your note. Of course I cannot say confidently how we may be situated at a time yet future; but there is no doubt that we must look for a new man for Africa. Indeed, we are waiting chiefly to see Mr. Saker before we move in the matter, and he is expected to arrive very shortly.

'He is now so worn and weary that we must ere long give him the help he so greatly needs, and this can be best arranged in conference with him. I hope, therefore, that in the course of two or three months the Committee will be able definitely to fix on their course. There is no reason that I know of why you

should not undertake the service when the time comes. Let us seek for Divine guidance in this, and to God's grace I commend you.'

Grenfell's reply was as follows:—

'Your kind letter of the 11th instant contained very welcome information respecting a probable opening in a sphere of labour I should indeed be very happy to fill.

'I have placed your letter before Dr. Gotch and he has promised his ready sanction to any steps it may be necessary for me to take in the matter of placing myself at the disposal of the Missionary Committee with regard to the Cameroons Mission.'

Respecting these letters Grenfell remarked, 'Of course all this is tentative. It may or may not be. If it is God's Will, I go—if not, I'm content to be disappointed.'

In May he wrote to his friend—

'Dr. Gotch has been talking to Dr. Underhill about me during the last two visits he has made to London. And the last I heard was that I might expect to go when the hot weather has passed. Of course nothing is definite (catch the Baptist Missionary Committee doing anything of a definite character!). It seems to me that all depends upon Saker.

'All being well, I shall be in Birmingham for the vacation in less than five weeks, and I shall truly rejoice if I don't come back again, but have to clap my glad wings and fly away to Afric's sunny fountains. The great responsibility, however, of undertaking the work sometimes weighs very heavily upon me, and I wish myself a better, stronger, and abler man; but if it's God's Will, I shall go, and shall have strength even as my day.'

It was not quite all 'grind, grind, grind' at Bristol College, and even for so serious a student as Grenfell there were hours of recreation, some grave and some less grave. The following paragraph from a letter written by his fellow-student, the Rev. H. C. Bailey, of St. Austell, is valuable alike for its reminiscence and appreciation.

'Grenfell and I entered College together in September, 1873, just we two. Hawker, Baillie and Voice came in at Christmas following. . . . Grenfell and I spent the Saturday afternoons together down by the river-side, along the quays and Cumberland Basin. He always preferred this walk, and took the greatest interest in the ships—their various freights, ports of sailing, rig, methods of loading and discharge.

'He was not a student in the ordinary sense of the word. Preparation for Class was tedious and irksome to him, although he always conscientiously did his work. His genius was more of the practical and executive kind—great taste for mechanics. We all used to say that he would have made a first-rate engineer. We often talked about Africa. Alfred Saker next to Livingstone was his hero, and I have no doubt that the character and work of Saker had a great deal to do in kindling his missionary enthusiasm and shaping his missionary ideals.'

Anent his recreations I may here insert a personal reminiscence. One afternoon Grenfell, another student and I, took a boat at Bristol Bridge intending to row to Hanham, three or four miles up the river. Shortly after starting, and a little on the home side of St. Philip's Bridge, where stone walls rise sheer from the thick, stagnant water, we narrowly escaped disaster. I was steering. The second man was small and light of

weight. Grenfell was pulling mischievously hard, and the other was doing all he knew to keep things even. The rowing was wild, and inauspiciously our friend dropped his oar upon a floating island of rubbish, and pulled. The oar flashed through the unresisting air, and the rower was instantly upon his back at the bottom of the boat, counting only as ballast. Meanwhile Grenfell had a big grip of the water, and the side of the boat sank to his stroke. I used my little weight for all that it was worth, and we managed to right ourselves. But it was a near thing; and as we looked at the muddy water and at those slimy and forbidding walls, we were not a little thankful that we had escaped capsizing. My gratitude was revived a few months ago, when I read in the newspaper of a sailor and his sweetheart who were drowned at the same spot, possibly the victims of a kindred mishap. There was no more wild rowing for us that day.

Grenfell did return to College after the vacation, but his stay was brief. On October 1, he writes from the College to his friend Mills, who had lately settled at Blisworth—

‘ Here’s news—Copy of letter from Saker—

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ Your note of the 28th inst. has been forwarded to me and I haste to send a line.

“ I have been somewhat concerned about fixing the time of my return to Africa. A continued weakness has made me hesitate. I dread meeting a winter here, and besides, the Mission in Africa needs my presence. So I hope to make arrangements soon and will write to you. As preparatory to your going the Committee will want interviews with you,

and all will depend on the result of such interviews, which I am confident will be favourable. For myself, I have been looking forward to the day of embarking with you for Africa with much satisfaction—seeing in this the providential arrangement of our Heavenly Father for sustaining the work which I fear I must soon leave. By a note from Dr. Underhill this morning I learn that on returning from Newcastle he will open correspondence with you: and if possible I will meet you in London. In a few days I leave for Scotland, and on my return will write, unless I meet you in London or Chatham.”

‘I think you’ll agree with me in saying the foregoing is encouraging. The Committee have settled all about Saker, and have passed the following resolution: “That a suitable person be engaged to go with Mr. Saker, and that Mr. Saker be requested to accompany the said young man to introduce him into the work.”

‘I shall be very glad when it is all settled, and altho’ I know God’s Hand is in it all, even the delays, I am apt to get impatient. Poor mortality!’

Shortly after (November 10, 1874) Grenfell was definitely accepted for service at the Cameroons, by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and there ensued some weeks of going to and fro, paying farewell visits, and securing the necessary outfit.

On November 18 he writes again to Mr. Thomas Lewis: ‘I’m glad it’s all settled, all except the date, which Saker says may be the 28th inst. I’m busy packing and getting my outfit ready, and am nearly off my head on account of the stupidity of men in general and some in particular. It seems as tho’ there were an evil spirit presiding over packing and getting ready, which insinuates all sorts of obstacles

and delays. For instance, Shoemaker, after delay of some few days informs me he can only execute part (the best) of my order ; I've to arrange with some one else for the remainder. The maker of my sham visual organs says the annealing process is such that I must not expect my extra half-dozen for the present. He will use all speed, but cannot promise definitely—and so on, and so on.

'There is to be a sort of designation service at Bristol some time next week I think, and I believe a meeting of some kind will be enlivened by sending-off proceedings on my part in dingy old Birmingham ere I leave. I wish I could get off quietly, and get back again ere they make any fuss.

'You may perhaps remember the name of "Coats," Paisley. Mr. Coats has shown his appreciation of Saker by presenting to the Mission for his use, as long as he requires it, a steamer for the Cameroons river. It is being built on the Clyde, is 45 feet long, 11 foot beam, draws two feet of water, accommodation for six men. I've seen the plans. She's quite a nice looking paddle boat. We expect to start for a three months' trip up the river in about a month after we get out. The passage is known to be clear for 100 miles. I am taking out wheat and a mill to grind it. Nearly all food has to come from Europe. I can't help feeling "a bit strange like" upon the eve of so great a change.

'I have been running about a good deal lately. First to Essex, then to London, then two days with Saker at Chatham, then a day in London, then a week in Bristol, now home, and the future presents prospective visits to Bristol, London, Liverpool, and then——'

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Later still he speaks with warm gratitude of the kindness of Mr. Wathen, of Bristol, and the friends at Heneage Street, who have made him valuable presents of books and instruments that will be useful to him in his future work.

On December 3 the Designation Service was held in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol. Alfred Saker was the chief speaker. He gave a vivid account of the sphere of Grenfell's future work, the degradation of the people, the success of the Mission, and the demonstration it afforded of the capacity of a degraded people to receive, and profit by, the elevating influences of the Gospel. I have an intense remembrance of the passion that shook him as he spoke of the former abominations of the slave-trade, and answered the scorn of those who regarded the negroes as hopelessly brutal, by a scathing sentence to this effect: 'You have treated them for generations as brutes, and now complain that they are less than men.' It was prior to this service that I shared the privilege of my fellow students in meeting Saker in the College Hall. His physique was frail beyond telling, almost ghostly. But when he spoke one realized that every fibre of him was steel surcharged with magnetism. As he discoursed informally to a group of us, beside the fire, of the things that were most upon his heart, Grenfell stood near him, drinking in every word, with the happy absorption of a man who is in close and friendly touch with the hero of his dreams.

On the evening of December 18 Grenfell finds himself in Liverpool, alone, and not in high spirits. His Liverpool friends will not take too seriously the uncomplimentary reference to their noble city. Conditions must be considered. His harassing business

is done; his farewells have been said; and after the manner of Englishmen he veils his heartache by a lightness of tone that deceives nobody.

The following letter, dated Liverpool, December 18, 1874, was written to one of his best-loved College friends, the Rev. J. M. Gwynne Owen, now of Birmingham.

‘Liverpool is the dirtiest hole at the present minute that I have ever had the misfortune to set foot in. I’ve been in a mess before, but never in *such* a mess. “Over shoe-tops” that’s nothing; an expression altogether lacking in force to describe the quantity of mud, slush, &c. I’ve to go to Hugh Stowell Brown’s to breakfast, and however the “boots” will get my boots into presentation form, and however the united efforts of the combined staff of Laurence’s Hotel, Clayton Square, of this city, will ever manage to disengage the tremendous aggregation of superfluous matter now adhering to my “bags,” is a matter I fear to speculate upon.

‘I’ve been on board the S.S. “Loanda”—I’ve also heard of Babel, and if Babel was half as badly bemuddled as the “Loanda,” I’m not surprised they were unable to report progress, and eventually gave it up as a bad job.

‘Pigs, sheep, turkeys, geese, ducks, and cocks and hens evidently did not take kindly to the new and very close quarters, and made known their disapprobation in an unmistakable manner. I sought peace below deck, and thought to find it in the saloon, but there was “no peace.” It shared the general confusion, and I can assure you the packing-boxes and turmoil did not at all harmonize with the gilding, and the ease which the couches suggested. I left the scene and sought out my Noah’s arks, coffins, etc. (fourteen in all). My opinion

is that Noah's ark was not half as much knocked about by the deluge, or Joseph's coffin in transit from Egypt to Canaan.

'I stayed a couple of hours with Mills on Tuesday. He is grateful for one of your characteristic letters, as I shall ever be upon the receipt of such.

'I'm here alone, came alone, and feel lonely. The grim reality (and fever is only one of the grim realities) is opening up. I expected company from Birmingham. But perhaps 'tis better as it is. I'm glad I've said "Good-bye" all round ; it's a hard task accomplished.

'And now, my dear old fellow, "Good-bye" again to you, and don't forget Yours (prospectively drinking of Africa's sunny fountains), GEORGE GRENFELL.'

I conclude this chapter with some personal reminiscences taken from an article written for *The Baptist Times*, when I was unaware that the task of preparing Grenfell's biography would be assigned to me :—

'Grenfell and I were in the same year, though he was very considerably my senior. I looked up to him with a great deal of respect, and loved him right away. Everybody loved him. He was strong as a lion, gentle as a woman, intensely sympathetic, and absolutely devoted. There were missionary students who changed their minds. Grenfell's mind was fixed. Africa was in his brain and upon his heart ; and in our little prayer meetings of "the year" his fervour expressed itself in passionate intercession. He was extremely modest in his estimate of his own powers, and the brevity of his College course precluded academic distinction. But those who passed him by in examinations knew that he was a man of fine mind as well as noble character, and were not surprised by the magnificent capacity

which he subsequently displayed in the affairs of the Kingdom of God.

‘He loved a joke, and could suffer one. On a day we watched him, with unfeigned interest, pass out of the College door, in black coat and white tie, with his service book in his hand, to conduct the funeral of somebody who wasn’t dead. He bore the affecting ordeal well, but nobody was anxious to claim the honour of the successful hoax.

‘The College session commenced in September. Under special circumstances I entered in January, and was, consequently, ignorant of some things well known to others. One night Grenfell inflicted upon me a tremendous scare. It was late. I was reading in bed. He, half-undressed, wishing to speak with me, knocked at my door, and came in, without his spectacles, and *short of one eye*. I started up in a spasm of horror, and when he understood its meaning he laughed right heartily, apologized, explained that he supposed everybody in the house knew of his loss, and congratulated himself upon the evidently efficient manner in which art had concealed his defect.

‘Writing of jokes, there was another memorable episode in which he was a principal actor. Our bedrooms were ventilated by square apertures in the corners of the ceilings communicating with the cavity of the roof. One day Grenfell and a fellow-student, now a minister of distinction, who shall be nameless, got up into the roof, laid ropes along, on either side, above the ventilators, and dropped into each hole a pendent string with clangorous scraps of tin and iron attached. After midnight the ropes were pulled, and there was a noise that might have waked the dead. The tintinnabulation in my room ceased suddenly, and a solid chunk

of iron crashed down upon my trunk, making a huge dent, which I looked at curiously a few weeks ago. If I had been sitting on that trunk this story might never have been written.

'In a few moments the corridor was lined with sheeted and indignant ghosts, a curious spectacle in the glimmering candle-light. When the legs of a man appeared, dangling from a trap-door, the cry was raised, "Put him under the pump." But when it was discovered that the legs belonged to Grenfell, the proposal was not pushed.

'As I have already remarked, Grenfell never had a thought in College of other than Missionary work, and was always directly preparing for the career to which he had consecrated his life. The geographical instinct was strong in him, and I often saw him poring over maps and dreaming of the mysteries of the dark land whither he was going, with its unknown multitudes of men and women for whom Christ died.

'He was a man of no common brain power, but he was also a man of his hands. His bookcases, constructed by himself, were made to shut up as trunks, so that his books might be transported without being disarranged. He excelled in athletic exercises, and I recall a living picture of him, at this moment, hanging by his hands from a horizontal ladder, and making his way along with tremendous reaches, which none of his fellow-students could rival.

'It is well known that he was a good shot, and "death" on crocodiles and other evil beasts. I hope the confession will involve no retrospective penalties, when I own to having practised revolver shooting with him, on one afternoon at least, within the quiet precincts of the College.

'When the day came for Grenfell's departure, all too soon for us, the house was strangely moved. Some of us were standing in a little crowd in the dining-room when he came to say "good-bye." His manner was quick and intense as always. But as man after man shook hands with him, and said the word that came to his lips, each turned away to look at a picture or out of window. He didn't wish the other fellows to see that his eyes were full of tears.

'Thirty years have passed since then, and it is now a matter of regret to me that I saw him so infrequently in the long interval. But when we did meet, it was upon the old College terms. I specially remember one interview during which we walked, with linked arms, up and down a London road, talking of his experiences and ambitions. His great idea was to throw a line of stations across the continent, and link up with brethren who were working in from the east. I asked him why he was so keen upon this extended line rather than upon consolidation nearer the base, and among other things he said that he desired the tradition of "God's white man" to get the start of the evil tradition of the trader.

'At that time he had been recently decorated by the King of the Belgians, and had worn his decoration at some great function. I asked him pleasantly how he felt, and his reply was, "I felt like a barn-door with a brass knocker."

CHAPTER III

AT THE CAMEROONS

Alfred Saker—At Fernando Po—Removes to the Mainland—Grenfell and Saker—Arrival at Cameroons—Early Impressions—Methods employed in the Work—Some Early Notes—A School Treat—Grenfell as a Doctor—A Vaccination Patient—Announcing a Death—A Perilous Custom—Marriage Customs—Seizure for Debt—Female Hardships—Grenfell and his Pupils—The Story of Ewangi—A Grateful Patient—A Tragedy and its Sequel—An Up-river Journey—Preaching by the Way—Exploring Water-ways—Feminine Curiosity—Things seen on the Journey—Happiness in the Work—Visits the Abo Towns—‘Ebo’ Houses—Return Journey—‘Afric’s Sunny Fountains’—Impressions of the Abo People—The Country and its Products—Visit to Bethel—Domestic Woes—Life from Day to Day.

ALFRED SAKER, like William Carey, was a man obviously called and equipped of God for a great mission. Like Carey, he was of lowly origin and subject to grave disadvantage in the matter of early education. He was born at Borough Green, in the parish of Wrotham, Kent, in 1814. At the age of ten he had passed through the village school and entered the workshop of his father, who was a wheelwright. He exhibited great mechanical aptitude and was devoted to study, taking special interest in geography and astronomy. About 1830, during a stay at Sevenoaks, he was drawn into the Baptist Chapel, one Sunday evening, by the singing, and there and then became the subject of a spiritual experience, which evangelical Christians call conversion, and for which the most

sceptical man of Science would be constrained to find some respectful designation, having regard to Saker's subsequent career. From the first his Christianity was of the aggressive, evangelistic order, and he taught and preached as opportunity permitted. Subsequently, having married a lady like-minded, he removed to Devonport, and secured a good position in the Government Dockyard.

The Baptist African Mission was commenced by men who had been carried as slaves to Jamaica, who had found Christ in their servitude, and who, when slavery was abolished by the British Government, felt their hearts yearning toward their heathen brethren in the homeland. Their first efforts were crude and ill-supported. In 1840, the Baptist Missionary Society took up the languishing work. The Rev. John Clarke, a missionary in Jamaica, and Dr. Prince, a medical man, were sent to West Africa, and settled on the Island of Fernando Po. The story told by these two consecrated men, during a visit to England, secured the enthusiastic interest of Alfred Saker and his wife. They offered themselves to the Mission, were accepted, and sailed for Fernando Po, *viâ* Jamaica, arriving at their destination early in 1844.

Then began a series of labours hardly surpassed in Missionary annals, as regards their severity and their success. Saker's desires had early turned toward the mainland, and in 1845 he settled in King Akwa's town, on the southern bank of the Cameroons river, some twenty miles from the sea-coast. Here, amidst appalling degradation and rampant cruelty, this master-builder laid the foundations of a Christian civilization. He made bricks, built houses, reduced the language to writing, established printing presses, compiled grammars

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and dictionaries, translated the Scriptures into the Dualla tongue, endured persecution, won confidence, made converts, and, supported by faithful colleagues, achieved once more the miracles of regeneration and uplifting, possible only to men who are the organs of the Spirit of Christ.

The story of the Spanish oppression in Fernando Po, and the founding of the Colony of Victoria, cannot be told here. But in this grave and difficult business Saker exhibited practical and administrative genius of a high order. In the sixties his work had secured the attention and admiration of the Christian Church throughout the world, and among his most ardent admirers was George Grenfell, who accompanied him upon his last voyage to Africa, and was destined to feel the weight of his burden for a little while in the Cameroons, and then to take up like burdens in other, wider fields.

Upon their arrival at Cameroons in January, 1875, Saker and Grenfell, the veteran and the young recruit, were most cordially received, and the prevailing use of the English language enabled Grenfell to commence educational work among the young men without delay.

On February 2, Grenfell writes to his friend Mr. Lewis—

‘The place here is charming, beyond all praise ; the house is magnificently situated upon a little cliff forty-three feet high, and commands splendid views of the river. The heat does not trouble me, it certainly is warm, but as I dress especially for the weather I meet the changes of temperature upon the best terms. There are lots of insects, but they are not troublesome—don’t bite. I’ve seen but one mosquito, and he was in the act of committing suicide in the butter dish. [He saw others later, by no means tired of life.]

‘I am getting a bit straight in my new home. We had lots to do, the house is a very large one, and being left in charge mainly of cockroaches and ants required *some* amount of attention.

‘The Chapel, Schools, Workshops, etc., are all in the same plot of ground as the house, and cover quite an extensive area.

‘The people, men and women, boast only, in the majority of cases, a loin cloth in the way of raiment. The Christian women generally don a loose flowing robe after the pattern of a baptizing gown, the men don a shirt, which together with loin cloth constitutes full dress. Some, however, have risen to the dignity of pants.

‘Polygamy and domestic slavery obtain very extensively. The Pastor of our church here is a slave and pays part of his salary to his master, but he might be sold to-morrow if his master liked. He is a very good man, not highly educated in the matter of letters, but in Christian teaching well learned—no cant or humbug that sometimes characterizes the negro Christian, but a downright honest, straightforward man. This is Mr. Saker’s opinion, endorsed by my eight days’ intercourse with the said individual.

‘The voyage was a very pleasant one ; the opening part of it was rather squally, but after we left Madeira it was very fine weather. At Sierra Leone I went ashore (as well as at Madeira and Teneriffe), but I either ate too many oranges or got slight fever or something which eventually led to inflammation of the stomach. It compelled me to resort to a slop diet for awhile ; however, before we got to Bonny I was quite right again.

‘My chemicals arrived in splendid condition, nothing broken or spilled.

‘My work here will be a very slow one, education

chiefly. Teaching has to be administered in very small doses. The way Mr. Saker has got along has been to take boys under his charge, educate, and teach them trades ; Mrs. Saker has taken the girls under her charge and educated and taught them the essentials of civilized life. The young men have done the work of carpenters, bricklayers, boat-rowers, etc., and thus worked for their living which Mr. Saker has provided for them, as well as a house isolated from the town and its bad influence ; the young women have done the domestic work, sewing, etc., earning their board and lodging and getting an education. From the ranks of the young we have teachers for our children's schools which are open to all, free, and from the young women the young men have been furnished with wives. We have been here only a few days, have received lots of applications for boys and girls brought by their parents to come and live and learn. The girls' school is at a standstill, and will be till Polly comes out. The boys' and young men's education is being attended to, however.

' My cook, a youth of about 16 or 17, works for a slight fee in goods equal to about 4d. a day, his food (rice chiefly), and an hour and a half's instruction with the young men. My house boy for the advantage of two hours' schooling and his food (clothing very scanty) fetches and carries all I need. The Mission is so organized that everything goes on as usual in the Missionary's absence, Native pastor and teachers officiating in everything except the Young Men's School for an hour and a half a day. And when the Missionary goes away the chief of the young men go with him to see to boat, etc. But when the Missionary is here he takes the general oversight and preaches and teaches as opportunities offer, which is every day.'

Among Grenfell's 'literary remains' is a little sheaf of note-paper, brown, weather-worn, closely inscribed, almost indecipherable in places, containing notes of early impressions of the Cameroons, accounts of two important Missionary journeys, and a diary of following experiences. It is a roughly executed record, apparently designed to be the basis of a book which was never written. I proceed to give the gist of this most interesting document, with one or two interpolations.

'Three or four days after my arrival at Bethel Station I witnessed a scene I shall not soon forget—a school treat given to black children. The incident was memorable not on account of its being a treat given to black children, but because of the elements of the treat, boiled rice and salt beef, and the treatment the treat received. It was not a big affair. There were not many more than fifty children present, and these, instead of bringing cups, brought a collection of plates, and substitutes for plates, such as I never conceived could have been raked up by so small a company. There was the orthodox plate, from ten inches in diameter downwards. There were vegetable dishes, pie dishes, meat dishes tureens and tureen covers, serving as very good substitutes for plates. There were also a collection of calabashes—cotton-wood bowls, eighteen inches across, after the fashion of mincing bowls—enamelled and tinned iron bowls, and one wash-hand basin.

'Spoons were provided, but were soon discarded after operations had commenced; the majority, like David with Saul's armour, had not proved them. They had had more practice with their fingers than with spoons, and managed, by a movement which I cannot imitate, to convert their hands into a sort of funnel through which the rice, after they had taken it up and

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thrown back their heads, ran into their mouths. Some sat on the benches, some on the sandy floor. The earnestness with which they set themselves to the task of demolishing the viands, and afterwards picking the bones, was evidenced by the speed with which the feat was accomplished. I have little doubt that the majority had never tasted beef before. Cups and water were provided,' and the observer goes on to tell of how the girls would have spoiled their garments if they had been clad English fashion, by 'the reckless manner' of their drinking. But as they wore no dress beyond 'a waist cloth, an ivory or brass armlet, and a necklet of beads,' it did not matter. One boy's hybrid costume consisted of a girl's sand shoes and jacket, and a round black felt hat. A distribution of sweetmeats and toys and dolls followed the feast (only white dolls are acceptable). 'Their curtseying for these gifts was performed in all sorts of extraordinary fashions. After this they sang a hymn and dispersed, carrying away on their heads their plates, dishes, bowls, etc. Everything is carried on the head, from a pail of water to the books that are taken to Chapel.'

A few days later Grenfell found time for a walk with one of the Mission people, that he might discover the kind of town in which he had settled. He noticed about half a dozen brick houses, the property of Mission people who had been taught to make their own bricks. The native houses were mainly built of split bamboo and palm-leaf mats, raised on platforms two feet high. Chiefs sometimes boasted houses built of boards and raised on poles some six feet from the ground; but their numerous wives occupied native-built houses adjacent; and though each wife had her own house, this arrangement often failed to prevent vociferous

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quarrelling. A chief may have a street to himself. 'One of our big men has dubbed his street Queen Street. His house door bears the legend—

Bonney Eyo Esquire
Pocket Brother
Queen St. Akwa Town
Capital of Cameroons.

"Pocket Brother" means that Bonney Eyo Esquire's brother "Pocket" lives there too.'

Grotesque names are borne by many of the people, such as Pannakin, Brass Pan, Liverpool Joss, London Bell, Talkaway. And dignitaries have their names inscribed upon their ivory armlets, thus indicating rank, which, in the absence of other garments than the waist-cloth, might be unsuspected. 'The women, like the men, are fond of ornaments, and wear armlets, necklets, and earrings. They have no place for brooches, but make up for that by wearing rings on their toes. Though I remember seeing one who was not to be balked in the matter of brooches; she found accommodation for about two dozen upon her head, almost covering her wool, a capital medium for the pins.'

Before Grenfell had been long in Cameroons it became known that he had brought medicines with him, and forthwith, as physician, he was in great request. Some cases exceeded his skill, and some were beneath it. Even as he wrote he was called to see a man who was too ill to leave the canoe in which he had been brought down river. It was a case of lock-jaw. But in many instances the amateur physician was sure that nothing ailed his patients more serious than a morbid craving for physic, which he satisfied with harmless pills. In earliest days he used to mix children's powders with

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sugar ; but so many were taken, and did 'so much good,' according to the parents' version, that he shrewdly suspected them of consuming the sweet morsels designed for their suffering children.

Quaint and pitiful is the following recital : 'One day a man came to me asking to be vaccinated. Having no lymph I was unable to meet his wish. He was greatly grieved, and went away looking very doleful. Shortly after he returned and said : "Can't you cut me, so that when I go home I may show the mark, and the people may not witch me." His home was Malimba, thirty or forty miles away, and the Malimba people are very much afraid of small-pox coming from the river. . . . Country medicines for internal complaints are worse than useless, and kill the majority of those who have much to do with them.'

When death occurs, guns are fired to announce to the spirits that another is on the way to join them. This firing used to continue throughout the day, but is now observed only at the time of death, and again at sundown. 'A few charges from a cannon, and half an hour's small gun practice, is all the warning the spirit world gets nowadays.'

Under this modified *régime* the noise, especially of the cannon, is sufficiently distressing to European ears. The cannon firing is curious. The unmounted gun is laid on the ground, and discharged by means of a long train of powder, extending from the capacious touch-hole to the margin of a pit in which the gunner lies ensconced, safe from mischances. Mischances are not rare. 'During the late war a cannon, pointed at the Mission House, burst, and sent the fore part of the gun through the roof of one of the trading houses, situated at right angles to the line of fire.'

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‘In addition to the noise made by the guns upon the occasion of death, there is also the din of musical instruments to be endured. I can hear them now, and the wailing of the women, and the cries—

‘O spirit, come back and I won’t vex you again,
O Brother, come back, yes, that’s what we want,
The unsettled palaver we won’t mention again
Only come back, only come back.
Oh ! Oh ! Oh !’

If a man dies in the morning, he is buried before night, usually under his own roof, and possibly in an elaborately ornamented coffin, imported from England, which he has long used as a treasure box. His personal belongings, such as his stool, his calabash, his waist-cloth, and drinking-cup, are first broken, that they may not tempt a thief, and then stacked under a rude shelter opposite his house. This wasteful custom is simply defended as the ‘country fashion,’ and prevails far down the coast. Formerly when a great man died some of his people were killed that he might have attendants in the next world. More recently the custom has been to raid a weaker tribe, and secure prisoners for sacrifice. ‘But this is fast giving place. . . . If a man dies from small-pox, no gun-firing or ostentatious weeping takes place. “The eyes of those who weep for him will burst,” the people say.’

‘The tender passion’ is little understood. Wives are bought, and the girls of a family are sold to buy wives for the boys. The boy without a sister is matrimonially in evil case, and has to take inferior chances. The wife-purchase business involves frequent trouble. One of Grenfell’s neighbours, John Akwa, paid for a wife from Fiko town. She was not forthcoming, whereupon, seeing her brother, he captured him, brought him

home, and held him a prisoner in chains. 'This practice of seizing a man or a canoe for debt of any kind is very common, and indeed is the recognized law by which a man recoups himself or brings about a settlement. When a man is caught and killed, there is retaliation at the first opportunity, and re-retaliation when a chance occurs, and so on. Often many lives are sacrificed by this stupid plan, and sometimes a war results.'

The women are very hardly worked. They cultivate the farms. Grenfell saw one, whom he knew, digging holes, for planting yams, with a heavy iron crow-bar, and was indignant; this woman's husband was a ship's carpenter and earned good wages. But it is the 'country fashion.' The crops are protected by charms.

'Some of the men, when trade is bad, go fishing both with hooks and nets. Some nets are imported from England, but only a few. Most of them are made of native fibre twine. Other nets consist of split bamboo laths, six feet long, half an inch wide, one-eighth in thickness, and laced across. There is also a very curious circular net in use here; and when a shoal of fish is observed, this is so thrown from the land, that ere it reaches the water it has spread out to its full capacity, a disc of some twelve or more feet in diameter, and being weighted at the edges with lead, rapidly sinks at the circumference and so encloses the fish. The net is drawn in by a rope fixed to the centre.

'In fishing excursions up or down the river use is made of the tide, which rises about six or eight feet above low-water mark, thus causing a very considerable current. The winds too are very regular, and are depended upon with almost as much certainty as the tides. The land breeze springs up at midnight or early morning, and blows for awhile with considerable force;

but by daybreak it is generally quite calm. At eight or nine o'clock shifting breezes spring up, of no great consequence. But, as soon as noon is passed, the sea-breeze is looked for, and, unless there has been a tornado or other rare disturbing cause, always comes, and generally blows with sufficient force to tip the wave, which I've had great difficulty in heading, in a four-oared boat at times. I've found these sea-breezes very refreshing during my attacks of fever.'

On commencing his school Grenfell was distressed by the dulness and laziness of some of his pupils, but the efficiency and versatility of one of them gave him no small comfort.

'My boy Dumbi, about twelve or thirteen years of age, promises to be a good lad. He is clever and industrious, and about the only genius I know in the country. He is now engaged in making himself a Scotch cap, having already made a shirt. He is a successful fisherman, owns a canoe, and twists his own fishing lines, which he prefers to the English silk lines, so popular at home. He can climb a tree like a cat, and go up a bamboo cane as a sailor goes up a rope. If he sees a thing done once, he can do it himself, and has often helped my cook with dishes he could not manage.

'Dumbi swims like a fish ; knows all the river creeks and steering courses ; was taken prisoner among a canoe's crew during the late war, and escaped by taking a header and long dive (it was night) and coming up out of sight. He is very handy with carpenters' tools, and used, when he had time, to make model canoes, which he sold to the steamer passengers. He has a good head, forgets nothing he is told, and has the bump of order well developed. You white people would be blessed if you could get a cargo of such servants. I thought when

I first saw him, “That’s the ugliest boy I have seen.” I believe he is better looking now. Anyway I would not *part* with him, looks or no looks, without a struggle. Every Saturday afternoon he comes to me and says, “I want to go look my movver.” He wants to go and see his mother. He’s a good lad : tarred the bottom of my boat as far as the water-line yesterday.’

The account of the first journey, commenced on May 3, is prefaced by the tragical story of Ewangi.

About three months earlier this man came down river in a canoe and requested Grenfell to pull a splinter out of his foot. As the splinter was nearly three inches long and broken, the operation was not as simple as it might have been. One-half was easily extracted, but the deeper-seated portion required an incision. The patient’s leg was tied to a school bench, and his shout when he felt the knife was sufficiently disconcerting. The excitement of the operation was accentuated by the subsidence of the floor at the moment of its completion. Fortunately Grenfell’s foot was resting on a beam, and by a dexterous movement he contrived to save himself from what might have been a serious accident.

The second scene is laid in Dido’s town, three miles up the river. There, on May 1, Grenfell was surprised by the affectionate demonstrations of a man who shook him by the hand with enthusiasm, crying, ‘You do him good, you do him well!’ In answer to Grenfell’s puzzled look he pointed to his foot, and was then recognized as the man whose leg had been tied to the school bench. After talk of the splinter, at parting, the surgeon remarked to his former patient in Dualla English, ‘Ah, you’ll carry them mark till you done die,’ little thinking how short a time that would be. For the same evening,

on an up-river voyage, Ewangi was snatched from his canoe by a crocodile, and seen no more. Word of the tragedy was brought to Dido's town. War canoes were dispatched. One of the men who were with Ewangi in the canoe at the time of his death, and the man off whose beach the crocodile lay, were arrested, charged with witchcraft and doomed to death. The latter, a Wuri man, was duly killed. The former, a Dido man, having influential friends, was spared. Whereupon Wuri men, accounting themselves aggrieved, came down in war canoes, demanding, not reparation for their countryman's execution, but the death of the Dido man; and threatening that if their demand was not complied with they would stop all trade. 'It no fit that Wuri man die and Dido man not die,' was the argument as Grenfell heard it.

This unfortunate Ewangi was a bard, whose business it was to sing inspiring songs, composed as he went along, to cheer the hearts of the paddlers in canoes, and to keep their strokes in time. He was distinguished in his profession, and made the 'best play' of all the bards. 'To see a hundred or so paddles, all wet and glistening in the sun as they are simultaneously swung in circles at each stroke, is a sight to remember. If Ewangi was "play" man, the crews always "pulled true" (*i.e.* worked hard), and their hearts never failed them. Ewangi was a grateful savage: grateful savages are rare. Poor Ewangi!'

'On the night of Monday May the 3rd I started on a journey up the river, as far as I could get, and yet be back in time to prepare for Sunday. We passed the scene of Ewangi's death in the dark, or rather in the darkness illumined by one candle, which I found when I awoke in the morning had been kept alight all the

way, whether to scare the crocodile, or to see him coming I could not determine. My crew seemed to have no clearly defined notion about it. But evidently security and light were linked in some fashion according to their ideas. By the time the sun was up we were in regions that are one vast lagoon in the rainy season, though in the dry season the banks of the river are clearly defined. All the houses are built on raised earth platforms as in Akwa town, but very much higher, say from four to six feet, nearly the same height as the house itself. The doorway, which is the only aperture, is approached by a notched log. In consequence of the periodical floods, and the great number of waterways, every house has its canoe or canoes, and in the mornings you may see the women going to their farms, up or down the river, as the case may be. Canoes in every state of dilapidation seem to be available. I saw one sink; but the woman seemed quite used to such mischance, rose like a cork to the emergency, raised and baled the canoe, and departed on her journey.'

While his crew were ashore cooking breakfast, Grenfell followed a great precedent, by sitting in his boat and speaking to the people on the shore. The appearance of the white man caused great commotion on the bank of the river, near to which they made their course. Shouts of 'Mutu Mokala' preceded them, crowds gathered, and the women and children, most of whom had never seen a white man before, were not a little scared. Grenfell surmises that he must have seemed 'a bogey clad in terrors' to the children, who 'ran away and screamed in the most frantic manner, falling over one another pell-mell.' At noon they reached the place of N'Toe, Chief of Wuri. While sitting in his house the white man happened to turn

round suddenly. The children, who were inside, and at the door, bolted, and there ensued a heap, the bottom child being badly bruised.

The night, passed in N'Toe's town, gave the traveller his first experience of sleeping in a native house. He did not like it. On the morrow the journey was continued to a point where four waterways met. The reluctance of the crew to proceed further was overruled, for Grenfell was determined to find out more of these waterways than his men's vague statements conveyed. Resolved to take them seriatim, he started up the first way to westward. Canoes were now following, and he soon learned that their occupants were inspired by the hope that he would shoot a hippopotamus, and so supply them with 'beef.'

Willing to gratify their desire he got out his rifle. His first shot missed. The largeness of the living target shook his nerves, and the rocking of the boat counted. His second shot went home, and though the wounded beast got away into the bush, Grenfell learned afterwards that it was tracked and found dead, to the great joy of the seekers after meat. On being informed that this river was 'four moons long,' and the first town a day's pull distant, he returned, and attempted way No. 2. This was occupied by herds of hippopotami, led to a fishing town, and ended in a big lake. No. 3 proved too shallow for navigation; and half a mile of No. 4 revealed communication with No. 3, and the consequent existence of an island. Landing on this island, Grenfell walked barefoot on the hot sands, and resolved not to repeat the experiment. He also shot a number of birds, including a Kite with a four feet spread of wings. The taste of his men was catholic in the matter of 'poultry.' They ate everything, Kites and all, being

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particularly pleased by the death of the 'Thief birds,' as they style the members of the hawk tribe.

While on this island the crew 'struck,' and the head man communicated their decision to Grenfell. There was an unsettled blood feud between Akwa's people, and the Budiman tribe ahead, so they resolutely declined to proceed further up way No. 4. In that case Grenfell decided that they should go back 'one time,' that is, immediately, and barring a couple of hours spent in a Wuri town for rest and cooking, they were kept at the oars till they reached home.

While the men were cooking in the Wuri town, Grenfell wandered off into the bush, observed certain grounds where elephants used to feed at night, and in the course of his return was overtaken by a chief who begged that his wives, whom he had left some distance behind, might be gratified by the sight of a white man. Grenfell had just before slipped into a puddle and was literally plastered with mud, a circumstance which made him pardonably shy of the proposed inspection. But in the event his embarrassment was proved needless. When the ladies appeared round a bend in the path, they stopped dead. As the white man approached they retreated, and never suffered him to come within pistol-shot of them. Their fear was greater than his own.

It was dark when Grenfell and his men started for the long pull home. Near the place where Ewangi was killed they observed the crew of a large canoe, numbering about fifty, disembarking for the night. The strangers were first amazed by the white man's audacity in going down river in the dark, and then emboldened to follow in his wake; and Grenfell 'soon heard the dip of their paddles close astern.' It was between two

and three o'clock in the morning when they arrived at the Mission beach, amid a storm of thunder and lightning, such lightning as Grenfell had never seen before. The illumination was continuous, and from all points of the compass. It was also useful, facilitating the discharge of the contents of the boat, and the necessary walk across the long shelving beach, abounding in treacherous pools.

The 'welcome shelter' of home was peculiarly welcome on this occasion, for before it was reached a furious tornado had broken over the town, and the flood-gates of the sky were opened.

The farthest point reached in this journey was fifty miles inland and thirty miles above the Mission station. In his next journey Grenfell hoped to proceed further, as N'Toe, the Wuri chief, had promised to accompany him, so that the Budiman palaver might not affect his crew. The many ruined houses in the Wuri towns testified to the ravages of small-pox, which had prevailed a year previously. The appearance of the people was pleasing, and many intelligent faces attracted attention. They were also less exclusively devoted to trade than the people near the coast, and less afraid of manual labour. An extensive manufacture of earthenware pots was carried on, for the supply of neighbouring tribes. The missionary, in his character of evangelist, was everywhere kindly received, and his message, conveyed through an interpreter, was listened to with close attention. The manners and customs were similar to those with which he was familiar, though one odd detail of difference was gravely noted. The holes in the lobes of the women's ears were larger. He observed two cases in which small decanter stoppers were worn as earrings, and another case in which an old woman

studied use and ornament by carrying her snuff-box in this fashion. The purchase of a wooden spoon for a few fish-hooks drew about the traveller a clamorous crowd, anxious to dispose of spoons of all sorts and calabashes of all sizes, from whose insistent and unwelcome appeals he was only released by nightfall.

In a letter dated May 20 he writes with enthusiasm of the country, and of his work.

'Cameroons is a glorious place, a charming site for a new Olympus, Arcadia, Valhalla and Happy Hunting-ground all in one. Mountains, plains, rivers, forests, lakes and islands all beyond my powers of description. *Birds* of plumage grave and gay, of good as well as vicious habits, from two inches long—the birds, not the vicious habits—up to the pelican (a flock of which in wondrous order flew over our house a few days ago). *Beasts*—well, we're favoured with the delicate attentions of a tiger (leopard) with a taste for "pig" just at the present crisis. He has left his spoor on our newly-made bricks. I have tracked him into an impenetrable jungle. I could not oust him from his lair. I keep a double charge in my gun at night for his special benefit; he prowls round and has no compunction about disturbing us with his noise. I'll disturb his equanimity if I get a chance.'

There follow particulars of the journey which has just been described, and later these important personal references.

'I am very happy at work here. I enjoy the performance of my duties and God blesses me in them. I have my times of downheartedness (littlesouledness), but I am in the right place and doing the right work. The consciousness of this is too deep-seated to allow every cloud to damp my ardour. I have had a month's

fever. African fever is not a pleasant companion for long. I took no services or classes during the time, in fact I could not.'

On June 1 at 11 a.m. Grenfell started out on a missionary journey to the Abo towns. Five or six hours' rowing brought him to Kokki, where he preached from his boat to a congregation seated in canoes, who were attracted by the novelty of 'Motu Mokala' (white man), and subsequently filled with wonder and admiration by his breech-loading, bright-barrelled gun. Promising a visit on his return, he pushed on to Miang, and upon landing, determined to spend the night in a dilapidated trading house, which was available. The hours of darkness were rendered sleepless and purgatorial by mosquitoes, rats, mice and lizards, of exceptional vigour and audacity. One of the lizards tried to make a bed in Grenfell's hair. His hair was too short to provide adequate accommodation, and one gathers that the friendly creature found other troubles.

Before breakfast he started for Miang town, a mile and a half distant, and endured a wearisome trudge, uphill and through the bush. The chief Mweli, on learning the nature of the missionary's errand, beat up an audience. After preaching for a short time, Grenfell moved on still further to Anguan's town, where he had a congregation of 300 to listen to his message. In the course of this last bit of travel, he met a splendid specimen of primitive manhood, who led him to note that the appearance of the people is much superior to the popular notion at home; and that 'Darwin must not come to the Cameroons or its tributaries for his "missing link."'

On the return journey Mweli begged him to take one of his sons and educate him at the Mission. Existing

claims compelled him reluctantly to refuse this and kindred offers, but he writes: 'In the future, however, I look forward to receiving and training these boys, for under God's blessing they may take back with them, when they return to their own countries, the knowledge of the power of the Gospel of Christ.'

Starting at noon, they reached Mangamba, but learning there was another town, Mandoko, beyond, determined to proceed at once. The shallowness of the water, and the narrowness of the Mandoko creek, made the journey intensely laborious. Near the end of the creek they found another deserted house, and took possession. This house was protected by a Je-engo charm: a bamboo rod, split at the top, and surmounted by a tuft of grass. Je-engo is a form of secret, religious society, of which freemen alone are permitted to become members. It claims the power to issue edicts making certain objects 'Eboe,' *i.e.* 'taboo,' and to impose the death penalty, if its laws are disregarded. The house chosen by Grenfell for a temporary lodging was 'Eboe.' No man might dismantle it to repair his own house with the materials. But Time had proved careless of 'Eboe,' and it was a ruin, though usable.

Leaving part of his crew to cook, taking part as escort, and securing a guide, Grenfell started for King Le'a's town two and a half miles distant. The highway to the town leads through a sheet of water, a quarter of a mile long and two and a half feet deep in places. He was carried through shoulder high, going, but waded on return. After passing the ruins of a former Mandoko, destroyed by a neighbouring tribe in time of war, he at length arrived at the King's house, and as it stood a mile within the borders of the town, he concluded that Mandoko must be the largest town of the district.

At the Cameroons

Mango trees were observed here: 'Offshoots of those Mr. Saker brought to Cameroons, thirty years ago.'

The missionary was well received by the King, delivered his message, and took back with him Priso, one of the King's many sons. The party arrived at the 'Eboe' house, just in time to secure shelter from a tornado. Grenfell was intensely hungry, and writes: 'This evening I ate my first "country chop," fowl, with plantain, palm oil and African peppers. Weren't they hot?' The burning of certain beanhusks secured immunity from mosquitoes, and a good night's rest was enjoyed.

On June 3, the homeward journey was commenced. Mangamba and Bonamquasi were visited, and another night of anguish spent at Miang. In the morning Mweli, the chief, sent a present of cocoa-nuts, particularly welcome for the wholesome drink they supplied.

'I have not yet discovered "Afric's sunny fountains,"' the journal records. 'Afric's decomposed-organic-matter-in-suspension-laden streams abound; but unless you adopt the precaution of boiling, they have an awkward tendency to produce diarrhoea.'

This judgment must have been quickly modified by subsequent experience, for less than three months later Grenfell writes, in a letter to his College friend, the Rev. J. M. G. Owen: 'You also ask if "Old Heber" is correct in his statement, or is he drawing the long bow, when he refers to "Afric's sunny fountains."' At first I thought said party to be an awful fibber, for I could light upon nothing but Afric's decomposed-organic-matter-in-suspension-laden streams. But since I have been up country, and laved myself in sunny waters, clear as crystal, and beautifully cool, I can corroborate the statement of the aforesaid "Old Heber."

The promised visit to Kokki, where two meetings were held, concluded the business of the expedition, and Grenfell made for home to prepare for Sunday's services.

In the course of this journey he was impressed by the industry and intelligence of the Abo people. He found them skilled workers in iron, steel and wood, with forges, carpenters' shops, and a curious and ingenious mixture of native and European tools. They produced swords, spears, axes, hoes, chisels, etc., while wooden-stool making formed a most important industry, bamboo beds and wooden stools being the only articles of furniture in native houses. Even chiefs, who commanded numerous slaves and wives, were not above working with their hands, and Grenfell found King Le'a making a fishing net, and the chief of Kokki, a large canoe paddle.

The country is much more picturesque than on the lower river, and from the hills of Bonamquasi, fine views of surrounding scenery and distant mountains are to be obtained. As to journeying in these regions Grenfell writes: 'Travelling on the West Coast of Africa, so far as my experience goes, cannot be performed in a very luxurious manner. A missionary's boat scarcely gives him room to stretch his legs while on the water. On land, mosquitoes, sand flies, lizards, and other pests disallow much peace. Added to these troubles is the difficulty of approach to the towns, a precaution adopted in the old slave-hunting times. Mandoko has the barrier of water, to be waded through, or carried over. Mangamba and Bonamquasi are built on the summits of very steep hills. The approach to the latter is so steep that a considerable portion of the single-file path consists of steps; and a path must be very steep to compel Africans to resort to steps. To reach Miang

you had to go over the brow of the hill, and consequently there are narrow, water-worn, steep, and rugged paths to ascend, both in going and coming.'

The Abo district is a great mimbo (palm-wine) producing country. Many people get their living by collecting the palm-juice from trees that grow alongside the river and the creek. The collector walks up the tree by means of a band, which passes round the trunk and his own body. An incision is made at the junction of the long fronds with the stem, from which the juice flows slowly into a pot, suspended for its reception. It is collected daily, and taken to the boiling shed, where it is quickly converted into mimbo.

Under date June 10, Grenfell reports a visit to the Bethel Station of the Roman Catholic Missionary, Vicar-General of Gaboon. 'After an interview with Mr. Saker, we went out to view the Chapel and the town. The brick house and the native erections excited the amiable Bishop's curiosity and admiration. There ensued a very pleasant interview, of an hour or two's duration, after which I accompanied my visitor to the mail.'

June 11 finds him at the crisis of one of those minor woes of domestic life, which would elicit the acute sympathy of many feminine readers if space permitted the narration of the story. His cook had become impossible and must go. The list of his culinary inaptitudes, misdemeanours, and atrocities is appalling. Yet even for him his kind master has a good word to say. 'He was a capital hand at taking physic, for which he seemed at times to have acquired quite a passion. We have known him afflicted with three distinct complaints in one day. Early in the morning he had worms; at midday he had a sore

throat ; and before nightfall there was something the matter with his heart. So bad a case called for strong treatment, and I gave him a potent mixture. He has not troubled me much since, except that when my other boy got ill he was sure to be attacked too.'

On June 12 Grenfell reports himself as suffering from a slight fever ; graphically describes the killing of a huge snake in a house at the corner of the Mission yard, and gives a hearsay account of the 'driver ants,' which travel in dense columns of a foot wide, and drive all living things before them. Later he was able to discourse on this theme with the authority of personal experience.

June 13. 'N'Kwi brought Quiri in at breakfast time. Quiri's mother died yesterday, and he was about to be buried with her, as no one would take him. It would be bad luck. N'Kwi, passing by, observed them burying the woman under the floor of the house, took the child, a promising boy of five months, and handed him over to the Mission.' Mr. Saker's cook, Tutu, who was suckling a child of her own, promptly undertook the duties of foster-mother. A boy nurse also came with the child, for the boys are as fond of nursing in Cameroons as are girls at home. Married men, too, do a great deal of nursing, while their wives are engaged on the farms. They have time, as their day's engagements often consist of little more than bathing three times in the river, and drying themselves as many times in the sun. The babies are taken into the river, ducked mercilessly, and if they survive become 'amphibious creatures,' as much at home in water as on land.

June 14. 'Trade to-day opens and is as of old. This ends a dispute which for nine months has stopped

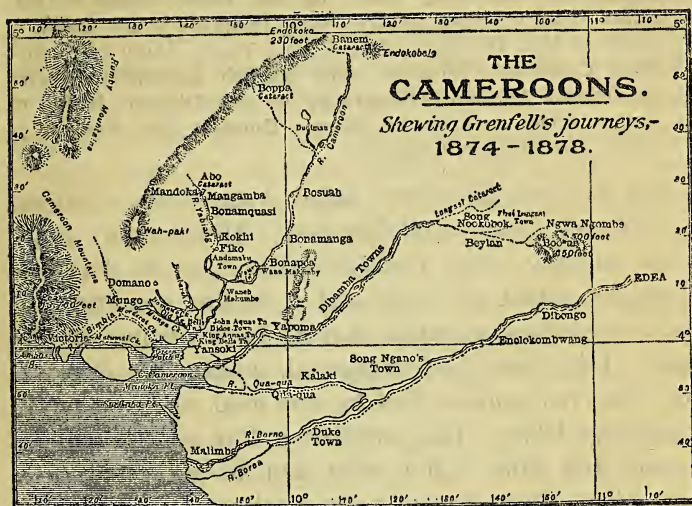
all business in the river. Mutual concessions have been made in the matter of prices ; but I think the Europeans have made but slight ones compared with those of the native trader, who will no doubt take advantage of the palaver, and make even greater profit out of the middleman from whom he obtains the oil. He again will recoup himself at the expense of the producers, the poor women and children of the interior. Labour must be very cheap, or so many profits could not be realized.

‘Aristocracy, nobility, even royalty itself is not too high-minded to engage in commerce. In fact it is their commercial enterprise that supports them, for they have no other revenues. Even the high and mighty potentates, Kings Ja-Ja and Oko Jumbo, are traders, and trade palavers were the cause of the wars of these kings, and the ultimate migration of the worsted party to the Opobo River ; and it was there I had the extreme felicity of being introduced to his majesty Ja-Ja.’

There follows a pen-and-ink portrait of King William of Bimbia, an ostentatious and boastful monarch who very much resembles a parish beadle in his attire, and who has lately visited Mr. Saker more than once, begging. The ignoble nobility of the Cameroons is not above begging. Most of them will cringe and fawn for a head of tobacco, worth threepence ; ‘and there is not one of them who is above receiving “a dash” (which he asks from a missionary as well as a trader) of the value of a bar and a half, equal to eighteen pence. A bar, may be a bar of soap, of iron, of copper, all of the value of a shilling. A fathom of chintz or blue satin stripe, a sort of muslin used for waist-cloths, equals a bar. So many heads of tobacco (3) equal a bar. So many pipes, fish-hooks, etc., equal a bar. A full-grown fowl is priced at a bar, but as a bar of fish-hooks does not cost half as

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much as a bar of soap or of cloth, to buy a fowl with fish-hooks, or a chest-lock, which also equals a bar, is economical. A bar is the standard. A canoe to hold fifty men costs 1200 to 1500 bars; a wife, from 800 bars up.'



CHAPTER IV

AT THE CAMEROONS—continued

In Ill-health—On the Way Home—Arrival—Marriage—Return to Cameroons—'Exciting Time' on the River—Death of Mr. Smith—Added Responsibility—Slow Progress of the Gospel—Death of Mrs. Grenfell—'A Sad New Year'—Daily Life—And Daily Costume—Difficulties with Spanish Authorities—Views on Interior Missions—Geography of the District—Hopes of Better Times—A Snake Story—Dumbi—The Rev. J. J. Fuller—Grenfell and Comber.

IN a letter to Mr. Owen dated August 20 containing the reference to Heber and 'Afric's sunny fountains,' already cited, Grenfell states that he has had a serious attack of fever and is in fine condition for phrenological examination, having been cropped to the bone. His friend had suggested, under what provocation does not appear, that he was mad when he wrote a previous letter. He surmises a like verdict will be passed this time. 'But what can be expected of a poor fellow whose pulse is chronically going beyond a hundred, and sometimes reaches 130?' His own illness, and Mr. Saker's failing strength, will probably necessitate his early return to England that he may be ready to take charge if Mr. Saker should relinquish duty early next year. Though very low he has a good heart, and expects to be well by the time he arrives at Liverpool. He cannot speak definitely of his return, as communication with Cameroons is so uncertain.

Probably he will have to sail to Fernando Po, and there await a steamer. The short journey to Fernando Po is no light matter, and he gives a long and graphic account of a painful voyage, in a cutter, there and back, which occupied seven days. This forecast was fulfilled.

'S.S. "Volta," 23 Nov. 1875. I'm getting tired of this. Here I am in the sixth week of my journeying and have not reached the Canaries yet. It will be more than a seven weeks' voyage this time.

'The Captain of the steamer "Congo" promised to call for me on the 10th October, but failed to keep his word and I had to cross to Fernando Po in a cutter. I had to sleep for a couple of nights on the tarpaulin over the hatch, amid all sorts of sundries that collect upon the deck of a boat forty feet long, consisting of ropes, cooking utensils, marline-spikes and other etceteras which go to make a comfortable lodging. The failure of the "Congo" to call accounts for my being three or four weeks behind time.

'My health is much improved. I have not had nearly so much fever and ague on board as on shore. It's of no use to spin a long yarn now I am so near seeing you face to face.'

The records of Grenfell's brief stay in England accessible to the biographer, are out of all proportion, in their meagreness, to its personal significance for him. In one of his letters, written at the Cameroons, he says that during a long spell of fever, which incapacitated him for more urgent duties, and also for correspondence, his letter-writing was restricted within limits 'you can define.' Undoubtedly he meant, that he wrote only to Miss Mary Hawkes, the lady to whom he was engaged to be married. Miss Hawkes was the sister of his friend Joseph Hawkes, a member of Heneage Street Church,

one of his former fellow-workers, and admirably qualified to aid him in the service to which he had devoted his life.

The marriage took place on February 11, 1876, at Heneage Street Church, Birmingham, and the service was conducted by the Rev. Samuel Hawkes, of Braintree, Essex, brother of the bride. On February 19 Grenfell writes to a friend a brief note, humorously acknowledging the engrossing nature of his recent experience, and duly apologizing for delay in answering a welcome letter. He continues: 'However, I have just managed to screw a bit out of the corner of to-day to reply to your kind epistle. The thought of writing has been ever present since landing, and in fact, so far back as December 9, I furnished myself with your address.

Item 1. I am better.

2. I am married.

3. We sail on Saturday at 10 a.m.

This therefore serves to say "Good-bye" again, to thank you for your good wishes, and to express my most profound regrets that we have not met.'

To the same friend, Mr. Owen, he writes from Cameroons under date May 11, making interesting reference to his voyage and subsequent experiences: 'Your letters are always better than a doctor's fee, and invariably do me more good than a bottle of physic; but although I got your last epistle out for re-perusal on board ship, it did not succeed where the doctor had failed this time. I'm a wretched sailor; my wife beats me hollow. She got on deck a day before I did. You may judge (that is, if you have ever been sea sick), that the first week was a festive season. At last Madeira was sighted, and not long after afforded a

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firmer foundation for us saints than the quarter of the steamer. I felt quite at home at Funchal. It was delightfully new and strange to Mrs. G——. Teneriffe ditto. We went up the Gambia to Bathurst. It's a glorious place; I sincerely hope the Government won't cede it to the French. After being knocked up and down, and serving as shuttlecocks for old Father Nep.'s battledores for upwards of a month, we landed on the 6th April and received a right hearty welcome from the people. Although the "prc ramme" was not strictly adhered to in the formation of the procession, the procession was there. The exuberance of their feelings and delight at seeing "Mammie" destroyed all discipline, in fact demoralized the whole *cortége*.

'Since being here I have made a short journey in the little steamer. She is a splendid little thing for accommodation, but draws rather too much water for our rivers, which widen out in places and become very shallow. I am now preparing for another trip in my sailing-boat, which will carry me far beyond the limit accessible by the steamer. Of course I shan't be so comfortable in my little boat. The people were very much startled by the steamer. Except those who had visited the mail anchorage when a steamer happened to be in, none of them had seen one before.

'The people are glad to see us, very anxious to do a bit of bartering, but very slow to believe our message; indeed they are very incredulous.

'Once when we struck on a sand bank, a chief sent his men to push us off. The effort made was successful, so we "dashed" the men a few hooks, and the chief, a fathom of blue baft. A little time elapsed and we were overtaken by the chief, who wanted a "dash" for his wife. I gave him a pair of earrings, value twopence, and

the old man went away delighted, leaving a fowl, and promising if we would only wait he would send us a goat as soon as he got on shore again. We could not wait, so promised to call again for the goat, which I shall be careful to do. The scenery was very fine. It's a glorious country to look at, but not so nice to live in; in fact there are too many living in it to be comfortable. I allude to mosquitoes and other *reptiles*. . . .

'When you write let's have the news about College (Stokes Croft, I mean) so far as you are informed. Even during my short absence of a year I found the place wonderfully changed—when I see it again I wonder what then? The men all scattered, you a weighty Divine or a ponderous Don, and myself, if God spares my life to return, no longer plump as of yore, but a dried-up African Missionary. I can assure you I am fast losing my attractive qualities from a cannibal point of view—92° in the shade tends to reduction. . . . I must wind up by telling you I'm well, never better; am full of good resolves and great intentions; I pray they may ripen into something. My wife, who is not very well—she's just recovering from her first dose of fever—joins with me in hoping all sorts of good things on your behalf.'

On June 15 Mrs. Grenfell is reported as suffering from ague. She has gone to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, three miles up the river, a visit that 'always does her good.' The painting of his boat has been a minor trouble to Grenfell. Apparently he has been as fastidious about the colour, as a girl might be about the tint of her spring costume. More serious trouble again has been occasioned by the blood-thirstiness of his neighbours.

'We've had an exciting time of it in the river this week. A quarrel at Hickory town on Monday last,

which was fixed upon as a great play day for the Elung secret society, resulted in two freemen being killed. King Bell, who is chief of the Prisu people as well as the town next us, went up with his war canoes and brought the two murderers down to his place, upon the pretext of their drinking the ordeal cup; but instead of that he had them shot upon the beach yesterday morning. These also were freemen, and it is quite rare for such to suffer the extreme penalty. Beside the four dead, there are about twenty badly injured in the fight, and another twenty just able to get about. Sticking plaster and friar’s balsam are at a premium just now. I am bothered for “book for cut.” A letter is “book,” and sticking plaster is “book” here as well as a printed volume.’

In August, Mr. Smith, who was in charge of the station at Victoria, and had the oversight of Mr. Quentin Thomson’s station up the mountain, died. Grenfell was compelled to take up this additional burden, and found himself responsible for three stations. Writing in September he says that Mr. Saker has sent off the greater part of his luggage and is preparing to follow. When Saker is gone there will only be Mr. Fuller and himself left. He is sending to England for stores for next year, and as nine-tenths of the expenses of the sub-stations have to be defrayed in goods, the secular work of the Mission claims no small part of his time. Things light, and things grave, mingle in the following paragraph, but both are expressive of the man—

‘I enclose a feather for Lily’s hat. My boys ate the bird. I got the wings. My crew, for a long pull such as to Victoria, consists of nine or ten hands. My gun is very useful as a provider of fresh meat on such occasions.

This is a dark land. Christ and His Gospel make but slow progress here. I am often sad, and wish I were a more able servant. Your experience no doubt can furnish you with a notion of the great barrier which the indolence and self-seeking of the people form against the truth, which bids diligent service, and self-denial.'

Early in the new year, sorrow knocked at Grenfell's door. His wife died. Naturally he wrote longer and more detailed letters to kinsfolk, but the following note, to Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Birmingham, dated Cameroons, January 13, 1877, tells all that needs to be told, in few words of sufficient poignancy :—

'It's a sad new year I've had of it. It's sorrowful news I've to tell. First Polly was sick, then worse, now dead and buried. I can't write much about it ; it's going through it all again. I'm all alone, and you may guess how wretched. I can't realize my position yet, or understand why I'm so soon deprived of the help I so much need. But I must not write so. About a month ago Polly was attacked by dysentery. This I could by no means subdue. It continued till it induced premature delivery of a dead child on the 3rd inst. On the 4th and 5th Polly was rallying a bit I thought, and I did not at all fear a fatal result. However, on the 8th she was delirious, and I traced symptoms of puerperal fever which proved fatal on the 10th. During the lucid intervals of the last three days she manifested great composure. She said "I'm not afraid to die, only sorry to leave you by yourself." Then she had, I'm sure, very bright glimpses into the future. I scarcely care to go over her words again ; but she was happy, very happy, and died full of glorious anticipations. I never felt the other world so real. It is nearer than ever it was. I can't write any more.

‘Give my love to Jenny and the boy. Tell him, as the natives say, “big trouble catch me this time for true.”’

Shortly after this heavy blow, the Rev. T. J. Comber, who had settled at Victoria, came to live with Grenfell, and his sympathetic companionship afforded the best possible human consolation. They were like-minded, and made some important journeys together.

It would not be possible to attempt anything like a connected account of Grenfell's remaining stay at the Cameroons even if the materials available permitted. The story would be disproportionately long. But extracts from some few of his letters will enable the reader to form a not inadequate conception of the man at his work. Here is a picture of himself and his environment sketched by his own pen in July, 1877:—

‘I am busy, too, setting up our saw mill. I hope I shall manage to make it go. Mr. Saker had it taken to pieces some years ago, and it has never been refixed since ; and as things are very apt to go astray, especially bolts and nuts, I am having a turn at the forge most days for something or other connected with it. If you saw me sometimes after my engine work you would think there was small relation 'twixt the present G. G. and the old one you knew ; not much like an “eminent divine” I can assure you. It's rough sort of work, but suits me very well. I don't write my sermons now. One has to talk very plainly and very simply, and give it in small doses, and hit hard, to reach the folk. A plainness that would not be tolerated at home is the best and only style suitable to these thick-skinned sons of Ham. You'll say I'm disrespectful in my style. Well, you must not make my letter public property, people would think I'm “going wrong,” and hold up their

hands in pious horror, and exclaim "another good man gone to the bad." Look, L——, it would not be much use for me to turn out in a suit of regimentals every day. Pink shirts, minus several of the buttons, sail-cloth unmentionables, with a jack knife in a sheath, so as to be always handy when in the boat or at work ; a sou'-wester if it's wet, or if it's dry, an old helmet, serves as head gear. A pair of shoes well ventilated, and socks that are a perfect puzzle when I wear them, and often no socks at all. Good boots are a mistake, the water on our beaches spoils them in a day or two ; and as we don't study keeping feet dry, to protect them from the pebbles, etc., any old things do. I've a favourite old pair, which, by the bye, are not a pair, for one is a buttoned one minus the buttons, the other a lace, tied at the time I write with a bit of bush grass. To-morrow sometime it will break perhaps, and if you were here you'd see me rummaging about for a bit of fibre or something of the sort, before I could get back to the house again, unless I went "one shoe off and one shoe on."

'This is about the style of my working rig. Of course for meeting I adorn, with a decent "biled rag" and less questionable pants, and sometimes rise to the dignity of a collar. When a steamer comes in (which one has not done for nearly three months past), I "tidy up" a bit ; and if I am out in the boat or steamer I have a change handy for going ashore. For instance, when at Fernando Po last in our little steamer, because I had no "papers" the Spanish Commandant of the port sent his boat to bring me on board the Guard-Ship, it would not have done to have gone in stoke-hole gear.

'At Fernando the Spaniards are awfully suspicious, and I had a great deal of trouble to convince them that

The Spanish Guard-Ship 81

I had no other cargo than two reams of printing paper and letters for England. They would not let me send my boat ashore until I had undergone categorical enquiry, and personal inspection. However, I satisfied the Spanish Dons, and went ashore without further molestation. The Spanish "powers that be" out there in Fernando Po, are closely related to the powers that "are not" at times, for, a little while ago, when an English Man-of-War went there, the Spanish had no powder to return the salute. A little while before this, their Guard-Ship was ordered home, and after being out nearly a fortnight was obliged to turn back leaky. If I had gone into port with full steam on, and made straight for their old tub they'd have been in a fright for fear they'd have gone to the bottom, for their afore-said tub would not have stood much "ramming."

'I am now preparing for further journeying when the dry season comes, nearly three months yet. I have one Teneriffe donkey, and hope to get another soon. The one I have is quite a curiosity in the eyes of the natives who have never seen one before. They come for miles to see him, and in crowds, are quite terror-stricken when he brays, and retreat in amusing confusion. I have not yet had him in harness for he has one or two bare places on his legs, the results of his sea voyage.'

About this time Grenfell wrote a letter to Dr. Glover, of Bristol, whose church had taken friendly and practical interest in his explorations. It contains a brief general sketch of his journeyings, with some important reflections upon the relative merits of coast and interior as fields for Mission work.

'In all my journeyings I have kept in view the object of finding the best route into the interior; for I believe that if the same amount of effort which is

bestowed here were bestowed upon some inland station it would produce far greater results. This station must be sustained, but much might radiate from it that is now centred in it. This view respecting the greater success of inland missions was confirmed by Mr. Rottman, whom I entertained a month or so back for three days during the stay of the steamer here. He is one of the seniors of some forty Europeans constituting the Basle Mission, whose headquarters are at Christiansborg, near Accra. He said that their coast stations had to contend with almost insuperable difficulties, and made but little progress ; while their inland stations were far more prosperous, and much better health prevailed among the Europeans. Lieutenant Young, of the Livingstonia Mission, refers to the fact of the coast tribes being spoiled by their contact with the traders on the east. It is the same here on the west. It would be a grand thing to be able to push away right beyond the influences that operate so adversely, and it can be done. I am glad to observe in the *Freeman*, dated 6th April, in a paragraph referring to the work of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Wesleyan Societies in Africa, that the Baptists, who were also taking part in the evangelization of the country, would work from their own base on the western side. It is cheering to one who longs to get inland to know that the sympathy of the Society runs in that direction too. But if anything great is to be accomplished, very considerable aid must come from home.

‘I send with this a portion of chart, to which I have affixed a rude sketch. These may help you to understand what I have already done in the way of visiting the neighbouring people. I have been up all the branches of the river as far as a boat can go, excepting

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the one running due north, which flows into the Mordecai Creek. All the places marked and named with pen I have visited. Endokoko, Endokombwang, Dibongo, and Edea have not been visited by any other white man. The Lungasi towns had never before been visited by a white man. Mr. Comber accompanied me on my second journey a fortnight ago. We then visited some other places than those I first saw.

‘The rivers running north to Abo and north-east to Endokobele are capital avenues into the country; but the people on the banks are very numerous, and very jealous about allowing communication with the tribes beyond. So great are the difficulties in these directions that I doubt whether a small *cortège* would be able to pass. At the present time the Dido town difficulty stops the way of everybody. No trade has been carried on in these rivers for nearly three months.

‘The river running to Edea is a splendid water-way, but the Qua-Qua, which connects it with our river, is full of shoals, quite impassable in the dry season by the steamer, and only to be navigated by a boat with difficulty. The Borea, when once reached, affords a four-fathom channel right away up to the falls. I made the attempt to pass the bar at Malimba, thinking to find a way for the steamer by going round outside, but even in the best season the surf was such as to render the thing impossible. This left the Dibamba branch to be tried.

‘This branch I find is navigable by the steamer, as far as the beach which leads to the Lungasi towns, for eight months during the year. The people at Yansoki, Bwang, Yapoma, and the Dibamba towns do not seem so prejudiced against our advances inland, and even though they were inclined to stop us, an expedition of a

dozen people would overawe the simple population of the largest town we should pass. On my first journey, at several places the people all fled, leaving their food in the process of being cooked, their guns, their matchets, all to the tender mercies of us invaders, which did not prove so very cruel after all. There is another advantage about this route—that is, in the case of any difficulty with King Akwa, or King Bell (not at all a remote contingency if we attempt to go eastward), we can reach Dibamba from Victoria without their being at all acquainted with our movements. These dignitaries have just compelled us to withdraw our teachers from Kalaki. They say that the teachers spoiled their trade; they are afraid of the country people's eyes being opened.

‘I am taking steps to procure some Kroomen for carriers, so that when the dry season opens, I may be able to make a journey without depending upon Cameroons men, who are so likely to disappoint one. Even in a short journey, such as those I have already made, the bugbears they have conjured up as excuses for not going further have proved them the possessors of wonderfully fertile imaginations. Six Kroomen will cost for hire during one year—wages about £45, food a similar sum, passages from their home (about 1,200 miles distant), and back again, about £30. All the hard work on this part of the coast is performed by these men; they work all the cargo and boats in the oil trade. There are about 120 of them in our river, all engaged for one year. I think if I can succeed in getting these men and stores, I shall, with two Dualla men whom I can trust, make an attempt to leave here in October next, and go eastwards. At present the rainy season precludes the possibility of travelling.

September generally sees the end of the heaviest rains. I shall also try to get a couple of asses from Teneriffe ; they will cost about £30, together with passage here. There are four at Victoria rendering very valuable assistance to those going up to our Mission station at Bonjongo. They are very fine animals, not at all like the despised donkey of England.

‘The journeys I have already made this year have more than exhausted my allowance for this object, and if I am to go farther I must have the assurance that my drafts to cover the expense will be honoured. At present I know our Society is not in a position to authorize increased expenditure, but I hope something will be done by ourselves as well as the other sections of the Church in this work. At present it would be rash to get together large sums of money and fit out expeditions, even though we were able to do it. What is wanted is a small sum to cover a pioneering effort, so that we may learn something of what is beyond, and what steps it will be best to take. We have no beaten path or caravan route here, as they have on the eastern coast. With my poor achievements, I am regarded quite as a marvel by the Cameroons men, because I have been so far beyond where they would not think of going, so that we cannot expect guides from these people. In my two last journeys the paths were so indistinct in many places that I had to “blaze” the trees, to mark our route, and to guide us coming back. I thus marked about twenty miles myself.

‘Mr. Comber, who is now staying with me for awhile, has made a journey on the north-eastern side of the mountain, reaching a place named Bakundu. He did at one time think of settling there, but hearing of the possible opening of the Lungasi country he accompanied

me during my last journey ; but as we did not find a town large enough to settle down in, he is divided between the idea of reverting to Bakundu, and going on beyond Lungasi and trying in that direction again.

‘The head men in the river are anxious to be under Her Majesty’s control ; they are waiting only for King Bell’s sanction and co-operation to petition the English Government to be included in the British realm. They are evidently getting tired of their attempts to govern themselves. Every dispute leads to war, and often great loss of life. They think that if the strong hand of our law were to interfere, they would be freed from the necessity of going to war to punish a murderer or a thief. If it were not for the terrorism of the secret societies the old customs would not enthrall so completely the thoughtful men around us. They are afraid to forsake or expose the absurdities of their heathenish fashions. One man was bold enough, two or three weeks since, to ridicule the famous “Moonge” fashion. At night his house was surrounded and burnt, and he himself paid the penalty with his life. Tim Akwa (virtually king of our town, his father being so old and infirm) is accounted a very bold man, because he comes to chapel twice every Sunday and sometimes wears a shirt. The prejudice against adopting anything like the habits of civilized countries, is jealously fostered by the Ngambi men or witch-doctors. This state of affairs would be quite altered upon British occupation. Civilization would be at a premium then, and the people not afraid of mending their habits.’

In August Grenfell complains that ‘the rains get into one’s system, and wash out the energy,’ also that he is dreadfully hard up for news of Heneage Street. The same letter contains a snake story. A girl of the house-

hold was frightfully scared when she entered the dining-room one morning, and encountered a snake nine feet long. It was dead. Grenfell had shot it at midnight, but with scant consideration for other people's feelings, had left it where it lay. There follows a pretty sketch of Ti, who was his wife's favourite boy. Ti is a gallant youth, accompanies Grenfell in his travels, is proud of his ability to walk with the men, and often leads the caravan. 'He is rejoiced by the dignity of being ranked with his elders in work. . . . I sincerely trust he will grow up a good lad. I am very hopeful of him. He sets our pulpit in order every Sunday, carries the big Bible, rings the bell, etc.'

It was Ti whom Grenfell re-named John Greenhough, conferring the honour piece-meal. Ti was simply John, until he had proved himself to be 'a good John,' and so not unworthy to bear the second name. Ti appreciated his honour and claimed it. 'It was very hard even for me, who had redubbed him, to forget his "long time" soubriquet, and even harder for his companions. If I miscalled him, "Please, Sah, my name be John," was the response; if anybody else, they got no response at all.'

In one of the letters of this period Grenfell speaks with enthusiasm of Dumbi's efficiency as a tailor. The Rev. J. J. Fuller gives an amusing account of Dumbi's apprenticeship. The reader will remember that this boy was the genius whose intelligence and practical efficiency consoled his schoolmaster in the trouble occasioned by dull and refractory pupils.

One day Grenfell said to Mr. Fuller, 'You have carpenters, bricklayers, brickmakers, and printers; have you a tailor?' Mr. Fuller confessed they had not. Whereupon Grenfell said: 'We must have one.' So he

had a suit of his clothes ripped up, and Dumbi was set to put them together again. A sewing machine was procured from England; Grenfell taught Dumbi how to use it; and in a few months the Mission possessed a tailor, who instructed others in his craft, and made clothes which traders, as well as Mission people, were glad to buy.

And here I crave indulgence for a slight digression in appreciation of the Rev. J. J. Fuller, whose story is a romance which ought to be told in picturesque detail. Born a slave in Jamaica, he was included in the Charter of Emancipation. He was present at the historic funeral ceremony when William Knibb buried the insignia of slavery, and hoisted the Union Jack for monument. Acquiring education, he joined Mr. Saker, under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society, and served for forty years in the Cameroons. Thousands of Baptists in England have made his acquaintance, as a most welcome deputation from the Society, and have been inspired by his skilled advocacy to more intense interest in Missionary work. I well remember a visit which he paid me in my own house some twenty years ago. As he entered the room, my two little girls, who had never seen a coloured man before, clasped hands, and backed, and backed, till they were hard against the wall. Ten minutes later, they were sitting on his knees, with his arms about them, listening to stories with which he beguiled their attention, and answering the call of the man's big heart with confidence and love.

The relations of Mr. Fuller with Grenfell and Comber were ideal. He was old enough to be their father, genial enough to be their chum, man enough to command their respect, and Christian enough to elicit their profound spiritual affection. They wrote to him some of their best letters. Now he is 'Dear Daddy

Fuller,' now 'Dear Old Boy,' but always it is evident that they know he would do anything possible for them, and that they would do anything possible for him. Mrs. Fuller was like-minded, and as opportunity served, played mother to them both.

Some months ago it was my privilege to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller in their home in Stoke Newington. Mrs. and Miss Grenfell were also their guests. To them, Mr. Fuller was 'Dadda Fuller,' and 'Grandpa Fuller,' as of old. And many good stories were told which space limits exclude. But one must not be omitted.

Mr. Fuller was present when Grenfell and Comber received the letter from the Committee inviting them to proceed to the Congo. Comber looked over Grenfell's shoulder as he read the momentous missive, and when the gist of it was mastered, threw up his hat, and danced like an excited schoolboy. The incident was characteristic. Irrepressible and inexhaustible vitality was part of Comber's charm, and an element of his personality in no small degree contributive to his influence and his success. 'Vianga Vianga,' the Congo natives called him, which being interpreted, signifies 'always on the go.' He was young when he died. But into his brief life, he crammed more than the content of a hundred lethargic years.

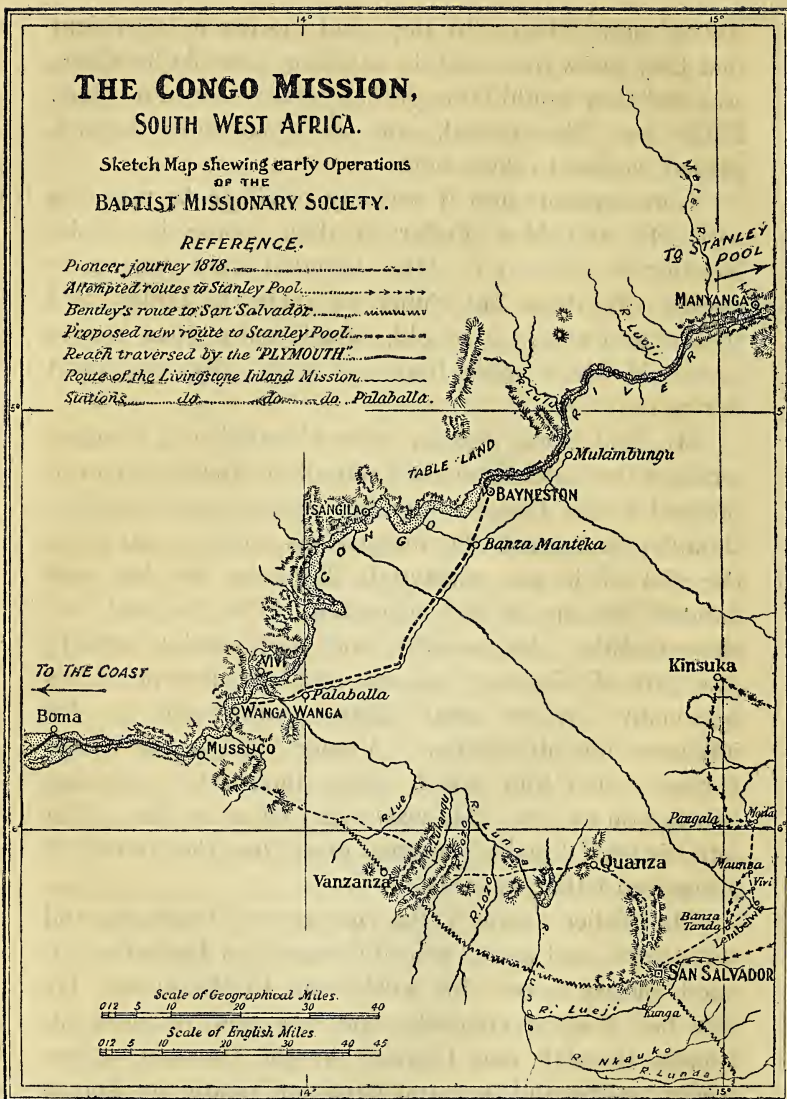
Mr. Fuller attained the ripe age of fourscore and three years, and passed peacefully away on December 11, 1908, shortly before this work went to the press. He also had lived strenuously, and has now rejoined his friends Grenfell and Comber in the timeless region, where parting and age and pain and death are known no more.

THE CONGO MISSION, SOUTH WEST AFRICA.

Sketch Map shewing early Operations
OF THE
BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

REFERENCE.

- Pioneer journey 1878.....
 Attempted routes to Stanley Pool.....
 Bende's route to San Salvador.....
 Proposed new route to Stanley Pool.....
 Reach traversed by the "PLYMOUTH".....
 Route of the Livingstone Inland Mission.....
 Stations.....do.....do.....do.....Palaballa.



CHAPTER V

PIONEERING ON THE LOWER CONGO

Discovery of the Congo—Mr. Stanley's Journey—San Salvador—Mr. Arthington's Offer—'Africa for Christ'—Mr. Arthington's Letter—Starting of the Congo Mission—Decision of Grenfell and Comber—Spying out the Land—Description of the Country—Grenfell and his Boat—A Jesuit Priest—Jack the Donkey—Reception at San Salvador—Arrival at Makuta—Grenfell's Second Marriage—Reinforcements—Chain of Stations—Native Houses—Difficulties of Transport—Romish Opposition—Isangila—Manyanga—The Basundi.

FOR a full account of earlier European explorations, settlements, and missions in the region of the Lower Congo, and for the history of the Ancient Kingdom of Kongo and related native powers, the reader must be referred to the chapters of Sir Harry Johnston's work, in which he has treated these subjects with adequate learning and in vivid narrative.

It may suffice here to quote the opening paragraphs of an article written by Grenfell during his stay in England in 1882.

"Tuckey's farthest, 1816," a point less than 200 miles from the sea-coast along the course of the River Congo, marked, up till five years ago, the limit of our knowledge of the country through which that great river flows. Discovered so far back as the fifteenth century, all that was known up till very recently was that, on

On the Lower Congo

account of its immense volume, it ranked amongst the greatest rivers of the world; and also that, after a navigable course of about a hundred miles, it entered upon a cataract region where further progress was effectually barred, which so bristled with difficulties that none of the attempts made to penetrate the mysteries of the Upper Congo had been successful.

‘In September, 1877, news reached England that Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who had started from Zanzibar on the East Coast, had made his way across the continent and down the course of this river, proving it to be the same stream as the Lualaba, about which geographers had been greatly exercised, and near the source of which Dr. Livingstone died.

‘So far back as the close of the sixteenth century, San Salvador, the capital of the kingdom of Kongo, was a walled city, and could boast of its cathedral and seven other churches. It was the see of a bishop (at one time filled by a native), and till the middle of the seventeenth century the rites of the Roman Catholic Church were regularly maintained. So far back as 250 years ago the country was partially civilized, and had become nominally Christian. But after the transference of the see to St. Paul de Loanda, and after the removal of the military force of the Portuguese Government, the churches fell into ruins, and the people lapsed into barbarism; for, while the rites of the Roman Catholic Church are well calculated to appeal to the native mind, they very evidently fail to accomplish the real changes of heart and life which characterize a vital Christianity.

‘Looking back upon what San Salvador had been, and contemplating the few, but interesting, remains of a past civilization, Mr. Arthington’s great heart was moved with sympathy for the people, and he generously offered a

considerable sum, if our Society would undertake mission work in this sphere, so long deserted by the Papal Church.

‘While our Society was consulting the Churches about entering this field of labour, the news reached England of how Stanley had crossed the continent, and had found the Congo to be an immense waterway into the heart of Africa. This news settled the question of the Congo Mission, for not only did the needs of the people of the Kongo kingdom appeal to us, but we felt the claims of the millions of the great central plateau; and our Churches, true to their traditions as pioneers in great and good works, immediately took up the cause with zeal, and “Africa for Christ” became the watchword of the Society.’

The letter of Mr. Arthington, referred to above, is so important a document in the records of the Baptist Mission, and so determining a factor in the evolution of Grenfell’s character and career, that it must be given in full—

‘DEAR SIRS AND BRETHREN,

‘I trust the time has come when the Christian Church must put forth far greater efforts to preach the Gospel in all the world. “All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

‘These words of Jesus, in connection with His command, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, are very encouraging. If each section of the Christian Church would do its part in the energy of true faith, we might make great advances in our day in extending the knowledge of saving truth throughout the world. There is a part of Africa, not too far, I think,

from places where you have stations, on which I have long had my eye, with very strong desire that the blessing of the Gospel might be given to it. It is the Congo country—an old kingdom; once possessed, indeed, is now, of a measure of civilization, and to a limited extent instructed in the externals of the Christian religion.

‘Within three hundred years it appears that Romanish missions, in connection with Portugal, gave the people of Congo some information of the Christian religion, so as to have left permanent traces existing there at the present day.

‘In Livingstone’s time (see p. 426 of the 1857 edition of his travels), the Prince of Kongo was professedly a Christian, and report said there were some churches there kept in partial repair, and that many of the inhabitants could read and write. There is not, however, much knowledge of the Christian religion in Congo. In the last lines of Chapter 21, Livingstone speaks either of Congo, or of Congo written Angola, as “a fine missionary field.”

‘Commander Grandy, who was sent out under the Royal Geographical Society of England to explore the Congo River, in answer to a letter from me, in a communication dated “131, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, W., December 22, 1874,” writes—

“Only three or four of the inhabitants of the Congo, the San Salvador of the Portuguese, can read and write. The King’s secretary and two of his sons, I know, can speak and write Portuguese. The inhabitants of Congo are partly Christianized, and follow the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church; but the King of Kongo, hearing I held service on Sundays, attended twice, remained the whole time, and showed much attention. He afterwards told me he came from motives of curiosity the first time, as he had been told we knew nothing

about religion, but now that he saw us reading from books and praying and singing he was convinced ours was a good religion.

“At several of the native towns where we remained on Sundays, and service was read, the natives attended, squatting in a circle, and remaining always quiet and observant.

“The language of the Court of Kongo is the original African, Muxicongo. There is also a secret language, called Enkimba, employed by the chiefs. Portuguese is employed only in dealing with the factories¹ on the river, and in correspondence with the Governor of Loanda, or the Chiefs of Bembe, or Ambriz.

“The old king strongly expressed his hopes to me that some English (white men) would come to them.”

‘It is, therefore, a great satisfaction and a high and sacred pleasure to me to offer one thousand pounds, if the Baptist Missionary Society will undertake at once to visit these benighted, interesting people with the blessed light of the Gospel, teach them to read and write, and give them in imperishable letters the words of eternal truth. By-and-by, possibly, we may be able to extend the mission eastwards on the Congo, at a point above the rapids.

‘But, however that may be, I hope that soon we shall have a steamer on the Congo, if it should be found requisite, and carry the Gospel eastwards, and south and north of the river, as the way may open, as far as Nyangwe. The London Missionary Society take twenty miles west of Lake Tanganyika.

‘Yours in the Lord,

‘ROBERT ARTHINGTON.’

In a subsequent letter, replying to inquiries from the Committee as to the advisability of sending out a

¹ Trading establishments are called factories.

preliminary party to explore the region referred to, Mr. Arthington wrote—

‘It is to the King of Kongo, and the existing communities of the ancient Christian Romanish civilization, now decayed, at San Salvador, of the country called Kongo, that I have so long and so strongly desired to send, in all its life-giving freshness, the Word of God, and to give them in their own tongue, never to be forgotten, the words of Jesus and His Apostles.

‘Then, besides that, I want to be on the Congo River by-and-by (when we get the intelligent interest and co-operation of the King of Kongo), above the rapids, and sail the messengers of the everlasting Gospel on the mighty river up as far as Nyangwe.

‘Does not God call us by His providential indications to attempt great things for His Christ and the Gospel?

‘God is over all, and we may depend upon it He intends now to open out Africa to Christian evangelization. Think of the thousands of souls come across by Cameron, west of Tanganyika. Are these to live and die without the knowledge of the all-precious Gospel? Nay, hardly so. In my opinion, it would be wise, without delay, to send a man, most prayerfully chosen, full of faith and love, who will determinately make his way to the King of Kongo, and ask him if he would receive and encourage your Christian missionaries; and, at the same time, he should make all needful enquiries. If you find the man and inform me, I intend at once to send you fifty pounds to encourage you.’

Mr. Arthington’s challenge appealed to hearts that were prepared. In his concise history of the Congo Mission, entitled *The Congo for Christ*, the Rev. J. B. Myers writes:—

'The labours of other Societies whose representatives had entered from the East Coast—those of the Free Church of Scotland Mission on Lake Nyassa, the Church Missionary Society's Mission in Uganda, and the expedition sent out by London Missionary Society to Lake Tanganyika—had awakened the interest of the Christian Church generally in the evangelization of Africa.

'For a long time the conviction had been strengthening in the minds of the supporters of the Baptist Society, as the result of experience at coast stations, that their true policy, wherever practicable, was to penetrate into the interior, where the Gospel might be preached unhindered by the hostile influence of demoralizing traders. The opinion strongly expressed by many, pre-eminently by Dr. Livingstone, who was continuously calling upon missionaries 'to leave the unhealthy, fever-stricken, trade-cursed tribes on the coast,' created a readiness to embrace any favourable opportunity for work in inland regions. In pursuance of this desire, special journeys at this very time were being made from the Cameroons stations, to ascertain if it were possible to enter the interior from that part of Western Africa.'

The publication of Mr. Arthington's letters, and the almost simultaneous announcement of Stanley's sensational achievement, as Grenfell puts it, 'settled the question of the Congo Mission.' Upon consideration, it was decided by the Committee that Providence had elected and equipped the pioneers of the new enterprise, in the persons of Grenfell and Comber, who were doing such distinguished work at Cameroons, and panting to find their way from the coast to the interior of Africa. In due course an invitation was despatched to them to take up this work. Reference has been already made

to the enthusiasm with which they received what was to them their Master's summons to go forward. It was in the afternoon of January 5, 1878, that the great, but not wholly unexpected news, arrived. In the evening of the same day Grenfell wrote the following reply :—

‘Yours of the 15th November is to hand by the s.s. “Congo,” which arrived this afternoon. You will have learned from my letter of the 16th ult., that the topic of your communication, which I have just received, is not before me for the first time, and so I may, without apparent rashness, venture at once to reply.

‘You will also have gathered that I am deeply interested in this matter of the Congo Mission, and that I am not only willing to comply with the Committee's request, but that I am eager to go, and shall be very happy to be associated with Mr. Comber in the work. The decision of the Committee to undertake this new effort we feel to be the right one, and pray most earnestly that it may prove to be so. God seems to hold out far more glorious prospects of success there than appear to be possible here. The difficulties there may, indeed, appear less because they are farther off than those by which we are surrounded here. However, if I stayed here I should never give up trying to open a way for the Gospel; and though the difficulties there may, on closer acquaintance, prove even greater than those at Cameroons, I should still try, for the victory is sure. It may not, perhaps, be in my time; but I hope, as long as I have breath, God will count me worthy to fight, and to help in the bringing about of that good time which is so surely coming.

‘From the *Herald*, I had thought the intention of the Committee was to send a pioneering party to San Salvador, which, after accomplishing its purpose, was to

await, at Cameroons or elsewhere, a reply to the report sent home. From your letter I gather that those who go should be prepared to settle down at once, and that it is wished, in case the work should give promise of success, that operations should be immediately commenced. This latter I conceive to be the better plan, and I should be quite prepared to adopt it.

‘I cannot but think it very kind that the Committee thought well to consider my wishes in this matter of joining the “Congo Expedition.” They will have learned ere this that their wish quite accords with my own, and that I shall enter into the work with all my heart.

‘I sincerely pray, and rely upon the prayers of those at home, that God’s blessing may be given us who go, and that it may attend our every effort in this new work. It is a special work, needing special abilities, which God alone can bestow. We ask your prayers, that these gifts may be ours.’

Comber wrote the day following, saying that he had read Mr. Baynes’ important letter with Grenfell; that so long as he might work among the ‘real heathen’ he did not mind whether it was in Congo or the interior of the Cameroons; that he was sorry to forego settlement in Bakundu, for which he had made preparations; but that now he threw his whole heart into the Congo Mission. His letter concludes with the words: ‘I am not my own, nor am I out here for my own purposes and ends; and in all my movements, especially in such a deeply important one as I feel this to be, I look up to our gracious Master to fulfil His promise, “I will guide thee with Mine eye,” and to make all things work together for the everlasting good of souls and His own eternal day.’

A few days later the s.s. ‘Elmina’ called at Cameroons, bound for the Congo, and Grenfell and Comber

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seized the opportunity of paying a flying visit to the threshold of their new sphere of service.

As to this, Grenfell writes: 'Some of our friends in England will perhaps think we went off on a wild-goose chase, but you know I should not enter into such a work as the projected one on the Congo by halves, and so, as soon as the request of the Committee was laid before us, and while they were waiting for our reply, upon a steamer opportunely "turning up," we took passage to the Congo with the intention of utilizing the interim that would necessarily elapse before receiving definite instructions, by spying out the land, and learning what facilities could be relied on for aiding us to attain the object aimed at by the Committee. Well, eight days' passage brought us to the mouth of the river that has so recently yielded up its mystery. It was not with feelings of overweening confidence that we went ashore, for as there were only three houses at the landing-point—Banana—and neither of them English, it would have been too bold a stroke to have made sure of a welcome reception. One trading house was French, one Dutch, the other Portuguese. Of Dutch and Portuguese neither of us knew a word, and while we both knew enough French to keep us from starving, it was not very likely that we could make our object in visiting the place satisfactorily evident.'

'These fears about our reception did not last long, for I discovered that there was an English doctor engaged by the Dutch firm, which has nearly fifty European employees at that one place. This Dr. Jones proved to be a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made in the Cameroons River, and he at once gave me an introduction to his chief, who received us cordially, and entered fully into our plans. The next day the "Zaire," a small steamer (one of five belonging to the Dutch



THE ATLANTIC ASPECT OF THE BEACH AT BANANA POINT,
CONGO MOUTH.



GRENFELL STARTING IN 1878 WITH FIRST B.M.S. MISSION TO
SAN SALVADOR.

Company) was at our disposal, and we went up as far as Ponta-de-Lehna, where we stayed all night, and tried to sleep, but mosquitoes in myriads made the attempt abortive. The next day we went on to Boma or Embomma, and on the third day reached Musuko, where our land journey will commence. Here our Dutch friends have a factory which we can use as a depot for our stores and such things as we do not need to take with us, while we make our first run to San Salvador, some eight days' journey to the south-east. So you see our way is opening up, in God's providence, gloriously. I trust our sanguine hopes will be sustained by our experience. We should have made the attempt to reach San Salvador when we were at Musuko, but the heaviest rains were just commencing; so we contented ourselves with writing to Dom Pedro the Fifth (as the monarch styles himself, after his Portuguese patron), and with obtaining information about carriers, food supplies, and goods needed for barter with natives. Thus, having done as much as we could, made some friends, and in a measure prepared the way, we started to return, and reached Cameroons again after little more than a month's absence.'

The information succinctly given in the foregoing extract from a private letter is given with greater detail in official communications, from which two additional notes of interest may be quoted. 'We learn here (Banana) that Father Bonaventura made a journey from Ambriz a year or fourteen months ago, to San Salvador, for the purpose of "baptizing" and marrying some of the people. He, like Lieutenant Grandy, returned *via* Embomma. We also hear that the Roman Catholics are intending to reoccupy San Salvador. They have bought a fine site at Embomma, and will, it is expected,

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commence operations at an early date. Their Mission at San Antonio—close here—was broken up a short while ago in consequence of difficulties with the natives.'

As regards the aspect of the country, Grenfell writes : 'The country, so far as we have seen it, is very different from Cameroons—the interminable forest here gives place to grass-covered hills and scenery of the most picturesque description. As far as Embomma the river is ascended by any one of several channels formed by the many islands of the lower reaches. Beyond Embomma the river is confined to one bed between steep hills, and, as far as Musuko, averaging a quarter to half a mile in width. Here, of course, the current runs very swiftly. It brought the "Zaire" at times, notwithstanding her great power, almost to a standstill.'

Yet again, February 3, 'The return mail steamer "Elmina" has just come in here (Banana), and after a stay of an hour and a half or so, will go north again, taking Mr. Comber and myself back to Cameroons. Mr. Comber, I am thankful to say, is much better ; the small ulcers on his legs and feet have entirely disappeared. This trip seems to have done us both much good.'

On returning to Cameroons the missionaries were well occupied during the remainder of their stay. There were additional journeyings, preachings, and baptisms, besides the anxious duty of preparing for the mission they were about to undertake. There were also farewells to be said, and as Grenfell's life was so much concerned with boats and travel, his feelings in relation to the two craft he was leaving behind are worthy of record. Referring to a boat in which he made his second journey to Edea, and of which he was enclosing a photograph to his correspondent, the Rev. R. H. Powell, he says—

‘I’ve lived many a week and travelled some thousands of miles in her, but I suppose I’ve made my last use of her, as I am going South, and shall leave her here on the old beat. She’s nearly worn out, and can’t possibly serve as often for a pulpit in the future as she has done in the past. I’ve sailed and pulled across the thirty miles of sea between Victoria and Fernando Po, and have often been in such close quarters that we could not use oars, but had to use canoe paddles; and once, I remember, we had to widen a deep but very narrow stream for more than a quarter of a mile, to let her pass, or else go back more than twenty miles. I’ve become quite attached to her, and to the steamer too. I’ve never worked so hard, or got so black, or perspired so much as I have done when acting as engineer and general utility man on board our little paddle-boat. It’s a case of mother’s best love for her most troublesome child; and you’ve no idea how troublesome a high-pressure compound engine and boiler can prove to an amateur engineer. And yet I’m sorry to leave her. I wish I could take her to the Congo; but it is impossible, as she is not powerful enough for that terrific current. I’d steam her all the way down myself, if she had but the requisite power to be of use when she got down. I’ve had to put new tubes in the boiler, and I’ve fitted steering gear in the bows, so that when steering at night the man at the wheel could see plainly where he was going, a thing he could not possibly do when he was astern and looking ahead beyond the engine lights. I did this, after carrying the mast away one night against an overhanging branch in one of the creeks. This accident cut short the career of the first mast which I fitted: the second, thanks to the new steering apparatus, is still in use.

‘She is a very comfortable craft to live in, and is

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fitted up very completely ; has a cook's galley (very important item that) which would be sure to come into requisition when on a journey, at daylight, for my cup of coffee ; next thing would be to wash the deck and clean the brass-work ; then breakfast must be thought about ; this would sometimes be before, and sometimes after, reading and prayers. Saturday was always a busy day, if spent on board. It's great fun to see the boys washing their clothes, beating them with a spanner, and making the soapsuds fly about, in their attempts to ensure a somewhat decent appearance on Sunday.

'One night when coming round from Victoria I brought a sick man, a German naturalist, who came out to procure botanical specimens. Poor fellow, he only lived a couple of hours, and before I had got one fourth of the way to Cameroons, he was no more. His friends on board the German ship in the river were greatly grieved, when I anchored alongside next day to deliver my sad freight. So you see there are lovers of science as well as lovers of Christ willing to make martyrs of themselves for their love. If lovers of Nature are ready to do so much, how much more ought we to be ready to do for God, to whom we owe so great a debt !'

On March 29 the final instructions of the Committee were received, with ample stores, and it was hoped that Grenfell and Comber would be able to proceed south by the same mail ; but as the 'Roquette' remained in port but a few hours, and brought Grenfell a big consignment of business, a confessedly frantic rush on his part failed, and with much immediate regret the missionaries resigned themselves to a few weeks more of busy waiting. The long wait diminished their band of chosen helpers ; but Comber regarded this as akin to Gideon's sifting, and on June 28 they left Cameroons in the s.s. 'Volta,'

and reached Banana on July 4. The weather cooled immensely on their voyage south, and the lower temperature proved bracing.

'We had a pleasant, healthy passage down, and are all the better for eight days on the sea. Although perfectly well at Cameroons, each day of the travelling seemed to bring me increased strength, and I certainly do not think I was ever better in my life than I am now. Among our fellow-passengers was one Jesuit priest, travelling from Gaboon to Landana—Père le Berre, a sort of bishop. We were placed *vis-à-vis* at table, and so frequently got into conversation, although he seemed to know nothing of English. With our slight acquaintance with French, and the tendency to use Dualla words, the conversation was very stumbling, although Mr. Grenfell managed it much better than I. We at first feared that he made the journey as a spy upon us, but that impression was removed before we parted. Although he asked a few questions about us and our intentions, he seemed only desirous to make himself agreeable. Asking about our denominational practices and opinions, and hearing that we only baptized those who believe, he spoke up for infant sprinkling, although he did not base anything upon Scripture. Screwing up his small eyes, and cocking his head on one side like a canary, he said, "Ah, petits enfants! Dieu content; Dieu les aime." Acknowledging that there was no Scriptural warrant for the practice, he felt that it must be acceptable and pleasing to God. He only mentioned San Salvador once, asking if we were going there.'

The diminished company included two teachers (Ebolu and Epea), one Portuguese interpreter, two Kru boys, one Cameroons boy from the Mission, and two small personal boys (Ti and Cam). Jack also, a donkey,

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deserves mention, from whom Comber expected great things, and whom he desired to have accounted as 'on the staff.' This revealed a Christian spirit on Comber's part, for Jack had kicked him in the chest, and used to make extraordinary efforts to unseat him. But, ignoring the ill and rejoicing in the good, he eulogizes the beast, who is 'none of your' miserable Hampstead Heath donkeys,' and 'always goes at a trot or gallop.'

The little expedition was cordially received by the friendly authorities of the Dutch house at Banana, and shortly after proceeded up the river in their own boat.

At Musuko they were delayed by the non-arrival of expected carriers from San Salvador. Impatient of waiting, they obtained thirty-five recruits from the district of Musuko, and commenced the overland march to San Salvador on July 30. On the way they were met by fifty men, whom the King of Kongo had sent to convoy them. These were allowed to pass on to Musuko, to bring up stores which had been left behind. The march was easy and uneventful. Food was procured without difficulty. The rivers to be crossed were not serious obstacles, except to 'Jack.'

'The greatest physical difficulty in travelling, owing to the narrowness of the path, was the tall, thick grass, reaching in many places fifteen feet in height.'

The hundred miles from Musuko to San Salvador was covered in eight days, and the visitors were heartily welcomed by the King and people, notwithstanding the presence of the Jesuit, Padre Lazaro, who had forestalled them. The King was accustomed to spend much time in sitting in the courtyard outside his house, and here the reception took place.

'Pedro Finga' (the head man of the caravan) 'introducing us to his Majesty, went down upon his knees, and

seemed struck with awe and reverence ; and most of those who interviewed his Majesty rubbed dust on their foreheads, and clapped hands long and vigorously. We found Dom Pedro, or Ntotela as he is called by his people, sitting outside his house, his chair placed on an old piece of carpet. Taking off our hats as we approached, we shook hands with the King, and inquired after his welfare. He placed chairs for his English guests, and seemed glad to see us.'

The missionaries were pleased to learn that the presence of the Jesuit father had not diminished the King's desire that they should establish a station in San Salvador, and that his promises of countenance and protection were all that could be desired. But they were bent on reaching Stanley Pool ; and after three weeks' stay at San Salvador started for Makuta, an important district of which they had heard from passing parties of traders. The King, whose reluctance to consent to their departure had been overcome, supplied them with carriers. They also secured the services of Matoko, who had been with Lieutenant Grandy upon his expedition, and had obtained a good record. At Moila their carriers declined to proceed ; but the chief of Moila supplied them with others. Four days' further march brought them to Tungwa, the most important of the Makuta towns. As they looked down upon it from a hill they were much impressed by its trim sightliness, and sent ambassadors to the King of Makuta, intimating their desire to pass through his country. The answer was favourable, and the expedition put on its best clothes and proceeded.

'As we strode down the hill and crossed the river, which is about twenty feet wide and from two to six feet deep, more of the inhabitants gathered about us, curious and fearless, but not impertinent ; and we followed our

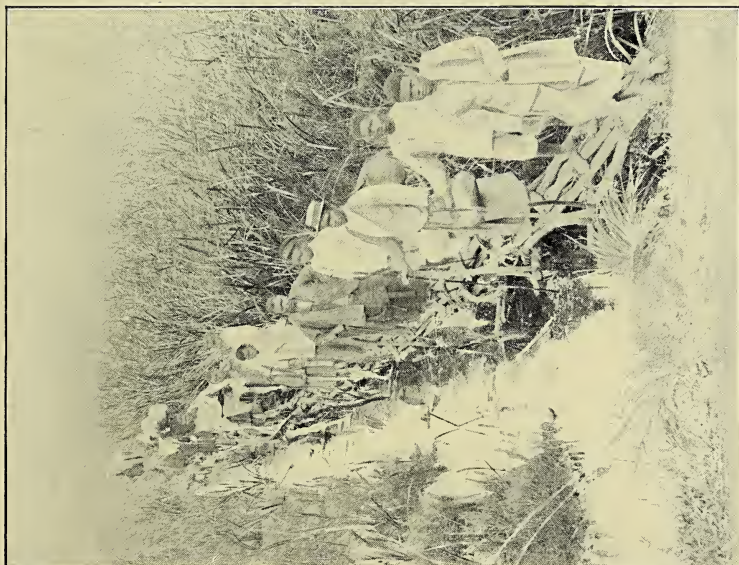
good friend Matoko into the centre of the town, and found that the people were in a great state of excited curiosity. Some hundreds formed a half-circle at the front of the house under the eaves of which we sat, and they were eagerly pressing upon one another, and gazing at us with that intense wondering gaze which I had before encountered in interior Cameroons. One fine-looking old woman especially interested me. She took her pipe from her mouth, and looked at us long and silently, with piercing eyes and half-opened mouth; and this old woman was nearly always amongst the crowd, constantly sitting at a respectful distance from our tent, during the four days of our stay at Tungwa. It was interesting and pleasant, too, to see the frequent family resemblances between one and another, a thing I had not noticed before in Africa, except among a few Cameroons families. But most interesting were the children. Some half a dozen boys, about eight to twelve years of age, with frank, open faces, bright, lustrous eyes, and well-formed heads, I became quite attached to, and longed to have the task of teaching and training into disciples of Christ. We found these boys to be very quick and intelligent, when we tried to teach them.

‘After waiting about half an hour, the son of the Soba made his appearance, dressed in a red-and-black plaid wound round his body and over his shoulders, a military coat, and a military cocked hat. He advanced slowly to the sound of drums and bugles, his people forming an avenue at his approach. When he reached within a dozen paces, he stepped briskly forward from the umbrella held over him, and lifting his hat and making a good bow, shook hands with us. He had come to conduct us to the Soba, his father, by whom we were grandly received; indeed, in a more stately manner



TREE AT SAN SALVADOR ON WHICH GRENFELL AND
COMBER CUT THEIR INITIALS IN 1878.

Photo : Rev. W. Wooding.



ON THE ROAD TO SAN SALVADOR—
CROSSING A SWAMP.

Photo : Rev. H. Ross Phillips.

than by the King of Kongo. He was sitting on a bamboo native chair, dressed much in the same style as his son, and was surrounded by musicians. He rose from his seat on our approach and advanced to meet us, while his band made such a deafening noise that our efforts to speak to him were in vain. The musical instruments consisted of some large drums, about six cornets and bugles, and seven ivory horns. These horns were each of a whole tusk, and gave forth very soft, sweet sounds. As he had nothing but leopard skins to offer us to sit upon, and the music was almost too much, we retired, asking him to visit us in our tent. This he did, with his son, soon after, when we explained why we had come. He thought we were traders, and had come from Ambriz to buy his ivory, and seemed scarcely to believe us, when we said we had never bought a single tusk, and only wanted to teach black men what was good. He had had no experience of missionaries before.'

But though kindly received by the King of Makuta, Grenfell and Comber found their main purpose foiled. He would neither assist nor even permit their further progress toward the Upper Congo. It only remained for them to retrace their steps to San Salvador. They were most cordially received by the King, and their determination to make San Salvador the base station of the mission was confirmed. The preliminary expedition having so far fulfilled its purpose, Comber returned to England, to report, and Grenfell went to Victoria, Cameroons. Here he married his second wife, Miss Rose Patience Edgerley, who subsequently accompanied him in many of his most adventurous journeys; and here for a time he resided, occupied in trading, and in finishing his explorations of the Cameroons country; his formal connection with the mission being temporarily severed.

On the Lower Congo

Though the story overruns itself a little, I allow Grenfell to summarize the proceedings of the mission in the matter of further pioneering on the Lower Congo, adding one or two necessary notes. The history is extremely condensed ; but it embodies descriptive details of importance, which, with the accompanying map (see page 90), will carry the reader through the cataract region.

To avoid interrupting Grenfell's narrative, it may be stated here that at the end of 1880 he re-entered the service of the Mission, to the great joy of his colleagues, who were in sore need of the practical gifts with which he was so opulently endowed. After consultation at San Salvador, he set about the erection of necessary buildings at Musuko, and rendered unique service in the establishment of stations, intermediate between Musuko and Stanley Pool.

In the article already quoted from, published in the *Missionary Herald*, September 1882, Grenfell states that Comber's visit to England, which was an important event in the history of the Mission, 'secured more help in the persons of Messrs. Crudgington, Hartland, and Bentley, who, together with Mrs. Comber, made up the missionary band of five that sailed in the June of 1879'; and proceeds: 'Before the autumn had set in, a station was established at San Salvador, and this was followed immediately by the great sorrow which fell upon our Brother Comber in the loss of his dear wife.

'A year later, and after twelve different attempts to reach Stanley Pool by way of Kinsuka, Ndanga, Zombo, and Makuta, Mr. Comber was shot by the natives of this last-named place, and narrowly escaped with his life. After this determined opposition it was felt impossible to do more in this direction, so a new route on the north bank was successfully tried by Messrs.

Reinforcements

III

Crudgington and Bentley, who reached Stanley Pool in February of last year, 1881.

‘The great natural waterway into the heart of Africa being proved to be accessible, more help was earnestly asked for, and six new men were voted to reinforce the Congo Mission. It was also decided to commence the building of the steamer, the funds for which had been so nobly provided by Mr. Arthington. Mr. Dixon, the first of the six new brethren, sailed in August of last year, together with Mr. Crudgington, in the same mail which carried our steel boat the “Plymouth.” Messrs. Weeks and Butcher followed, and are now upon the spot. Last month Messrs. Moolenaar and Hughes set sail in the “Benguela,” and are, we hope, well on their way to help the brethren who look so anxiously for their arrival. Mr. Doke, the last of the six, is now engaged in making himself acquainted with the construction of the new steamer, the “Peace.” He is hoping to sail on the 11th of October, by which time it is expected our little steam vessel will be ready for shipment.

‘It was hoped at one time that San Salvador would have formed a link in a chain of stations connecting the lower with the upper river; but, the road in that direction being barred, that idea has been relinquished, another route decided upon, and an independent chain of stations formed. As we cannot pass through the cataract region at a single bound, seeing that it extends 200 miles or more, stations have been built at convenient distances. These will serve as depots for barter goods and stores, and also as resting-places for those who are journeying. They are also centres for Christian work, and places from which the kindly influences of the missionary can be brought to bear upon the prejudices that exist in the hearts of the natives against the white

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man—prejudices which so effectually close their hearts against the messages of love and mercy sent by Christ.

‘In the sight of these poor people we are brethren to those whose dealings with them have been marked by such cruelty ; brethren to those who are at the bottom of all the untold horrors of the slave trade. To these natives it is quite inconceivable that we can have any good purpose in our hearts concerning them. They are very naturally suspicious at first, and unwilling to help, lest in helping they find at last they have only been binding yokes on their own necks. It is only by missionaries living amongst these people, and proving to them what manner of men they are, that these suspicions will be overcome, and a way be opened to their hearts and confidences.

‘The first link in our chain of stations, hitherto, has been at Musuko. This has served as our base of operations, and as a depot for all the goods required for the carrying on of up-country work. As all payments are made in cotton goods, beads, knives, or other bulky forms of money, our store-room is necessarily very large, and much more trouble to look after than a cash-box or a cheque-book. From San Salvador, a distance of about ninety miles, carriers come down by land for the needful supplies. From our station at Isangila, the second link in our chain of riverside stations, where Mr. Hartland is in charge, the distance to Musuko is about seventy miles. Two-thirds of this journey is performed by land ; the other third, between Vivi and Musuko, by water. From Isangila to Manyanga, our most advanced station, the distance is about seventy-five miles. This distance at first was traversed by land through the Basundi country, where the people are so intractable and unfriendly that they were characterized by Stanley as the

worst type of negro he had ever encountered. But since the kind gift of our "Plymouth" boat by a Plymouth friend, this journey is now performed by water, and without coming in contact with the troublesome Basundi. The boat, with a crew of eight or ten men, can do the journey in the same time as would be occupied in going overland; it can take up as much cargo as forty carriers; and, were it not needful to unload the boat in passing round some of the bad points, and to carry the loads for short distances over the rocks, the journey could be made in much less time—returning takes only a day and a half. As soon as Messrs. Moolenaar and Hughes reach the Congo, Messrs. Comber and Bentley will be relieved at Manyanga, and they will then proceed inland for the purpose of establishing our station at Stanley Pool, and of preparing for the arrival of the steamer.

'At present, San Salvador is our only station which can boast of anything like a permanent building. Here we have a substantial stone house. At our other stations, the houses are built of the same materials as are used by the natives, but in rather a better style, and more roomy. The walls are built by nailing the stems of palm fronds in horizontal rows upon posts fixed in the ground, suitable spaces being left for windows and doors. The roofs are very effectually covered with grass.

'From Mr. Comber's last letter, published in the *June Herald*, it will be gathered how great were the difficulties of land transport between Vivi and Isangila. It was hoped at one time that these difficulties would have been overcome, but instead of this they have gradually thickened, and have decided our brethren to adopt a modification of their route. After due deliberation, it has been found desirable to move our base higher up the river to Wanga Wanga, which, while it is equally

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accessible with Musuko from San Salvador, has the advantage of being at the commencement of a south-bank route to Stanley Pool, and this Musuko has not, with regard to our present route, seeing that twenty miles or so of bad waterway lie between that point and the commencement of the land journey at Vivi, where Stanley's road begins.

'By starting at Wanga Wanga, and joining the route followed by our brethren of the L.I.M. (Livingstone Inland Mission) at the Mpozo ferry, and passing through their stations at Palabala and Banza Manteka and on to Bayneston, we reach a point on the river above Isangila, and beyond two dangerous cataracts which lie in the course between that place and Manyanga. In adopting this route we have a few more miles to walk, but we pass through a populous country where both food and carriers are to be obtained, and we save the bad water journeys below Vivi and between Isangila and Bayneston. If the two missions use the same path, we shall each secure the advantages of resting-places at shorter intervals than would be possible were the stations spread over two distinct routes. We shall also be nearer help in cases of emergency, and otherwise be able to render mutual assistance, which, we trust, will be of service in carrying on the work so near the hearts of both.

'Our latest news of Mr. Crudgington (from Mr. Butcher's letter dated Musuko, June 15), tells of his being engaged in building the new premises at Wanga Wanga. Our latest news of Messrs. Comber and Hartland we learn from Mr. Clark, of the L.I.M., who speaks of their having called at Palabala on May 12, when on their way up to Bayneston, to arrange for ground and to commence building there. This being accomplished, Mr. Comber was going on to Manyanga,

where he intended staying with Mr. Bentley till reinforcements arrived, so as to allow of their proceeding up country. From Mr. Bentley news has been received of several successful journeys of the "Plymouth." She reached Manyanga for the first time on March 28. From Messrs. Dixon and Weeks, at San Salvador, the latest tidings are very hopeful. The schools now boast better attendances, but, as the rainy season is interfering with the services held under the King's Council-tree, they are having a meeting-place covered in, so that they may be able to hold their gatherings the rain notwithstanding.

'Having thus summarized the past history of our Congo Mission, our intentions and future plans now very naturally suggest themselves. It may now be taken for granted that it is decided to maintain San Salvador, and to occupy in addition three stations—Wanga Wanga, Bayneston, and Manyanga, and also to establish a station at Stanley Pool as soon as that is possible.

'Now, while the stations along the river are centres from which, we trust, the light of Christian truth will radiate far and wide, they are themselves only a means to an end, that end being the formation of a line of communication between the thinly-peopled district of the lower river and the populous region of the Central Congo, where our Society looks for a sphere of much more abundant usefulness.'

Several letters of Grenfell during this period tell of the missions of the Jesuits, 'who have again secured the active co-operation of the Portuguese Government, and are now acting upon the terms of the special Bull issued by the Pope with regard to Protestant Mission work in Central Africa, that "the movements of the heretics

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are to be followed up, and their efforts harassed and destroyed.”

I conclude this chapter with extracts from a letter dating from Isangila, in July, 1881, and with Grenfell's account of the establishment of the station at Manyanga.

‘Here at Isangila, where we take to the river for seventy or eighty miles, we have built a rough sort of station, and are busy preparing for another move ahead; but as our boat (which is to come out in pieces) has not arrived yet, we are going by land, and in this rough country it will take a week's hard walking to reach Manyanga, where our next station is to be fixed.

‘We hope to make a start about August 10. Mr. Bentley has gone down to Musuko for rice and a few things, and when he comes up he will join Mr. Comber and myself in our proposed journey. Mr. Comber intends staying at Manyanga, Bentley and I return here, where Bentley will stay awhile, and I shall go down to Musuko. I left Musuko three weeks ago (that is, for the last trip), and am expecting it will be five weeks more ere I manage to get back. There is so much to do that time passes very quickly.

‘It is *just possible* that by the time I get back I may meet instructions from the Committee to proceed to England, to see about the proposed new steamer. The men out here have all written Mr. Baynes, saying I must be sent for to look after getting the thing that is wanted. But I can't leave till more men are out—we aren't half enough for the work in hand, and it won't do for another of us to clear out before reinforcements have arrived. It is also possible that the Committee will decide not to send for me, so you must not rely upon my turning up in the old country again before you hear something more definite. . . .

‘Our new station here is close to the falls, which kick up a tremendous din day and night: the roar is something terrific. I sometimes wake up with a start, when a gust of wind in this direction makes it specially audible. The nearest town is a mile away, so that the needs of our transit service have been considered before the advisability of building among the people. We must be on the spot where our boats take to the water. Our object is not so much the few scattered people here, as the great central population.

‘You will have heard about the Roman Catholics following us to San Salvador. They are now busy trying to reach Stanley Pool, and will very likely succeed. A fortnight ago one of their men left here on his second attempt. He had thirty carriers, all armed with guns. Of course he can’t do much the first time he gets up. He will want to take up a lot of things before he can settle down and commence a Mission. The heart of Africa is big enough for us all, but it seems as though the Roman Catholics were bent on treading on our heels wherever we turn, and not upon an independent course of their own. . . .

‘Another P.S., just to give you an idea of the three days’ walk from Vivi here. I may tell you that we have to cross six hills, each of them higher and steeper than Malvern, having only miserable ruts instead of roads. I’m getting used to them, and so they don’t appear so long as at first.’

The story of the establishment of the station at Manyanga is told in a letter to Mr. Baynes, dated August 19—

‘My last advised you that Mr. Bentley and I intended to start for this place, and how, on account of serious sickness, Mr. Comber was compelled to relinquish his

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intention of accompanying us. We are glad to report the realization of our purpose in our arrival here yesterday morning.

‘We left Isangila just a week ago, and made a rapid march through the Basundi district ; and since our arrival we have not lost much time, as you will judge when I tell you that the ground for our station is already apportioned to us by the native chiefs, who reside some three or four miles away, and who came down with nearly a hundred followers. Presents have been interchanged, and the whole bargain settled in the most satisfactory manner for about two pounds’ worth of goods. Our *terrain* is separated by a small brook of fine water from that occupied by the Belgian expedition, which is a splendidly commanding position on the top of an isolated hill 250 feet high. Ours is much less pretentious, but promises to be very convenient ; it is on a slight elevation, some fifty feet above flood-water mark. The natives are most friendly and well-behaved, and are a remarkable contrast to their neighbours, the unamiable Basundi. The first question they put to us was, “Do you buy slaves ?” and they appeared relieved and quite satisfied with our denial. The memories of the old men-stealing horrors seem still to haunt them.

‘Upon our arrival here we found Père Augouard thus far on his return from Stanley Pool. He told me that, being a Frenchman, the chief of Nshasha, in conformity with Count de Brazza’s instructions, was willing to allow him to build, but that determined resistance will be made, on the part of the people, to the settlement there of those of other nationalities.

‘Upon Mr. Stanley’s arrival there, some little time in advance of the “Père,” he tried to make arrangements for a station on the southern bank, staying the

meantime with his old friend Nga Liema, of "big goat" fame. Père Augouard did not cross to the south side. Mr. Stanley's failure to "set" the palaver at once has not deterred him from prosecuting the work of carrying up boats and stores—this is going on as vigorously as ever.

'Although the journey to Manyanga by land may be quickly and successfully made, it is not for a moment to be supposed that it is a feasible route for the regular transmission of supplies. We had a little experience with several types of African character, but never before met such people as the Basundi. It will be a very pressing call to assure me that it is my duty to undertake the land journey to Manyanga again, and to encounter its worries and anxieties. Caravans taking cargo would only be safe when heavily armed. The Basundi, when encountered in small parties, run away and hide; when in companies they will rob you in the most barefaced manner, and laugh when accused, and the fact brought home to them. Nothing is safe, from bales of cloth down to cooking-pot covers, if they can only get a chance of laying their hands upon them, and there is no knowing to what lengths a yelling mob may go when once a spark is kindled. The water-way between Isangila and Manyanga, though a bad and dangerous one, must be worked, if we are to maintain the proposed up-country stations. It offers little or no advantage in the way of speed in going up river, but the dangers of the water are less to be feared than the people. A good boat is needful, and I trust by this time is on the way out, so that we may speedily hope to keep Manyanga efficiently supplied, and provide for further inland movements, as well as to relieve brother Bentley, who is staying to commence the station, in the hope that help is close to hand.

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'The next English mail leaves Banana on September 2, and I am very anxious that it should take news of our proceedings, so I intend starting off again this afternoon to "post" the news. I have over 140 miles of walking to do, and after that more than a hundred to go down river in our boat, which is waiting for me at Vivi.

'It will be very encouraging to you, my dear Mr. Baynes, to find our proposed stations being gradually occupied; it undoubtedly is so to us. All friends at home will join us in thanking God and taking courage.

'Since writing the foregoing the Portuguese gun-boat "Bengo" has been up to Noki, leaving there a "Major" in charge of three houses, which have come out in sections, for the use of the Mission at San Salvador. He is asking for 1200 carriers to take these houses up.'

The forecast of the Isangila letter was fulfilled, and in due course Grenfell returned to England to manage the business of the 'Peace.'

CHAPTER VI

THE COMING OF THE 'PEACE'

Grenfell's Love for the Ship—Mr. Arthington's Gift—Return of Grenfell to England—'Down in the Dumps'—Loss of the 'Ethiopia'—Launch of the 'Peace'—Stanley Pool Station Started—Dr. Stanford's Sermon—Speech of Mr. Joseph Tritton—Grenfell's Speech—Speech of Mr. Doke—The Voyage Out—Christmas Pudding—A Noah's Ark—Arrival at Banana—Death of Grenfell's Child—Death of Mr. Doke—Death of Mr. Hartland—Journey to Stanley Pool—Bad Administrations—A Sudden Marriage.

THE ewe lamb of which the Prophet Nathan spoke to King David was to her owner 'as a daughter,' and even as a daughter was the steamer 'Peace' to the heart of George Grenfell. As her story unfolds itself we do not wonder. She was the child of his resourceful brain. He was the overseer of her building. He superintended the laborious and romantic transport of her loads. When other hands which were to have undertaken her reconstruction lay still in death, his hands took up the task. On her deck he explored immense reaches of the waterways of the Dark Continent, filling in huge blanks of its vast map. She bore him through a thousand perils of nature and of man. For months, which added up to years, she was the home of his wife and babes, who accompanied him in his eventful voyaging. Her plates and rivets were dear to him as his own skin, and the throb of her engines was like the

beating of his own heart. Her sister ships coming after were larger, swifter craft, but she was his first love, and his love never failed. In a moment of depression, while the transport of her parts from Underhill to Stanley Pool was still in process, and the Mission was half paralyzed by strokes of death, and lack of reinforcements, he could suggest or echo the suggestion, that perhaps the Committee would do well to sell the 'Peace,' and transfer the Congo men to another field. But years after, when she had become part of his life, and the suggestion arose as a matter of business that she might be sold with advantage, he remarked grimly, 'If they sell the "Peace," they will get rid of me too.' Her missionary honour was to him a thing beyond price, and when the State seized her for purposes alien to her holy work, his grief was passionate, as though the ship had a character to be blasted and a soul to be stained. And the little craft was faithful to her master. Worked by black boys, whose hands he had made skilful, and whose hearts he had won with a great and holy love, she bore him, a dying man, upon his last short voyage, from his lonely front station to the place where he found a grave. It is doubtful whether any ship afloat has a more fascinating history than that of the B.M.S. steamer 'Peace': and surely in the future, when Congo conditions have been bettered, and advances made of which Grenfell nobly dreamed, in some State museum, a worthy model of the 'Peace' will hold a place of honour.

But now to the story of her coming. In the summer of 1880 the following letter was received by the Committee of the B.M.S. from their generous friend Mr. Arthington:—

'Dear Sirs and Christian Brethren,—I believe the time is come when we should make every necessary

preparation to carry out the original purpose of the Congo Mission—to *place a steamer on the Congo River*, where we can sail north-eastward into the heart of Africa for many hundred miles uninterruptedly, and bring the glad tidings of the everlasting Gospel to thousands of human beings who are now ignorant of the way of life and immortality. I have, therefore, now to offer your Society one thousand pounds towards the purchase of a steamer of the best make and capacity, every way suitable for the purpose, and its conveyance and launch on the river at Stanley Pool ; and three thousand pounds, to be carefully invested, the interest only to be used for the perpetual maintenance of such steamer on the Congo and its affluents, until Christ and His salvation shall be known all along the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the first cataract of the equatorial cataracts of the Congo, beyond the mouths of the Aruwimi and Mburu Rivers.'

A few months after writing this letter, Mr. Arthington forwarded to the Treasurer the whole of the sum specified.

In July, 1881, the Committee unanimously adopted five most important recommendations, relating to the conduct and extension of the Congo Mission, based on the report written by Messrs. Bentley and Crudgington, of their eventful journey to Stanley Pool, by which they successfully opened the road, on the north bank of the river, to the gate of the great interior navigable waterway.

The fourth of these recommendations was the following: 'That, with a view to the wise and careful consideration of the important question of the construction of a suitable steam-launch for the navigation of the waters of the Upper Congo, beyond Stanley Pool, towards the interior, in accordance with the original plan of Mr. Arthington, the urgent appeal of the Congo brethren be complied with, and Mr. Grenfell be requested to visit

England, for a short season, to advise with the Committee on this important subject ; and, should his drawings and specifications be sanctioned by the Committee, Mr. Grenfell to practically superintend the building of such steam-launch, with a view to his becoming thoroughly acquainted with its construction and management.'

In pursuance of this determination on the part of the Committee, Grenfell returned to England toward the end of 1881, and letters available give us glimpses of his life in the home-land while engaged upon the business of the 'Peace.'

On January 8, 1882, he writes to a friend, regretting inability to meet him during a short stay in Birmingham, and pleading that as he is home upon a specific quest, he can hope for no leisure until the steamer business is in hand. Though he has written to Newcastle and Glasgow, he thinks the work must be done in London. Two estimates have been received, and he hopes that matters may be settled soon. He himself is 'not brilliant,' has had a touch of ague, and will be glad of a little rest.

His hopes of an early decision as regards the builders of the steamer were realized. In the March issue of the *Missionary Herald* occurs the following paragraph :—

'We are happy to inform our readers . . . that the well-known steamboat builders, Messrs. Thornycroft and Company, of Chiswick, have contracted to build a boat suitable for the work in prospect. In our last *Herald* Mr. Bentley called attention to the shallowness of the river above Stanley Pool, and this important fact has had to be borne in mind in planning the vessel. It is proposed that the steamer shall be of steel, having twin screws, for her more easy control and management amid the currents and sand-banks of the river. Her length will be seventy feet, and she will draw only twelve

inches of water. This lightness of flotation is secured by a singularly ingenious arrangement of the screws, of which Messrs. Thornycroft and Company are the patentees. The contract price of the vessel, complete and packed for transmission for the Congo, with a steel boat and duplicates of the most important portions of the machinery and gear, has been fixed at the extremely low sum of £1760. To this will have to be added about £150 for sundry stores, so that the entire cost of the vessel will not exceed £2000. Mr. Grenfell has come home, at the request of the Committee, to watch its progress, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its management. He will thus be able to superintend putting its parts together when they shall arrive at their destination.'

The arrangement here specified entailed that Grenfell must spend a large part of his time during the following months at Chiswick. In April he writes from an address in Chelsea, stating that he has chosen lodgings about half-way between Chiswick and the Mission House. He is anticipating a fortnight's visit to Manchester in May, but grudges the time, as the steamer work requires his constant attention. He speaks also of two visits to the Crystal Palace, which have increased his store of useful information, and forecasts the greatly extended use of electrical power in this country. He has also attended a conference on African Missions at Harley House, and 'had a good time,' shadowed, however, by news of losses on the Congo. This makes him anxious concerning the burden of the next mail. 'Everybody else has sad intelligence from time to time, and that we have suffered so slightly only seems to make apprehension the keener on our part. However, He that hath kept is able to keep, and we are all in His hands.'

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On June 2 he is in trouble, acute but not crushing. His duties at Chiswick involved the occasional conduct of parties of visitors. An old and dear friend had written, desiring to meet him. At the time suggested he had already promised 'to escort the party you encountered.' He yet hoped to meet his friend, and did, but to little purpose. Hence these tears which will secure for him masculine sympathy and feminine censure.

'As soon as I was on the stage, and you were off from Charing Cross, I could have eaten my finger-ends for having so completely lost my head. If I had not had a party of ladies in tow, I might have acted like a sane being. As it was, my wits went "wool-gathering," and an uncomfortable morning with a bevy of "petticoats," has been followed by an afternoon of self-recrimination for having slighted my oldest chum and friend. I've played the fool most egregiously, and till I get a forgiving line or two, I am yours, down in the dumps, and out of conceit with himself, GEORGE GRENFELL.'

In June Mr. W. Doke, a student of Regent's Park College, and a skilled engineer, was accepted by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for work upon the Congo. It was arranged that Mr. Doke, in co-operation with Grenfell, should undertake the important task of reconstructing the steamer at Stanley Pool. Preparatory to this service he became associated with Grenfell in the oversight of the building of the 'Peace' at Chiswick; and in following months the hearts of the two men drew together, and they fondly anticipated happy fellowship in great labours. The steamer work proceeded swiftly. On September 7, Grenfell wrote to a friend who proposed a visit to Chiswick: 'You will scarcely recognize the skeleton you saw some months ago.'

A few days later came the heavy tidings of the loss of the 'Ethiopia.' This disaster hit him hard; but the spirit in which he endured the disappointment is indicated by the following paragraph of a letter to Mrs. Hartland:—

'Yes, I know about the "Ethiopia." . . . I telegraphed at once to Liverpool, to ask whether she was outward or homeward bound. On Monday the owners did not know. This morning I get news that she was outward bound, so went down with our cargo, a heavy shipment, and seventeen cases of extra gearing for our engines, on board. The cloth, beads, etc., can easily be bought again, but not so easily the engine fittings. More delay for Doke and me. There is this consolation, that the homeward letters are not lost, and that we may soon expect more news.

'Many thanks for your verses. How sweet the consolation that we know that "Jesus cares," and "reigns"! I am beginning to get a bit weary of waiting, and now there is more delay. I need the sustaining sense of the Lord's abiding presence and guidance, and I praise Him for the assurance I have that all is well.'

Before September was out the little ship was launched, finished afloat, and on view at Westminster. In a subsequent trip, she exhibited her paces and her graces, not only to the Committee of Inspection, but also to 'General Sir Arthur Cotton, Mr. Barnaby (afterwards Sir N. Barnaby, K.C.B.), Chief Constructor of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Rendall, one of the Lords of the Admiralty. These authorities were exceedingly well pleased, and complimented our Society upon having obtained in the "Peace" what promised to be such a valuable auxiliary in the carrying out of our great enterprise.'

This year (1882) the Autumnal meetings of the Society were held in Liverpool. On Tuesday, October 3,

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at a public missionary breakfast, Grenfell was one of the speakers. The proceedings were marked by great enthusiasm. Mr. Baynes read a letter from Mr. Comber, 'reporting his recent visit to Stanley Pool, and his successful negotiations with Mr. H. M. Stanley and Lieutenant Braconnier, of the International Association, for the purchase of suitable land at the Pool on which to erect Mission buildings and a landing-stage for the new Congo Mission steamer "Peace," Mr. Comber bearing high testimony to the great kindness and generosity of Mr. Stanley in connection with these negotiations.'

It was estimated that the Stanley Pool buildings would cost £500. That amount was immediately raised, with an additional £700 for the founding of a new station in the interior. Following this meeting came Dr. Stanford's memorable sermon, on Acts xv. 26, '*Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.*' One imagines how, when the torment of his own speech was over, the heart of George Grenfell was cheered that day, who had hazarded his life already, and was destined to hazard it times without number, as he pushed the prow of the little 'Peace' into the gloom of Darkest Africa, bearing the light, 'for the sake of the Name.'

The taking to pieces of the 'Peace' was quickly accomplished. At the end of October there was 'not much to see beyond heaps of material and a skeleton.' In November business and 'farewells' involved for the missionary, whose spirits were rising as the hour of departure approached, much journeying in the homeland. On October 17 he is in Birmingham: on the 20th at Sancreed, Penzance; and in the remaining days of the month he seems to have travelled the length of the country two or three times.

At a farewell meeting, held at the Mission House on December 5, the Treasurer of the Society, Joseph Tritton, Esq., presided, and in the course of a beautiful address, said—

‘Mr. Grenfell, as you are aware, was recalled from Congo at the instance of the Committee to assist them by his mechanical genius and African experience in the construction of the little vessel, the “Peace.” He is returning with our friend, Mr. Doke. Mr. Doke will be a worthy addition to the little band—a little band in contrast to the “great multitude of the disciples” in early days, but, like them, “all of one heart and mind,” and they carry the “Peace” with them. It seems rather the reversal of the natural order of things that in this case the brethren carry the ship, and not the ship the brethren. Most devoutly do we hope that both will be transported in safety to the banks of the Congo, and that the little “Peace,” once launched, may, in the highest sense of the term, “walk the waters like a thing of life ;” carrying, as she will, the messengers of mercy, the messengers of peace, whose feet shall be beautiful upon the streams, no less than upon the mountains ; carrying the messengers with the tidings of salvation into the dark places of that land. I cannot conceal that the perils are many, but God is our refuge and our strength. Let us not say that our brethren go with their lives in their hands. No, their lives are in the hands of their Master. We may say, as we have often said, and often sung—

“Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.”

And so we speak our farewell words, and breathe our parting benedictions, with all cheerfulness.’

Grenfell’s speech upon this occasion was so characteristic,

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and contained so much information concerning the impending transport of the 'Peace' loads, that it will be fitting and economical of space to give the full report. He said—

'Some of his friends had been twitting him because, as the time drew near for his departure, his spirits seemed to grow lighter; but to all intents and purposes Africa was his home, and, seeing his business had been prolonged to twice its expected length, he was anxious to get back again. Perhaps, however, his lightness was partly the result of having dispatched from Chiswick a large series of huge cases, the contents of which had been weighing very heavily upon his mind. He had had, when in Africa, some little experience of machinery, and therefore he knew a little about the needs of the case before them. So it had been deemed advisable that he should come to England to help forward the construction of the steamship "Peace." The problem was a difficult one. Steamers were not adapted for climbing cataracts, so that they had to arrange for their boat to be taken to pieces, that its various portions could be transported overland. There was also a difficulty in the matter of draught. Congo, above the cataracts, stretched sluggishly away into a breadth of miles, dotted with thousands of islands—and, of course, was proportionately shallow. They had therefore arranged that when the "Peace" was fully laden it would only draw twelve inches of water. Then, again, they might remember how Stanley had told them that the natives had pertinaciously taken every opportunity of attacking him. Now, they were not anxious to become food for cannibals, so they had to provide the means of running away. It would be difficult, however, to apply powerful machinery to a boat which only drew twelve inches.



CONGO RIVER SCENERY, CATARACT REGION, NEAR STANLEY POOL.
Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



OLD UNDERHILL STATION, AND HELL'S CAULDRON, NEAR MATADI.
Photo: G. Grenfell

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'All these difficulties, however, had been grappled with by Messrs. Thornycroft, to whom, he might say, the Society was most deeply indebted for the skill, patience, and thought which they had applied to the construction of their little vessel. Not a suggestion had been overlooked, and he might say that the expense would not nearly be met by the cheque which had been forwarded to them.

'The construction of the ship had occupied a year, and as to its transport they might consider themselves fortunate if they succeeded in getting that done in the same period. It was a five weeks' journey to the mouth of the Congo; then they had a voyage of 110 miles by river to their first station. There the cases would be unshipped and placed in the mission store, awaiting the carriers. The first stage was sixty miles further on to Bayneston, the second, seventy miles to Manyanga, and from thence to Stanley Pool, the third and last stage, was between eighty and 100 miles. The carriers, under the guidance of one of their head men, marched in caravans, sometimes stretching a mile in length, so that there was risk of some of the packages being lost or stolen. To lessen that risk, they had every package sewn up in canvas and numbered, so that a duplicate could be sent from England at once, if the original happened to go astray. An inventory was to be given to the head man at the start, and the production of that and the packages at the end of the journey would ensure his payment.

'As for the country the river ran through a ravine, and surrounding land was seamed with the ravines of inflowing tributary streams so steep that, in some instances, they would have to use ropes and pulleys to get their packages across. Another obstacle was the grass,

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which was ten or eighteen feet high, and only cut up into narrow tracks. They had three available classes of carriers—the Krumen, the men of Loango, and the natives of the country themselves. The first were the best, as they were the best workers, and they were so far from home when on the Congo that they could not run away; but their services were the dearest. The Loango men cost about a half less, but they were not so reliable. The natives were the cheapest, but also the most troublesome. The pay was given in red calico, or white-handled knives, of a certain quality. The rate of pay came to about one penny per pound per 100 miles. That was after they had thoroughly organized a route. At first it might be as much as threepence a pound. From the coast, where the route was not organized, the price was somewhat dearer. Sometimes the men, like the enlightened British workmen, struck, and they (the missionaries) were sometimes separated from their supplies by long periods of time. They could not hope for anything like such favourable terms for the transport of the "Peace" till they had the San Salvador route in working order.

'As to the time which the transport would occupy: from the first river station to Bayneston, sixty miles, would occupy each caravan some ten days. Their steamer would take some fifteen or twenty caravans for the first stage, requiring six months for that alone. The second stage would take another six months, and the third was so long and difficult that they could not hope that it might be done in much less than a year. But they hoped to have all these three stages run concurrently, so that, instead of two years, they trusted to begin the building of their steamer long before the last loads had reached the river-side. They had already sent out to

Stanley Pool a good supply of tools, etc., and then the work would begin.

‘Many people rather objected to missionaries doing such rough work, because it did not bear directly upon the mission. None would rejoice more heartily than he would when they got more direct mission work, but he believed it would be found that the result would more than justify the time and labour bestowed. It was expensive. One gentleman had written to him that he was appalled at the cost of this Congo Mission, its heavy expenses, and its risk of life. Well, it was rather for them to become appalled at the risk than for friends in England to become appalled at the cost.

‘After a while they looked forward to having some of the appliances of civilization at command, and then the risk of life would be lessened, for he could assure them at present the missionaries led a very Robinson Crusoeish life. Their houses were simply four posts with bamboo walls and a reed roof, and their tables were just four sticks with a top made from broken boxes. As to the appalling cost, what did it amount to? Fourpence per head per annum for the members of the Baptist denomination. Their squadron for the suppression of the slave traffic cost about a quarter of a million a year. He believed that that quarter of a million would produce infinitely greater results if applied to the furtherance of Christian missions. The squadron was doubtless doing useful and good work, but why not supplement what it was doing by preaching and teaching Christ over the vast interior of that land?

‘He had to thank them for their kind reception, which had cheered his heart. The memory of that meeting would strengthen and stimulate them in the work that lay before them. They had fears and difficulties to

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encounter, but they would certainly succeed in the end, and obtain success, because they were doing the will of the Master.'

At the same meeting Mr. Doke made a young recruit's confession of faith and hope, and concluded his address with words which in a few short weeks acquired singular pathos. He told his audience 'They perhaps might never meet again. He might come home again; if so, good-bye till then. It might be that "death's bright angel" would call him to higher work, and perhaps they might never meet till before the throne; if so, good-bye till then.'

Noteworthy testimony to the exceptional interest of this meeting was borne by the Editor of the *Christian World*, who was present. In sending a generous subscription to the Congo Mission Fund, he wrote: 'No report will convey to people not present any adequate idea of the hallowed and inspiring spirit which pervaded the meeting throughout. A more genuine and deep-toned missionary meeting it was never our good fortune to attend; and though it consisted of only about two hundred people, there is certain to go out from it a spiritual influence of no ordinary kind.'

The two Congo Missionaries, in charge of the precious packages of the 'Peace,' sailed from Liverpool on December 9, and on the 14th Grenfell wrote to Mr. Hawkes—

'I'm very sorry I did not put it plainer that I had altered my arrangements, and therefore missed you. However, I must, and do, take the will for the deed; and now I regret that I'm under such unfavourable circumstances for writing you a "good-bye," and a Christmas greeting. Here I am on board a steamer which rolls on the slightest provocation, trying to write

on a table with the "fiddles" spread—my legs are gripping one of the table legs, by way of aiding my stability—and altogether about as uncomfortable "internally" and externally as most poor mortals would care to be, unless they were "going in" specially for martyrdom. I won't dilate—I fancy the remembrances of certain "fellow feelings" render it unnecessary, and will secure your sympathies.

'We are nearing Madeira, and I must just send you a few lines, to let you know I've got so far safely, the American-predicted storm notwithstanding. We had it rather rough on Monday night and Tuesday, to the damage of my sleep and the crockery, especially the crockery.

'I lay half sleeping in my berth this morning, and was imagining myself still on shore. I was conscious it was the 14th, and I knew very well that the 9th was the day for sailing; I began to perspire at the possibility of having missed another mail, but the culmination came, and I awoke, and lo I was safely on board. I am glad to be so far on my way, and shall be yet more glad when the voyage is a thing of the past, and I'm on the Congo once again; and if you wish me Christmas wishes—well, wish me quickly there, and then God's help to do His will.'

On January 18, being a couple of days' sail from Banana, Grenfell wrote to Mrs. Hartland, giving some particulars of his tedious voyage, with an amusing account of the appreciation of a Christmas pudding which he and Mr. Doke owed to their friend's motherly kindness. It was opened with their letters (received at Cape Palmas) on Christmas Day, was incomparably superior to the ship's pudding, so good, indeed, that they purposed making it last into the New Year. But this

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ideal exceeded their capacity for temperance. The pudding disappeared untimely, 'for the very good reason that we could not be content with one visit a day.'

In a postscript written after arrival at Underhill, and obviously referring to a present for his little daughter Peggy, he says, 'The Noah's Ark is a great success. The animals are periodically laid down in rows to go to sleep, the lion with the lamb, and the cocks and hens all mixed up with foxes and wolves, a glorious jumble, such as delights the infant mind.'

After a six weeks' voyage the missionaries and their company landed safely at Banana on January 21, and the company was considerable.

Writing from Underhill, February 2, Grenfell says—

'As we journeyed along the coast our party gradually increased, for at Sierra Leone I picked up twenty Kru boys, at Cape Palmas I secured thirty more, and at Cameroons a further twenty were added to our numbers. Among these latter were my old boy Ti, or John, and Sally's mother and her two brothers—there were also three married couples and three or four children, so we had quite a mixed-up sort of crowd by the time we reached the Congo. Things, however, turned out very fortunately for us at Banana, for instead of making a big camp, and waiting to go up river in small detachments, I was able to charter the "Prins Hendrick" (a steamer of about 200 tons) for £110, and take up our bag and baggage, the "Peace" included, all in one trip. Our new station, Underhill, where I am now writing, is about ten miles higher up than Musuko, it has a capital landing-place, and in three days from the time we finished our ocean voyage we were alongside our own wharf, discharging our people and goods.

'It was very fortunate that I was able to secure a

quick passage up river, for had I been compelled to wait (as I have often had to wait), I should never have seen my baby. As it was, I found her fast sinking, and by the third day after my arrival she had passed away. The fine big child, about which I had heard so much, only just lived long enough that I might say "good-bye." My home-coming, as you may readily imagine, was a sad one—Mamma was greatly cut up—poor baby had been her one great care during my absence. Baby had been sick for five weeks, and Mamma was far from well, having had a very anxious time of it. Peggy, however, is blooming, and is capering round fine, and the loss of her sister seems to rest upon her shoulders very lightly. She talks Portuguese, English and Congo all in the same breath, and is a rare chatterbox. . . .

'I find that, as Mr. Crudgington is going home to be married, I shall be obliged to stay here till he comes out again. I am rather disappointed, but the new man here is not equal to the work, and wishes to go up country, so he goes on to Mr. Hartland, at Manyanga. The sending of the steamer up country will go on just the same. Mr. Doke goes on to Bayneston, to receive what I send on to him. I thought of going on, and of leaving him at this end, but "Man proposes, God disposes."'

In another letter of the same date he says, 'Mr. Comber and Mr. Bentley are at the Pool; Hartland and Moolenaar at Manyanga, shortly to be joined by Butcher. Hughes is at Bayneston, whither Doke goes in a day or two. Hartland goes to England soon after he completes the fourth year, say, in July or August, by which time Crudgington will be out again, and I shall be free to go up country.'

These plans were strangely disarranged. Mr. Doke never went to Bayneston. Two days prior to the date of

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Grenfell's letter, just quoted, he wrote to Mr. Baynes in jubilant strain, full of gratitude for the providential mercies of the voyage, and particularly for the happy circumstances which enabled Grenfell to hire the river steamer, and make the trip to Underhill with so great convenience and despatch. He also gave a bright description of his environment at Underhill, palpitating with the joy of living, and enclosed a pen-and-ink sketch, by his own hand, of the landing of the 'Peace' loads—an indication of the vivacity of his own mind as well as of the busy scene.

But even then the shadow of death was drifting toward him. A week later he was stricken down by fever. Yet again, a week later, and in spite of all that love and skill could do for him, he died, murmuring, 'All is well, so well!' It was well for him; but for his colleagues the bereavement was a heavy blow. His geniality and ardour had elicited love and high expectation, while his special equipment as an engineer made him of peculiar importance to the mission at that time.

Upon Grenfell devolved the duty of breaking the news to Mr. Doke's family in England. The task wrung his heart. And, writing to Mr. Baynes at the same time, he says, 'To know him was to love him. Working and living with him as I have done for many months past, I could not but admire him. His sterling worth, unobtrusive devotion, and deep-seated piety made me feel he was specially qualified for our work out here. But he has been called higher, and our hearts ache, and our eyes are full.'

When Mr. Crudgington returned to England Grenfell settled down at Underhill, to carry on the ordinary work of the station, together with the despatch of the steamer loads, the pressure of which special business was greatly

increased for him by Mr. Doke's death. His heart was up-country, but it seemed to be his duty to hold on at the shore station until Mr. Crudgington should return to set him free. Three months of this work broke his health. Writing in April, he says, 'I have suffered rather severely during the last four weeks from dysentery, and it is leaving me very weak, though I am happy to say that I am getting better. I feel I must have a change, one side or the other, and if I can only manage to take a run up country, I may be able to do something to help on the transport of our steamer.'

The timely arrival of Mr. Dixon at Underhill, and his willingness to take charge while Grenfell got away, made the desired journey possible. The 'run up-country' was a figure of speech, for he was so weak that he had to be carried in a hammock.

Prior to starting, he had written cheerily of his hope of soon meeting his friend, John Hartland, who, while willing to stay, was to be constrained to take furlough in July or August. This hope was fulfilled earlier than he had forecast, but under conditions which made the fulfilment a heart-breaking disappointment.

At Manyanga, in the middle of April, Hartland found himself so weakened by fever that he took boat and came down river to Bayneston, arriving on April 21. Hughes, who was in charge of the station at Bayneston, overborne by the heavy nursing which Hartland's serious condition entailed, wrote to Butcher, who was at the camp on the Luvu river, beseeching him to hurry on to Bayneston. With fever upon him, Butcher started immediately, and by dint of hard walking arrived at Bayneston the next day, having previously despatched a message to Grenfell, who had left Underhill on the 27th. The message reached him on the second day of

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his journey, and though ill himself, he pushed on with forced marches, arriving at Bayneston on May 1. It was at once apparent to him that Hartland, whom Hughes and Butcher had 'carefully nursed through ten days of the severest form of dysentery,' was in a dangerous condition. But abatement of the worst symptoms gave hope, which again was subdued to fear.

After further fluctuations, hope was abandoned on May 10, and it was Grenfell's duty to inform his friend that his day's work was done. 'I shan't easily forget,' he writes, 'his look, as he gazed at us and said, "Well, I am not afraid to die. My trust is in Jesus. Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life!" A little while later he said, "After four years' preparation, and just as I am about to enter upon mission work proper, it seems strange for me to realize that my work is done: but He knows best."'

On the evening of the same day Comber arrived unexpectedly, and most opportunely, for the affection of these two men for one another was intense. They had worked together in the home country, they had shared early perils, and were absolutely one in their devotion to Christ and His work in Africa. Their intercourse during the two remaining days of Hartland's life was very tender and sacred, and the letter which Comber wrote to Mrs. Hartland is one of the most beautiful and touching in all our missionary records. It reveals how the dying man's gaze was absorbed by Christ; how he turned from dear thoughts of home and marriage and happy work, to the dearer thought of being with Him, and seeing Him as He is. His last words, uttered at the final moment, were: 'Christ is all in all; Christ is all in all. Let me go, my friends. Don't hold me back. Let me go, Tom. I must go. I *want* to go to Him.

Hartland's Death

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"Simply to Thy cross I cling." Let me go.' So he passed on.

After Hartland's death Grenfell proceeded with Comber to Manyanga, where many things required attention and adjustment. And while at Manyanga, in consultation with his honoured colleague, he decided to transfer his household from Underhill to Stanley Pool. Early in June he is back at Underhill, and after a fortnight's preparation starts, on the 17th, for the up-country journey. On July 1 he is at Bayneston, and writes to Mrs. Hartland—

'After so long a silence I hardly know how to break it, and especially as such sad memories cluster around me now. I am writing this in the room in which your dear boy bade us "good-bye," and just about the time when Comber's letter with its sorrowful tidings is rending your hearts at home. These facts make it a very gloomy "sitting down to write," and yet not altogether gloomy, for while I remember how stricken your hearts must be at the loss, and what a blow it is to the Congo Mission, none of us who were with John in his last days can fail to be strengthened in our work and purposes by the manner of his victorious going hence. Although Comber's letter is such a sorrowful one, you must be greatly comforted by the details of the glorious assurance with which your dear son entered in where so many fear to tread—may the like faith and joy be the portion of all of us!

'I cannot tell you more than Comber told you (and told so beautifully we all felt); I can only say how we who know the inmates of "No. 34" have often thought and spoken about you all, especially during the past week, when we have expected the news was just about reaching you. Our prayers have been and still are that

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God will strengthen your hearts, and out of the darkness bring forth light. . . .

'You will be wondering how it is I am able to leave Underhill; it is only because Dixon consents to act for me. I must be back again by the time Crudgington comes out, to turn things over to him. Weeks is alone at San Salvador—Bentley is by himself at the Pool—Butcher is in charge at Manyanga—Moolenaar is here, helping Hughes—Comber is on his way back from a visit to San Salvador, and I hope will soon overtake me on my way inland. I am waiting here for the boat to come down from Manyanga, and expect it to be here to-morrow.

'Our transport work moves slowly along, but we have managed to get the whole of the hull of our steamer as far as this point, and some few loads have gone on to Manyanga. Three caravans have gone up overland, so we are hoping to have the land route as well as the waterway at our service. This will greatly help us, as there are loads enough at Underhill to keep the boat fully employed for eight months, without counting goods already ordered and now on their way out. *July 22.* Something interrupted me, and the opportunity I take for resuming my letter is found here, at Ngombe Makwekwe, opposite the Edwin Arnold river. It is Sunday, and we are in camp (T. J. Comber and ourselves), having as quiet a day as an eminently curious lot of natives will allow. Miss Peggy is a great "curio," and attracts wondering crowds.'

A visit from the chief cut him short at 'wondering crowds,' and the letter was finished at Banana, on August 16.

This journey *en famille* created no small sensation in the country-side.

'Seeing that when I went up to the Pool I took my

wife and child with me, we made up rather a startling caravan for the natives. Caravans of boxes and bales they were quite accustomed to, but a household, with a lot of household gear, was a new sensation. Among our impedimenta we counted a couple of milch goats (these were a great help), a cage of Cochin China fowls we wished to introduce, a cage of pigeons, a box of cuttings of new plants, and a cat and a dog. This last was a great curio. Smooth-haired dogs of the terrier type were common enough, but a little woolly beast that could scarcely see out of its eyes—what could it be? “Was it some new kind of goat, or pig?” Which was the greater wonder, Peggy, or her little dog, is a moot-point. Sometimes the one, sometimes the other.

‘Poor Peggy was tired of her hammock ride, and was heartily glad when the sixteen days’ travelling were at an end. Very often by breakfast time the monotonous swing, swing, of the hammock had sent her to sleep, so when we camped we used to fix the hammock-pole in the branches of some convenient tree. Breakfasting, if it happened near a town, was always a source of interest ; but this would be immeasurably intensified when, upon awaking, Peggy’s little pale face made its appearance looking over the hammock side—the hubbub would be simply indescribable. However, we safely accomplished our long journey without any special incident. This, perhaps, will seem strange to you, seeing that we were travelling in romantic Africa ; but there’s a lot of prosaic life even in Africa. The prosiness was rather disturbed, though, one morning, for we were turned out of a native hut in which we had been sleeping by hordes of driver ants, and this long before daylight, and without giving us a chance to more than half dress ourselves. They were quite masters of the situation till they took

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themselves off, a couple of hours later. Their bites are suggestive of hot needles, and when once they take hold they won't let go. You may pull their bodies off, but they will still hold on with their heads.

'Another break in the monotony occurred near the Pool. It was time to get up, and I stretched my hand from beneath my blankets to reach the matches, proceeded to strike a light, and discovered lying between the match-box and the candlestick a snake about four feet long. I stretched out my hand again, this time to reach a small sword I kept handy, and effectually cut Master Snake's wanderings short, by making him shorter by just the length of his head. However, this was the end of the chapter of incidents—a very short one for so long a journey, but happily so.'

Grenfell arrived at the Pool on July 27, and two days later started down to the coast with thirty Kru boys, workmen whose time had expired, and who were to be paid off, and sent home by the north-going mail. The itinerary was as follows: 'After a walk of a hundred miles in five days, I reached Manyanga. A boat journey of about seventy miles took me to Bayneston; a further walk of about sixty miles, and I reached Underhill; then about a hundred and ten miles by boat brought me here, to the mouth of the river (Banana), where after paying off some thirty of our boys whose contracts had expired, I am waiting to send them off by steamer to their own country.'

Grenfell had come down river, not only to dismiss the home-going workmen, but also that he might go to Loango, a hundred miles up the coast, to engage more labourers. After waiting nine days he learned that the steamer would be just three weeks late. This delay chafed him, and if his health had permitted he would

have started north, overland. But he was staying at the Dutch House, whose staff of a hundred workers of various orders included a doctor. He was miserably ill with dysentery, though he was disposed to make as light as possible of the fact. But the doctor took him in hand, condemned him to a farinaceous diet, which he 'abominated,' and ordered him to bed for a week. He was a recalcitrant patient, and only lay up for two days. But it seems to have come upon him that the enforced holiday was perhaps a good thing; he admits that he has had a bad time during the last six months, and surmises that his stay in Africa this time will not be a long one. Meanwhile he beguiles the tedium of his long wait by writing letters to his friends, making up some of those arrears of correspondence which he is continually lamenting, and for which he often makes pathetic and elaborate apologies.

His ideal in the matter of letter writing must have been singularly high and exacting. An ordinary mortal, studying his letters, is amazed by his achievements and bewildered by his regrets. It was quite a commonplace matter for him to sit down, wearied with much labour, and write an epistle to a private friend, with no thought of publication, which would fill ten pages of this book. Illness, delay, and much sorrow give a doleful turn to some of his outpourings at this time, though usually he recovers his buoyancy before the screed is done. It often happens in Grenfell's letters, as in the Psalms, that the soul's despondency is relieved by expression, and the wail of a momentary pessimism passes into the strain of confidence and praise. Somebody had said in England, a while before, that Christ's command, 'Go ye into all the world' was as binding as the Decalogue. This remark stuck in Grenfell's mind, and he makes some

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very caustic comments. 'Nobody will allow that a penny or so a week is a decent compound for a whole commandment. Who would not be a very respectable Pharisee, if the Decalogue could be arranged for at that rate? Some of the Churches do right nobly, but need more light, a good deal more light, about this commandment.'

In a letter dated Banana, August 25, having briefly described the experiences of recent months, by way of excuse for long silence, he writes—

'During all this time I've been actively superintending the steamer transport, which has, I am thankful to say, proceeded much faster than any of us had ventured to anticipate. After despatching the hull from Underhill, I went up to Bayneston, and while there despatched the greater portion overland to Manyanga, then hurried up to Manyanga by boat, arriving a day before the carriers, and in time to receive them there, and then I was able to start a lot forward to the Pool. This has involved hard work for us all. I remember one day at Bayneston we had over four hundred carriers, more than two hundred going away with loads, and a hundred and ninety coming in. The result of all this is that we have the hull of our steamer and a good deal of the machinery at its destination; and if I were only able to be there, or the engineer whom I am expecting in a couple of months' time, we could now be engaged upon its reconstruction. But, shorthanded as we are, the steamer is obliged to wait; however, I am hoping to be back at the Pool in October; I promised Comber that if all went well I'd be back in September. My wife, too, is expecting me then. Pushing as hard as I like, I cannot be back in September. If they don't send us help soon, they had better do as Bentley suggests—sell the "Peace," and send us elsewhere—we *cannot* carry on with our

present staff. If they let us drag on like this, they'll be spared the expense of sending us far; some of us will be finding resting-places near at hand. Two of the men now out here, *must* go home next year, and though we fellows who can manage to hold on will have all the more to do for the time being, we know it's the only thing to be done, if we're to hope for our colleagues' help in the future. I'm in the "dumps" this morning, so forgive my "Jeremiad."

'But, to get back to the steamer transport, we've much to be thankful for; things have run along at a wondrous rate, considering the transport facilities we could rely upon a year ago. The only things lost out of the hundreds of packages we've sent up-country are two boxes of tools; these are far more easily replaced than parts of the steamer would be, and you don't know how grateful we feel that nothing more serious has happened. These were stolen by a couple of rascally carriers, who bolted to their town about a day's march off the road. Our messenger who went in search was sent about his business in the curtest fashion, everything he had being taken off him. These same tools were duplicates of others we had sent out per "Ethiopia," which, you may remember, was lost; so I've just had to order them for the third time! I said we had lost nothing else; but on reaching the Pool I found a case P III had not arrived, though it had been despatched from Manyanga a fortnight in advance. I began to quake, for P III contained, I knew, one of the crank shafts. For about a week afterwards I had "P one hundred and eleven" on the brain, till one day, on my return to Manyanga, I met it in "tow" of a couple of men. I sang the Doxology. It appeared its being a bit overweight for a single load had resulted in its finding a lodging in a native hut till a

couple of enterprising spirits ventured to grapple with it.'

In the same letter, having severely criticized Portuguese methods of Colonial administration, he proceeds—

'If I don't like the Portuguese, neither do I like the high-handed policy of the Belgian Expedition, which seems to have in view the formation of some big concern after the model of the East India Co. They've been most unscrupulous, even in these the days of small things—what will they be with the whole thing fully developed? What we want is some good form of administration that treats all nationalities alike. Our own Government, though not perfect, is the best; but there's no hope of their taking the matter up. I wonder if any truly international administration could be devised that would be practicable?

'When I get away to the Pool this time, I hope it will be long before I come down again, and I trust I shall find these things all settled, and—who knows?—a railway commenced. Then farewell to the incidents of overland tramping. No more long caravans and dwelling in tents; our Robinson Crusoeing will be spoiled, for we shall be able to get civilized dwellings even at the Pool.'

While at Banana, Grenfell caught just a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Crudgington, who arrived on September 3, found a river steamer on the point of starting, and passed on immediately to Underhill.

That day provided him with an experience which must have been a sensational relief from the monotony of his tarrying. He suddenly found himself one of the chief actors in a little drama, sufficiently romantic. He shall tell the story in his own words. 'By the same mail (that which brought Mr. and Mrs. Crudgington) came



A FUNERAL DANCE, BOPOTO.

Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



A DANCING WOMAN AND HER ATTENDANTS.

Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.

out a gentleman and two ladies, for the Livingstone Inland Mission, the two latter to be married to two men out here. Banana is scarcely a nice place for ladies to stay in, so I made up my mind to try and find their Mukimvika Station (eight or ten miles away among the creeks), and place them, as it were, in their own territory.

'At one o'clock we started—plenty of time, I thought, to get back again by dark; but instead of being back again we were wandering amid a labyrinth of mangrove swamps. We could hear people, but as soon as we shouted they became quiet from fear, and we could not get any one to pilot us. At seven o'clock we gave up the search for Mukimvika. We arranged our rugs, and prepared to make a night of it. We had only a handful of biscuits with us, no tea, nor had we eaten anything since breakfast.

'As we could not find the Mission Station, we must needs find some solid ground for the soles of our feet. We had spent six hours in the boat, and the prospect of an all-night imprisonment for our four selves and a crew of eight was not to be thought of. Well, we wandered up and we wandered down, but no landing-place could we discover. At last, when it was nearing nine o'clock, and we were nearly giving up, we saw a light, and most marvellously found a pilot. We could scarce believe he was in earnest. However, he put one foot in the boat, and then seemed to deliberate. You can't imagine how anxiously we waited to see what he would finally do. There we were, hungry, tired and cramped, and whether we made a night of it, a dozen of us in a rowing boat, all depended upon the getting in of our dusky pilot. At last in he got; it took him five minutes; but he had not failed us, and we rejoiced with great joy.

'But a minute more, and he was out again—how the

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thermometer fell! Happily it was groundless fear. He had stepped out only to push the boat off the bank, and in he sprang again. A quarter of an hour's pulling, and we landed for the three miles of walking still left, and by ten o'clock we were waking Mr. X. up out of his sleep, to greet the lady he'd said "good-bye" to two years and a half ago. He had no idea of her coming out. There had been some talk of it a year ago, but it had been given up. Was it not a shock for him? Poor fellow, he had to sit down and collect his wits a bit before he was answerable for what he did. But the cook was soon roused up to prepare a wedding feast. We were too hungry to be particular. And after the feast, and just before midnight, I tied the knot. That's yesterday's little history, and with it I will wind up my letter.

CHAPTER VII

THE COMING OF THE 'PEACE'— Continued

Stopped in a Journey by Armed Natives—Death of Mr. Butcher—Life at Stanley Pool—Story of an Adjutant—Love Affairs of Nlemvo and Lungu—A Glorious Breakfast—Death of Quentin Thomson, Hartley, and Two Engineers—Death of Grenfell's Father—The 'Peace' put together—Native Workmen—Launch of the 'Peace'—Letter to Mr. Barnaby—His Appreciation.

ON his voyage to Loango, the comparative apathy of the Churches at home toward missionary work was still weighing on Grenfell's mind, but his faith in the cause and the Master gave him cheer. His quest of work-people at Loango was successful. The return journey to Banana was made overland, and one episode of the march was recorded, some months later.

'I don't think I told you of an incident which occurred on my way overland from Loango to Banana, three months ago. I had managed to get more than forty boys, and was on the fifth day of my return when we encountered a would-be very important personage, who took exception to my folk singing as they jogged along—rather boisterous singing, I confess, just something to keep their spirits up. I took no notice. After awhile he became more importunate, and for the sake of peace I told the boys to be quiet till we had passed the villages which "our friend" said would be disturbed if we

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did not desist. We went on a little farther, when he halted our caravan, and said we must go down a certain path. I immediately jumped out of my hammock, asked him if I was his slave, and told him that I should please myself. Previously I had no particular choice in the matter, but now of course I turned from the path he wanted me to take, and passed along the other.

'All went on as usual for half an hour, when we heard people following, and in a moment or two about a dozen men with guns had overtaken us and brought us to a stand, threatening the direst penalties if we did not at once retrace our steps, bringing their muskets to the ready, and unpleasantly close to some of our heads.

'One gentleman in particular honoured me with his attention, leaving only a foot or so between the muzzle of his gun and my face. I did what I could to appease the fears of my boys (we had nothing more desperate than a table knife among the forty of us), and told the natives it was no use threatening my boys, since it was not their matter; they had simply come because I had told them. As for myself, as they seemed to wish it, I would go back to Mangooa Mazunda's with them, without troubling them to make a carcass of me. So we went back, and enjoyed a nice howling match. It made a great day for them to have brought a white man and forty odd Loango men back into their town by the mere prowess of their arms; so the people took up the howling, and we had a particularly cheerful reception.

'At last we reached the chief's lumbu (or enclosure round his house). At the entrance I encountered Mangooa Mazunda himself, and at once put the question, "Did you send these people after me?" He emphatically disavowed any part in the affair. So I said, "Well, your people have brought me back, and they must now carry

me to the point where they overtook me ;” and I proceeded to read the old fellow such a lesson about the enormity of his having, through his people, laid hands upon a white man, that he shook in his shoes—at least he would have done, if he’d had shoes on. So it was arranged that the young man who was so important in his own estimation, and the gentleman who favoured me with his particular attention in the matter of the musket muzzle, should carry my hammock. And they carried me, not only to the point from which they made me return, but an equal distance beyond. Did not my boys shout, to make up for lost time? It was very comical to see the change that had come over the conquering braves and their cheering friends, and very gratifying that nothing worse came of it.’

On October 21 Grenfell writes in camp on the way up to Stanley Pool—

‘It is now Sunday, 7 p.m. I’m in my tent sitting on my camp-bed, with my writing gear on my knees. I’m waiting for dinner—some boiled goat which is being cooked at the camp fire. I’m rather tired, for although it is Sunday I’ve been travelling all day in the boat. How is it you are travelling on Sunday? you’ll say. Well, I must begin by referring you to my last letter, from somewhere on the coast, I think, when I was going to get workmen. In this letter I fancy I tried to explain that I’d only come down on business, and was going to hurry back at once. Illness at Banania helped to delay me in starting for Loango, and when I got back to Underhill I was delayed again, partly because Dixon, poor fellow, had been compelled to leave everything for me to square up with Crudgington, and to go to England very sick. So sick, indeed, that he could not help himself, and I was compelled to send John (you will

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remember him as Ti) with him to England. Of course, John was only too glad of the opportunity, though I could ill spare him.

'Another cause of delay was a serious illness of Mrs. Crudgington for two days (10th and 11th of this month); she was quite delirious with fever, and Crudgington and I both began to despair of her getting better, but she has been mercifully spared. However, I at last managed to start, but had only got four hours' distance when I received news of poor Butcher being seriously ill.

'Hurrying on as fast as I could, I reached Bayneston on Friday, only to learn that Butcher died on the day I first received news of his sickness. This left Manyanga without a missionary, and I felt compelled to start on again the next morning, to stop the gap; it being a serious matter to our whole line of stations if the communication is broken at one point. And here I am on the second evening of my journey from Bayneston, encamped after a long pull in the boat, on my way to Manyanga, where poor Butcher was buried just a week ago.

'Manyanga, October 30. My letter was interrupted by, "Chop's ready, sir," so I've now to begin again, nine days later. In a day and a half after writing the foregoing I reached this place, and found things dreadfully muddled up. A few busy days, and I managed to evolve something like order out of chaos, and on Saturday last I was cheered by seeing Bentley and Moolenaar come down the hill on the opposite side of the river, a mile away. I could recognize them easily through the field-glass, and was greatly rejoiced at the prospect of being released, that I might pursue my journey to the Pool—for of course I could not have left this station till some one came to take charge. Moolenaar starts to-day, to

go and help Hughes at Bayneston ; Bentley stops here for a few months, though he ought to go home, and was preparing for it. I go on to the Pool to-morrow.

‘That we should have to work so big a mission with so few men is indeed a sad reflection upon the enthusiasm of Christians at home. Single-handed, as four of our stations are at this moment, who can be surprised at disasters? Humanly speaking, if poor Butcher had had an experienced colleague, he would have pulled through. But with the work of the place on his own shoulders, and not being able to prescribe for himself (delirious fever patients, how can they do so?), the only result to be anticipated was that which has so disastrously followed. Butcher was a strong, hardy fellow physically, and one of the most promising of us, in the matter of health. He was a really good fellow for the work, occupied a very difficult position, and did the work splendidly. We relied implicitly upon his managing ability, and there’s a lot of “managing” required in a place like this, among “rowdy” natives. How we are to replace him has been a matter of the greatest anxiety. I must go to look after steamer affairs. Bentley ought to go home for his health’s sake, and for the sake of printing a grammar and a dictionary, works of the greatest importance.

‘Here we are scarcely knowing which way to turn, and I only wish I could see a speedy way out of our difficulties. If more men don’t soon come, the Congo Mission will collapse, and the work that has cost so much will be thrown away. But it can’t be that there are no young men able and willing to fill the vacancies. Three men dead, and one invalided home ; and as yet no new blood out here. Two, I believe, are on the way ; that’s better than nothing, but two men to stop four gaps !

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'I must leave off, that I may write a few lines to Mr. Baynes, and the boat is already waiting to take Moolenaar to the other side.'

A letter dated Stanley Pool, December 10, gives some account of life and work at Stanley Pool.

'I think I just managed to scratch you a line or two about my having reached the Pool five weeks ago, and about poor Butcher's death. Last week we received the news that Sidney Comber and Ross were on the coast, and might be expected up-country at an early date. We are even now, with these two men, worse off than when I came out in January, for then our total was eleven. Since then three have died, and Dixon has gone home, so that all told we are only nine now, and in a few weeks shall be reduced to eight, as Bentley is most likely starting off home by next mail. I do hope there will soon be more men to the front. Two of us at the Pool here are quite unequal to the work.

'As yet we have heard no news of the engineer, though he was applied for while Crudgington was at home, and was promised out at once. No engineer being forthcoming, I have put one of the engines together, and as soon as the next caravan is in shall be able to finish the other; we have also commenced the boiler. I have also put a printing press together, and when the type, which is now on the way up, reaches us, we are hoping to print a few Congo leaflets. Our school is prospering; we have nearly twenty boys. At first people could not understand our wanting boys to teach, and were suspicious. They seem to have overcome their suspicions in a measure, and more boys are promised as soon as we are ready; so we are building a new house for them, and a schoolroom as well. You can easily understand, therefore, that we are busy enough.

‘These young colts need a lot of managing. Belonging as they do to a wild set, they will take a lot of gentle breaking in before they run easily in harness. The reins need to be very cautiously pulled, or they’d be off to their homes. They are a much wilder race of people here. Everybody carries a spear or a huge knife, and most of them have their faces made hideous with white, yellow, red and blue chalk. The language too is very different, resembling much more closely the Cameroons language. People from the far interior, three hundred or four hundred miles, come down in their canoes to sell ivory, and they all make a point of coming up to our place, to have a look at the precious baby. White men are no novelty now, but a white man’s piccaninny!’

There follows a zoological story of extraordinary interest, captivating to the minds of children, and suggestive to their elders of serious reflections. The story was first publicly told in England by Mr. Comber; and pardonable incredulity, on the part of the audience, contended with respect for the story-teller’s approved veracity. The issue of the struggle was not always a foregone conclusion. In his book, ‘Pioneering on the Congo,’ Dr. Bentley recounts the incident, with the circumstantial detail of an eye-witness. The curious reader who takes the trouble to compare Bentley’s version with Grenfell’s, will find it interesting and instructive to observe that the accounts of two perfectly honest narrators, agreeing absolutely as to the main facts, may yet be marked by minor discrepancies: a reflection applicable to documents more august.

‘There is another curio here in the shape of a big adjutant-bird, a fellow who stands four feet high, and has a wonderful appetite. Fish, bones, leather (or, at least, sun-dried goats’ skin, as hard almost as leather)

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are all alike palatable. He had a rare feast one day off a pet monkey of Bentley's, which died and which he swallowed whole. Dead monkey not being forthcoming every day, he went for a live kitten, or half-grown cat, and swallowed it. The boys raised a shout: "He's swallowed pussy," and sure enough muffled mewling came from the region of his capacious maw. His great jaws were opened in quest, but no glimpse of pussy. Another attempt, and his jaws being nearly rent, Mr. Comber just caught sight of pussy's tail, and managed to get hold of it; then a better hold; and, up came pussy, alive. Yes, and is alive to this day, though it is nearly three weeks ago since it happened. And it's all true, though I must confess it looks like "fibs."

There is a sequel to this story. Years after, in an address to children Grenfell remarked that missionaries hardly dared tell some of their experiences, lest they should be charged with fabrication, and referred to the doubts awakened by Comber's story of the adjutant-bird. Then he went on to give some further and apposite information concerning the rescued cat.

A traveller, a doctor, visited Stanley Pool, heard the story, saw the cat, and was so much interested that he received the animal as a present, and went away the proud possessor of one of the greatest curiosities in the world. His pride was short-lived. The cat became a night-mare. Her malign influence damaged his reputation. Of course he told the story, and produced the evidence. But nobody believed him. The truthful man was accounted an outrageous liar, and smarting beneath the scorn of his friends, he came to wish that he had never seen the cat or heard the story.

Early in January Grenfell heard from Mr. Baynes that the engineer appointed to reconstruct the 'Peace,'

would sail in November or December. He had put the two engines together, but assuming that the engineer would prefer to commence the work in his own way, refrained from starting on the reconstruction of the ship. He also mentions the return of John, formerly Ti, who had accompanied Mr. Dixon to England. John only remained in England eight days, but in this brief period his eyes were wonderfully opened and his ideas greatly enlarged. About this time also, the whole Mission seems to have been much exercised by the love affairs of Nlemvo and Lungu. Nlemvo, being in love with Lungu, had made one of the quickest marches on record from Manyanga to Stanley Pool, that he might put the question, and make his election sure before starting for England with Mr. Bentley. Preliminaries were quickly arranged, and it was only necessary that the young people, who had not seen each other for three months, should meet and observe the formalities of betrothal.

They were good young people, and the missionaries were sympathetic and approving. But extraordinary bashfulness, now on one side, now on the other, made the business extremely difficult to negotiate, and Mr. Comber and the Grenfells were at their wits' end. In the midst of things, Lungu precipitately withdrew. She was subsequently persuaded to wait for Nlemvo in a room in the Grenfells' house. But Nlemvo failed to appear, and being sought and found, confessed that he could not come because Mr. Grenfell was writing in the next room. Finally a meeting was arranged, 'under the verandah.' Nlemvo came; and when it transpired that Lungu had secured from him a promise to send her a pair of earrings and an English dress, all doubts of the validity of the engagement were dismissed.

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On January 28 Grenfell started for a preliminary exploration of the river above Stanley Pool, in a steel boat twenty-six feet long, with a crew of five. The story of this remarkable journey, which occupied five weeks, will be told in detail in his own words in the next chapter. In a private letter, dated 'Congo River, Central Africa, Sunday, Feb. 17, 1884 (somewhere about 18° 30' East Longitude, and 1° 0' South Latitude), in camp, under the shade of great trees, between a sand-bank and a reef of rocks'—he gives an interesting and vivid description of his surroundings, and becomes a little rapturous about a glorious breakfast. Surmising that his correspondent will deprecate such enthusiasm about mere victuals, he goes on: 'Well, I can only say, You just come out here, and live for three weeks in a boat twenty-six feet long, and see if when you got a good meal you would not mark the day.' In the same letter he writes: 'I don't know whether you understand why I undertook the journey. It was because the whole of the steamer being at the Pool, and the engineer due to arrive in a month or six weeks' time, I did not care to go on farther with the work of reconstruction, feeling that a professional man would like to have as little as possible of an amateur's tinkering to do with. So I thought I would take advantage of the time and run up river, and become acquainted in some measure with the water we should have to navigate.'

The journey was a great achievement and a great success. But the home-coming was unspeakably sorrowful. 'It was a sad welcome that awaited me at the Pool. Terrible tidings of death and illness had just arrived, and as Comber went out to have the flag hoisted at half-mast, he spied my boat in the distance just rounding

Kallina Point, so, not wishing to distress me with the dismal signal, he ran the flag right up. By the time I had reached the landing-place he was there to meet me, and gradually unfolded such a list of evil tidings as never fell upon my poor head in so short a time before. . . . Crudgington and his wife both seriously sick, making the possibility of their return to England a contingency to be provided for, by one of the new men being stationed with him, instead of coming up country: Hughes just recovering from a serious illness at Bayneston: Ross so sick at Manyanga that Comber had to start off immediately to send him home, if it were not already too late: Quentin Thomson dead at Victoria: the two engineers sent out for the "Peace" both dead, and the new missionary Hartley dead also. Then, after I had been in the house a couple of hours, and was beginning to open my letters, Comber told me that my poor Father had gone too. . . . My condition you can better imagine than I can describe.

'But we have not lost heart. We cannot but believe more help will be speedily forthcoming. Such trials do not kill the faith or quench the ardour of Christians, and we feel sure the friends at home will redouble their efforts on our behalf. Of course, it is very disappointing to have our plans all knocked on the head for the time, and for Mr. Comber to have to go down to Manyanga, instead of up to Lukolela, as he would have done next week, had all gone well. But we dare not grumble. Who are we, that we should have been spared—yes, more than spared, even blessed with health and strength, while so many have had to give up the battle?'

The sad deaths of the two engineers and the urgent need of the ship for the purposes of the Mission, constrained Grenfell to throw aside all compunctions about

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'amateur work' or 'tinkering,' and to proceed to put the 'Peace' together as God and his coloured workmen might help him. The name of God is not lightly introduced in this connection. Grenfell once said that he thought the 'Peace' had been prayed together.

On May 10 he reports progress, in the following letter to Mr. Baynes :—

'Stanley Pool. It is Saturday afternoon (our work-people's half-holiday for washing their clothes), and, as I am not so tired as I usually find myself after a whole day's work on the "Peace," I shall take advantage of the opportunity to write a note to let you know we have completed the important stage marked by the putting of the boiler and machinery on board. The hull had already been tested and found watertight, and we have just had steam up in the boiler, and all its many joints have proved perfectly sound. I feel, in accomplishing so much, that we have made distinct progress, of which you will be glad to be informed—such progress as brings us within a measurable distance of the end. Another week, I expect, will finish the deck ; by the same time, too, the woodwork will have made considerable progress—the past week has in part been devoted to its preparation for being fixed. The woodwork, as you will easily imagine, has suffered severely during its long overland transport of 250 miles, and is giving us a lot of trouble to make "ship-shape" again ; the time it will yet take is rather an uncertain problem, but I do not doubt that by the time you get this the "Peace" will be ready for the water.

'If God blesses our efforts during the coming weeks as He has during the past seven since the keel was laid, Midsummer will find our work waiting for an opportunity to launch. Unfortunately, the time will

be unsuitable, as it will be that of our lowest water. At the present moment the height of the river would allow of the launch; but, as the fall will be sure to commence in a day or two, we shall be compelled to wait till the close of September or early October. By that time I hope our strength will be such as to allow of our taking advantage of the facilities we shall have for pushing ahead; for, as you do not need to be told, my dear Mr. Baynes, at the present moment it is, and indeed for some time will be, impossible to do so.

‘That we are so far and so well through more than the worst half of our work is a cause for great thankfulness, and I trust that our expectations of a successful termination will be realized. One of my kind friends, without knowing what discouragements were in store for me, has sent me the quotation from Jeremiah xxix. 11, “I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.” You will easily understand how opportune such gracious words have proved themselves, and how much strength and encouragement I have drawn from them.

‘My principal assistant in this work has been Shaw, the Sierra Leone carpenter, who came down the coast with me last year. Allan, the Accra blacksmith, too, has rendered important service. John Greenhough, Hanbury Hill, and Jonathan Scott, three youths from our Cameroons Mission, complete the list of those who have rendered skilled or intelligent service. John has done the lion’s share of the riveting, and, as is usual with him, whatever he may have in hand, he has done it faithfully and well. John is the youth who accompanied Mr. Dixon to England in October last. James Showers was looking forward to helping with the work,

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but family matters called him home to Victoria in December last; however, I am now looking out for his return, and am expecting his help when we go up river.

'I am hoping soon to see Mr. Comber back again at the Pool; for since the commencement of the year, with the exception of a month, I have, like most of my brethren, been alone, so far as brotherly help and counsel are concerned. But I know so well the importance of his mission down country, that I would not for a moment hurry his return, much as I desire his coming. I am afraid, however, if he does not succeed in returning soon, he will only do so in time to pack up and prepare for his journey home to England; and seeing that, hurry as best he may, he cannot now make his absence from the "old country" much less than six years, it is on every account desirable that he should run no further risk by reason of delaying to seek his way homeward.

'Like many of my friends, you too, my dear Mr. Baynes, will be wondering how it is you have heard so little from me during the year. My long journey up river, followed immediately by my being left alone with the work of the "Peace" on my hands, is the excuse I must urge; and I trust you will allow its validity, and that my friends will cease to think hard things of me because so many kind letters have remained so long unanswered.'

Two months later he writes with natural and devout exultation reporting the accomplishment of his task.

'Of God's good favour we have been enabled to launch with perfect safety the Mission steamship "Peace," and run a very satisfactory trial trip,

attaining a speed of nearly if not quite ten miles per hour.

‘When I last wrote you I did not at all expect to launch her before the autumn rise of the river, but by carefully lowering her and making much longer launch-ways, and by blasting some of the rocks, I have been enabled to get her afloat, lowness of water notwithstanding. Lowering such a craft is no light task! It was a marvellous sight in the eyes of the natives. Four of the spars we used as launch-ways were more than four feet in girth, and from forty to fifty feet in length, and bringing them from a distance of more than three miles, involved, as you may suppose, a large amount of hard work. Such work, I know, might be considered little wonder in England, but out here at Stanley Pool it means really much more than most people can appreciate. I am therefore all the more grateful that the work is now well and safely accomplished.

‘I am happy too in being able to say of those who have helped me in this responsible task what Nehemiah said of those who built the wall—“The people had a mind to work;” and now like him, too, I can rejoice that the good hand of our God has indeed been most manifestly upon us. In a few days, after painting and putting on a few finishing touches, we shall run a second trip with the “Peace,” and then I quite expect we shall attain the maximum speed of twelve miles per hour. This work, which was commenced scarcely three months ago, has progressed without a single hitch of any kind, and with much greater rapidity than any one of us dared to hope, and now, to-day, by the blessing of God, we are able to chronicle the desired end. Eight hundred pieces, transported from England to Stanley Pool by rail, steamer, and carriers—not one piece missing—and now

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the whole work completed. Most clearly God's finger points

ONWARD! FORWARD!

And I cannot shut my eyes to the crying needs of the untold multitudes of people on the four hundred miles of the noble Upper Congo I have already traversed, or my heart to the pressing claims of the multitudes yet further beyond in the vast interior regions. We now most earnestly need REINFORCEMENTS—

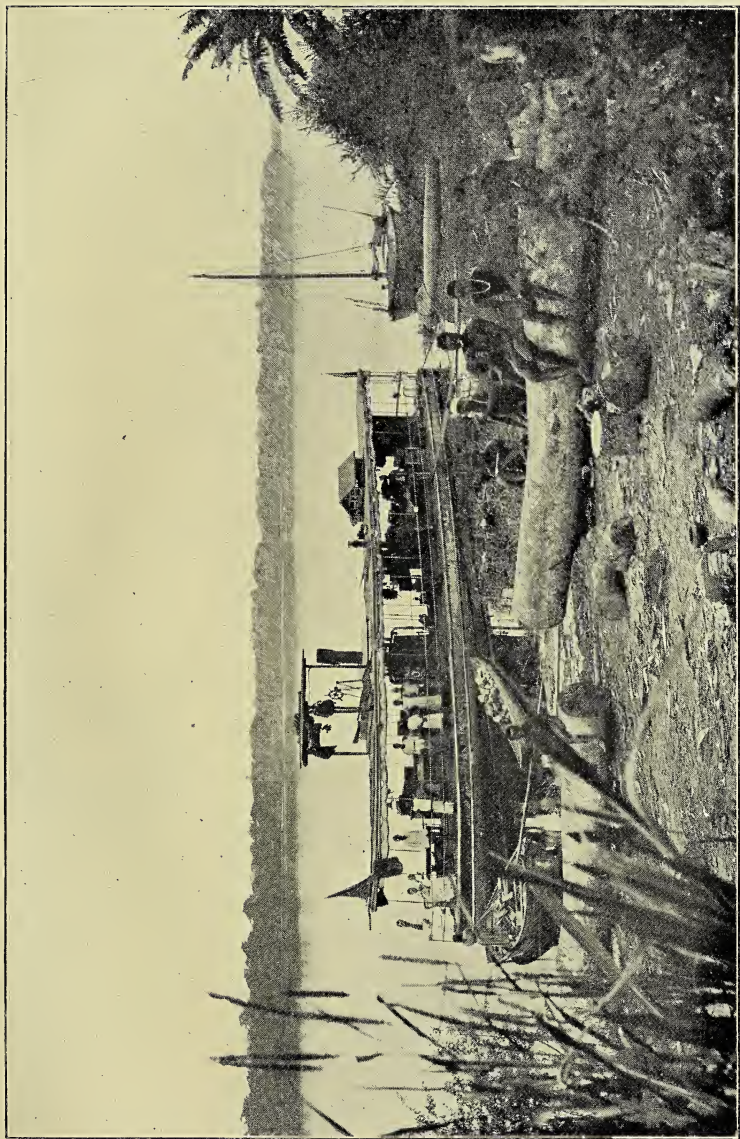
'More Missionaries—so that we, indeed, may be messengers of peace and goodwill to the poor, dark, down-trodden millions in the heart of the vast continent, and for whom the message we carry is the only real eternal Hope.'

When Comber returned to England, in many places, he told in his own graphic manner the story of the reconstruction of the 'Peace.' His feeling at the time of its completion is expressed in a letter to Mrs. Hartland.

'You will have heard how good God has been to us, especially in the matter of the steamer—how dear old Grenfell has alone accomplished the gigantic task of reconstructing her. I can tell you we are proud of Grenfell, and thankful to God for him.'

The enthusiasm of the natives, when steam was up and she began to move, is reflected in the cry of one of them: 'She lives, master! She lives!'

At the risk of some slight repetition, I close this chapter with two letters. The first was written by Grenfell to Mr. Sidney Barnaby, of the firm of Messrs. Thornycroft, the expert in naval construction, who had designed the 'Peace.' The second is Mr. Barnaby's comment on the letter and the piece of work it formally reports.



MISSION STEAMER 'PEACE' AT BOPOTO BEACH, UPPER CONGO.
Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfett.

‘ Stanley Pool,

‘ July 6, 1884.

‘ It was exactly twelve weeks from the time of our laying the keel till the launch, and she had not been in the water more than twenty-four hours before we had run a short trial trip—five miles or so—very satisfactorily. Last week we ran our second trip, over fifty miles—she did splendidly. Everything has been thoroughly overhauled, and we are prepared to start up-river in the morning with every confidence. Some of our friends count me a bold man to attempt a long journey without a professional engineer, but as I shall have with me the people who have done all the work hitherto, I do not feel that I need to be very anxious on that score; of course, I should like to turn over all responsibility to a “professional,” if it were only possible.

‘ I am especially glad that I have been enabled to launch the “Peace” earlier than I anticipated, as it allows of Mr. Comber making a run up-river before his return to England. I think when I wrote last I told you that we should be compelled to wait till the autumn rise of the river before we should have an opportunity of launching; but by making a sort of earthwork dam thirty-six feet out into the river, and then baling out the water and laying the launch-ways, we were enabled to accomplish a work, with a good deal of labour, that would have been extremely simple if we had had a tidal river. The length of our launch-ways was twice the length of the boat, and the cradle fifty-four feet: incline of ways, one in fifteen. I think I fixed the ribands a little too lightly, and that accounted for our having to start her off twice with the jack-screws before she made the plunge. There was no jerking or jolting of any kind. I think also I told you I had built the steamer

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"on an even keel;" this necessitated lowering the stern on to the ways by means of jack-screws. The cradle, or at least forty-two feet of it, was fixed up to the bottom of the boat-pin just forward of the propeller casings; the weight was then taken by the "jacks" and the blocks removed, and as the lowering proceeded the forward end was carefully wedged up. The "principals" of the after cradle were two fine hardwood beams nine inches square (they were dragged from the forest three miles away); after they, together with the steamer, were lowered into their place, the forward cradle was fixed, "dogged" on, and the whole business wedged up. Lowering and fixing cradles occupied three hours. Our lowering the steamer was even a greater wonder than launching her, in the eyes of the natives. She came down very easily and smoothly.

'As yet we have not maintained a higher working pressure than fifty-five pounds; by cutting off at the first notch we have managed with careful piecing to keep up to seventy for a little while, and by economizing we are able to get up to one hundred pounds for a spurt, but it soon runs down. Priming bothered us a bit at first, but we are learning better how to manage that. The water collects mud faster in the starboard engine than the port; I shall learn why some day. I have screwed the safety-valve down to one hundred and twenty pounds. I am becoming more resigned to the safety-valve box, considering the rate at which we make steam. I'm glad of a big valve. I'm very glad too that it is not open to the funnel; when it blew off in that case, it would only increase the draught at a moment when it is not wanted at all.

'The "Henry Reed" is not all here yet, but work upon her has just commenced. The "Stanley" is

coming up overland. I am most anxious to see her. From what I hear, the "Peace" is very likely to be the fastest of the Congo fleet.

'I shall be very grateful for any hints you may be able to furnish me with upon points likely to be overlooked by an amateur.'

In February of 1907, after Grenfell's death, Mr. Sidney Barnaby writes—

'The letter dated July 6, 1884, describing the launch of the "Peace" is a record of a really fine piece of work, which would have done credit to any engineer. The "Peace," as you know, was by no means an ordinary type of launch. She was one of the first vessels built with propellers in tunnels, the first to be fitted with Thornycroft water-tube boilers, and the first with screw-turbine propellers. In addition to all these novel features, requiring great care in reconstruction and in handling, she was built of very thin plating. These special features were necessitated by the extremely difficult conditions which were imposed upon her designers. A speed of twelve miles an hour had to be attained in a boat seventy feet long and carrying four tons load, all on a draught of water of twelve inches. The result was that you could not have set a man a more difficult task than Grenfell was set in re-erecting and managing the boat. Add to this, that the boat had to be carried up from the coast in porters' loads when there was no proper track, that two engineers whom we sent up to assist him died on the march up-country, and that he had to depend entirely upon unskilled black labour for the riveting up and launching of the vessel, and I am sure any one will agree that the success he achieved was magnificent. The "Goodwill," which was a much larger vessel of the

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same type, although presenting many difficulties, came more easily to him after the experience gained with the "Peace."

'The simple record he gives of the launch of the "Peace" in his letter of 1884 makes light of the difficulties, which can only be appreciated by a technical mind.

'He was a man who would have made his mark in any sphere of life, yet I have not met one more modest, or one who thought less of his own achievements.'

CHAPTER VIII

BOAT JOURNEY TO THE EQUATOR

Up-river Journey—Equipment—The Start—The Medicine Man—Mswata—The Kwango—Chumbiri—Bolobo—Night in the Forest—River Dangers—Lukolela Towns—Nebu—Stanley's Equator Station—The Return Journey—The Need of Help.

IN this chapter is given Grenfell's official account of his intrepid journey in the whale-boat, which he made while waiting for the arrival of the engineers, who died by the way. Some few particulars, culled from private letters, have already been given. Concerning this exploit Comber wrote: 'The full value, to the Congo Mission, of this interior journey of Mr. Grenfell, few can understand. He has passed over more than a third of the entire route between Stanley Pool and the goal of the Congo Mission. Already, with the eye of faith and hope, we see the great and noble idea of the Congo Mission realized. The road is ready and the path made straight. The peoples are willing and imploring us to come. The whole land open, and all the inhabitants in darkness and degradation. Brothers at home, come over and help us. Come! Come quickly, I implore you!'

'Stanley Pool, Congo River, South-West Africa,

'March 5, 1884.

'I believe you have already been informed of my intention of making the up-river, interior journey upon

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which I started on January 28, and from which I returned in safety yesterday.

‘By taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the present low-water season, I have become much better acquainted with the rocks and sand-banks of the Upper Congo than could possibly have been the case had I deferred my trip, as the water will soon begin to rise and these obstacles be partly hidden. It needs no argument to prove the importance of such information ; the fact that we are contemplating the navigation of the river, in the “Peace,” during both high and low water seasons, involves the necessity for becoming acquainted with its difficulties when at their worst. So, with the idea of making a sketch of such portions of the river as I could cover during the four or five weeks Mr. Comber and myself thought I could be spared for the work, and pending the arrival of the engineer, I started off in the small steel boat which is to serve as a “tender” to the steamer. This boat is twenty-six feet long, and was manned by a crew of five, together with a boy from San Salvador, one from Makwekwe and myself, making up a party of eight “all told.”

‘We took with us five hundred brass rods, two feet long, and one-seventh of an inch thick (being the currency of the country), with which to purchase food and meet the expenses of the journey. We also took a tin trunk containing cloth, knives, looking-glasses, beads, and other trifles that the African delights in. In the way of food we took a week’s supply of cassada puddings and a small bag of rice ; but as food proved plentiful this last was scarcely touched. Some cocoa, tea, and sugar, together with a small supply of medicines, I stowed away in another tin trunk for my own special benefit. I also took a tent, that I might sleep ashore

when opportunity offered, and the camp bed the Onslow Chapel Sunday School children were good enough to give me, and for which, as I now write, I feel especially grateful, remembering as I do how nicely it kept me dry on many a rainy night.

'Besides all these things we had to take cooking utensils, an axe, a couple of hatchets, hammer, and nails, some spare rope and a spare oar, so that altogether we collected a considerable cargo for our small craft, though it did not appear very much when we thought upon the possible exigencies of such a voyage as that we were entering upon.

'It took us twenty-four days to reach our turning-point at the Equator and about 18° E. long., a distance of about 400 miles (700 miles from the sea coast); ten days sufficed for our return.

'After making a start, the first two days were occupied in getting to the far end of the Pool, a part of our journey remarkable only for the number of sandbanks, hippopotami, and mosquitoes to be encountered. When in December last I made a trip as far as this point, where the Congo pours its impetuous flood into the wide expanse of Stanley Pool, I had been greatly impressed with the forbidding aspect of the scene.

'Here, stretching away before us was the open avenue leading into the very heart of the "continent mystérieux," as our neighbours call it. Steep, tree-clad hills of a thousand feet or so on each side of the fast-running and far-coming Congo, reflected their dark-green hues in its waters, making in the evening light so sombre a picture that one could well excuse, if the mystery had not been already solved, a superstitious dread of attempting to penetrate the unknown through such an unpropitious-looking gate. And though I

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knew, and those with me also knew, what I have since proved for myself, that long stretches of joyous country, glorious in all Nature's tropical beauty, and that great and numerous tribes, revelling in bounteous plenty, were to be found lining the banks of the waterway beyond, none of us could resist the melancholy glamour of the view.

'The morning effect was the same when we left the Pool to enter upon the Upper Congo proper ; so it was not due to the evening light, as I had thought, though it was, perhaps, partly due to the contrast between the brilliantly white Dover Cliffs and glistening sand-banks we had just left, and the sober-hued tree-clad hills which rose almost precipitously from the water's edge. But, however forbidding the scene may have been, it certainly had no message for us, for the good hand of our God was upon us all through—it was, nevertheless, not too dark a portent of the condition in which we found the people. And, though I am accustomed to look upon a very sad state of affairs as being normally the state of the African, yet again and again all my sympathies were evoked, as yours would have been, my dear Mr. Baynes, by the multiplied sorrows which have fallen to the lot of these poor people, for whom there is no hope save in God's great mercy, and in His message which we are trying to declare.

'After the two days spent in passing through the Pool came another two days of similarly incidentless travel through a similarly uninhabited district—more hippopotami, more mosquitoes ; only the sand-banks were changed for far more serious obstacles in the shape of long reefs of felspathic rocks that bristled along our course in a most embarrassing manner. On the fourth evening we camped on an island in company with a

party of Wabuma who were bound down river to Ntamo.

A storm threatening, the medicine man of the party commenced chanting an ear-splitting strain and vigorously shaking a rattle, in the attempt to drive away the coming rain. But, do what he would, and he very distressingly increased his efforts, the rain came nearer and nearer, and then fell, and, notwithstanding the enchantment, kept on falling. Apparently nothing daunted, however, he kept on also. After nearly a couple of hours it did cease, and left him claiming to be victorious, and at the same time, I am sure, sadly tired out.

'Towards morning another outbreak of the storm threatening, the rain doctor was more modest, and chanted, "O! for a little rain, let a little rain come; but not a big rain, not a flood, just a little rain, let a little rain come." But the inevitable downpour came as only tropical rain can come, and the rain doctor ran and hid himself, or else to seek shelter, under the mats which formed part of the cargo of the canoe. In the morning, after bidding adieu to our Wabuma friends, we got under weigh for our fifth day's journey. I did not see the rain doctor. I am afraid he got rather an unmerciful chaffing from our crew; for the rain sadly pelted them, and would not let them sleep.

'We had not proceeded far before we came to inhabited country wearing quite a different aspect to that we had been passing during the previous four days, and shortly after noon we were hospitably received at Mr. Stanley's station at Mswata. The personal appearance of Gobela, the chief of this town, very vividly reminded me of the King of Kongo, though he is not nearly such a big man. He is one of those men with

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intelligent minds and kindly hearts who make us hopeful for the future of this dark land.

‘Ten or twelve more miles the next day brought us to the point where the Kwango (or Ibari Nkutu) pours its waters into the Congo. Here Mr. Stanley has another station, where again I was hospitably received by the Swedish officer in charge, with whom I stayed and spent the following day, it being Sunday. On Monday morning we commenced our journey again by crossing the mouth of the Kwango, going a little way up stream to prevent being carried out into mid-Congo by its very strong current. The south bank, along which the whole of our up-journey lay, now becomes very populous, contrasting very remarkably with the northern bank ; but I learn that, though there are no towns on the river-side, there is a very considerable Bateke population only a few miles inland.

‘The people we encountered were characteristically African in their desire to trade with us ; there seemed to be nothing for which they were not anxious to barter their brass rods, and appeared to be sadly disappointed because we would only buy food and not change cloth for brass rods, or buy ivory or slaves, both of which latter we had constantly to refuse. Among the articles most sought after were the boat anchor, the flag (the ensign our beloved Treasurer, Mr. Tritton, gave us), and my spectacles. One young man was sorely hurt, and thought I must have some personal prejudice against him, when I refused to let him have them for five brass rods—an extravagant price in his sight.

‘It was one long succession of towns for nearly the whole of Monday, till we arrived at the famous Chumbiri's in the afternoon of Tuesday, where we slept. He has still the same quiet, plausible way Mr. Stanley so

well describes, and although he is, of course, much older, his portrait in *Through the Dark Continent* is still a "good likeness." I had no exemplification of his special ability, but I have no doubt, from the little I saw, that he could well sustain the rôle "of the most plausible rogue of all Africa." He seemed greatly pleased by the gift of an old soldier's coat in return for his gift of fish and plantain for my people.

'This part of the river is the rockiest reach of waterway it has ever fallen to my lot to traverse; the bays were like great mouths armed with, I think, the most uncompromising dragon's teeth that Mother Nature ever fashioned. Another day through an equally populous and rocky portion of the river, and we came to a broad expanse like another Stanley Pool, studded with islands and sand-banks; and, however trying sand-banks may be to one's patience, they don't shock one's nerves half so forcibly as the sudden "pulling up" on some biting, grinding rock.

'A day and a half through this wide portion of the Congo and we reached Bolobo, another of Mr. Stanley's stations, and after a pleasant break in the routine of camp life started again up river, still keeping along the mainland, and not threading our way between the numberless islands; this, so as to come into contact with the people whose large and well-built towns lined the bank for the whole of the next two days. The people hereabouts were mostly timid, but proved, as soon as we were able to open communications, to be well-disposed. At first sight of the boat they generally beat a precipitate retreat, and sometimes we were unable to open negotiations, but mostly, however, some one or two of more than usually brave spirit would remain within earshot, and prove sufficient for breaking the ice.

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One town refused to let us use their beach as a camping-ground, but it was partly our own fault ; for we arrived just as it was growing dark, and naturally enough the people were afraid of visitors arriving at, to them, untimely hours. I feel sure that if we had had only half an hour's daylight in which to treat, we should have smoothed every difficulty. The consequence was we had to cross to a sand-bank about a mile away, and had to scramble in the dark for firewood on one of the small islands that lay in our course.

‘ Our camping ground was a triangle of two hundred or three hundred square yards area, an uncomfortable spot, lots of mosquitoes, and a herd of hippos on two sides of us, and not more than thirty yards away. These latter are disagreeable neighbours, their bellowing is something terrible, but their tramp with its heavy thud close to one's tent is even more disconcerting, and not at all a reassuring sensation with which to try to get to sleep again after having been rudely awakened.

‘ We broke up a quantity of our firewood, and when they ventured too close we pelted them, keeping our guns in reserve for an actual invasion ; and, after setting two to watch, the rest of us went to sleep. But the sticks proved ineffectual, and one of the beasts had to pay with his life for a rude stampede across our narrow territory out of hours. We did not wish to resort to extreme measures, because a shot might only wound and infuriate, and an infuriated hippo is not to be trifled with, and also because we did not wish to arouse our already nervous neighbours, who would not let us sleep on their beach, and make them still more afraid. The death of one hippo secured us a temporary lull, but a couple more hours had not elapsed before a second fell ; this made the fourth since noon of the previous

day. The two first we killed for "chop," not but that one was more than enough, but by aiming at two out of a herd in the hope of getting one, Ebokea and myself brought down one apiece with our first shots. However, it was not a case of waste ; for, after taking for ourselves what we wanted, the natives came and cut them up, and took away the provision for many a good feast ; and I hope they thought none the less kindly of the white man and his people who in passing had killed for them the game they were afraid to tackle.

'The day following we passed two or three towns, and then a great change came over the country, the high cliffs and breezy hills giving place to low swampy ground. For three days we wended our way along the narrow channels separating the bank from the islands, of not more than two hundred yards in width, these being the *habitat* of innumerable wild fowl and hippopotami. These latter proved a great trouble, and often made our course a tortuous one in our attempts to avoid them. One of them came up right under the boat, lifting the stern out of the water ; another left the mark of his teeth in the steel plate. In the former case, as I felt myself "going up," I had time to think of the well-known picture in Livingstone's first book depicting a similar incident ; but we had a better fate than fell to the occupants of his canoe, for we came down again all right, and suffered nothing worse than a bit of a soaking, a good shake up, and a general scare all round. Our good steel boat stood the shock very much better than a wooden one twice its weight would have done ; in fact, I very much doubt if a wooden boat would have survived both rocks and hippos.

'On the sixth day from Bolobo we reached the Lukolela towns, at the farther extremity of which

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Mr. Stanley has his next station ; this one in charge of an Englishman, Mr. E. J. Glave, who gave me a hearty welcome, and with whom I had a stroll in the afternoon through the towns to the chief's house. The natives were all most friendly, and, just as I was starting up the river again the next morning, the chief, Mungaba, sent one of his wives with a basket of specially prepared cassada pudding, a supply which sufficed for two meals a day during the next fortnight, and for which I was very grateful. At Lukolela the river assumes a more usual character, and is content with a channel a couple of miles in width in place of from five to twelve, which often obtain during the previous sixty miles or so.

‘The country here is densely wooded along the river, which is flanked on each side by picturesque hills, which furnish sites for the towns. In the rear of the hills open country abounding in game is to be found. The soil is of the richest quality, food is abundant, and building material of the best kind is immediately on the spot. These things, together with the healthiness of the place, which is vouched for by Mr. Glave's appearance, and the kindly disposition of the people, point, in my mind, to the desirability of the place as a site for one of our future stations.

‘Half a day's journey through the comparatively narrow channel of a couple of miles or so, and we were away into a broad expanse of island-dotted water again, with the northern bank quite obscured, and probably some eight miles distant from the track we followed. In this next and last stage of our journey, extending over six days, we passed no long succession of towns, as we did between the Kwango and Bolobo ; but on three of the long rocky points which jut out into the

river between long stretches of low-lying land we passed the important towns of Mabelo, Mpumba, and Ngombe ; and then we came upon three large towns lying close together and within five miles of the point where the Mantumbo enters the Congo, and about forty miles south of the Equator. Nebu, at the junction of the two rivers, is one of the largest, if not the largest, town I have ever seen in this part of Africa. The people were all friendly, and gave us goats, fowls, fish, and plantain in such abundance that I had to leave some, promising to take them on my return.

‘At the Equator, and near the Ikelemba or Uriki River, we entered upon another populous district. Here Mr. Stanley has established another station, and left it in charge of two Belgian officers ; and, being the first visitor who had put in an appearance at this far-away post, I was heartily received by these gentlemen.

‘Having reached the Equator, and my time being nearly exhausted, I had to turn my face homeward, though I had a pilot ready to take me, and the way seemed to be open, as far as Bangala, some eight or ten days beyond, and about midway between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. So, crossing the river, I proceeded to follow the north bank downward, as I had followed the south bank upward, making a point of calling at all towns and trying to enter into friendly relationship with the people—which necessitated, of course, comparatively slow progress. After a couple of days’ very encouraging results to my attempts at being on friendly terms, I had, for lack of time, to relinquish the idea of visiting more towns, and to strike straight away home.

‘After having been so far, and being so kindly received, even in places where hitherto the natives have been hostile to the white man, I cannot but be devoutly

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grateful for the protection of the Almighty and for His goodness in preparing my way.

‘How much this part of Africa stands in need of help I cannot tell you ; words seem utterly inadequate. I cannot write you a tithe of the woes that have come under my notice, and have made my heart bleed as I have journeyed along. Cruelty, sin, and slavery seem to be as mill-stones around the necks of the people, dragging them down into a sea of sorrows. Never have I felt more sympathy than now I feel for these poor brethren of ours, and never have I prayed more earnestly than now I pray that God will speedily make manifest to them that light which is the light of life, even Jesus Christ our living Lord.’

The story of the doleful news that awaited Grenfell on his return from this great journey, and of how he arose from his grief, ‘waxed strong in God,’ and rebuilt and launched the ‘Peace,’ has been told.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE 'PEACE'

Success of the 'Peace'—Meeting with Sir Francis de Winton—Unruly Schoolboys—Wood-cutting—The Kwa—Mushie Town—Nga Nkabi—Chumbiri's Town—The Lone Island—A Difficult Channel—The Bayansi—Moië—Eighty Chiefs—The Bolobo People—Human Sacrifices—The Banunu—Lukolela—Ngombe—The Wangi River—The Lulongo River—Dense Population—Boshende Towns—Blood Brotherhood—Equatorial Towns—Dress, Arms, and Cruelty of the People—Modes of Execution—The Ruki River—Bangala Towns—Character of the Natives—Mengaba—Need for Caution—Bokolela Towns—Liboko—Site of Stanley's Battle—Mata Mayiki—Tattooing—Results.

THE long letter which constitutes the body of this chapter was printed in the *Missionary Herald* of January, 1885, and awakened intense interest in the Congo Mission, far beyond the bounds of the Baptist Denomination. Portions of it have already been reprinted in other volumes; but it is so vivid and memorable a document that I am constrained to give it almost unabridged. It was the joint production of the two pioneers, and addressed to Mr. Baynes.

In a private communication of the same date, Grenfell writes: 'Comber and I are preparing a letter describing our experiences. I have finished my share of it, and I expect he will have his ready by the time this mail leaves. So you may look for an account of our journey in the *Herald* very shortly, and I won't

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therefore go into details concerning it. Everything went well, and smoothly.'

How the task of authorship was divided, and what portions of the letter were actually written by Grenfell himself, are matters upon which I can give no authoritative information. Probably the original MSS. are in the Mission House, but to look them up and to determine these points would be to rob the critical reader of the pleasure of interesting speculation.

'Stanley Pool, Congo River,

'August 21, 1884.

'You will have been expecting further news of the steamship "Peace," and also, before this, of her first journey; but you will allow that her having been built, launched, having made the necessary trial trips, and run a journey of 1200 miles all within a few days more than four months, has not left much time for letter-writing. Then, again, until we had really given our little craft a thorough trial, we were not in a position to speak of our success as amateur shipwrights and engineers; but now that we have safely returned from Bangala, a point midway between the Pool and Stanley Falls, we feel we can speak more confidently about our work, and better calculate the possibilities before us.

'Friends at home will be glad to learn that the "Peace" answers every expectation in the matters of speed, simplicity, and comfort. We need never be afraid of being caught by canoes, if we have only good firewood on board and wish to keep out of the way. As to simplicity of management, I think it will suffice for us to tell you that we ran the whole distance without any mishap that involved delay, or even the stoppage of the engines. Thanks to our exceptionally light draught,

and the warnings given by the lead, the sandbanks gave us very little trouble, there being no place where, after a little searching, a channel could not be found. Even with four days' fuel on board, and our multifarious stores of barter goods and food, we only drew a little more than fifteen inches. One thing that helped us not a little was the experience gained in the small boat at the commencement of the year, Ebokea, who pulled stroke oar on that occasion, doing most of the steering.

'It was our pleasure, during the first ten days of our journey, to have the company of Colonel Sir Francis de Winton, Administrator-in-Chief of the International Association, and also that of our good friend Mr. Gill, of Stanley Pool, who was acting as his secretary. Sir Francis was a most agreeable fellow-traveller, taking a very real and sympathetic interest in every phase of our work, from the establishment and modes of procedure at our stations, down to taking his turn at the wheel, wood-cutting, and bread-making. He is a thorough-going campaigner, and so can manage to enjoy life anywhere. You may be sure we enjoyed his company.

'In addition to ourselves, Mr. Maloney, who had come up from Wathen, our passengers, our crew of a dozen, and three men we were taking to prepare the ground for building at Lukolela, we ventured to take with us eight of our schoolboys, thinking that to take them a long journey would tend to enlarge their ideas of things: the world is a very little place to some of their minds. But, however desirable it may be to enlarge their ideas, we very much question if either of us will ever again face the responsibility of personally conducting a part of eight unruly cubs for a twelve-hundred-mile tour. In the cold morning the stoker was their very dear friend; in fact, so attached did they become

to the stoke-hole that most of them left bits of their skin sticking to the steam-pipes, contenting themselves for a time with a few swathes of bandaging, with rolls of which we were fortunately fairly well provided. In the middle of the day, when the stoke-hole had lost its charms, the water became a great temptation to them, and a constant source of anxiety to us; for not only were there the risks consequent upon their not being able to swim, but the grave possibility of hungry crocodiles being on the prowl. On one occasion we came very near to disaster. A boy, while playing, fell overboard, dragging another with him, who, like himself, could not swim. Happily, the small boat was able to reach them without much loss of time, and we are now rejoicing in the fact that notwithstanding the risks of fire, water, and rapidly revolving machinery, by God's good favour we have brought them all safely back again.

'Though our youngsters were such a trouble to us, they could be very helpful at times, especially when fire-wood had to be carried from some little distance in the forest. Cutting wood was our big work from day to day. Everybody joined in it, and we did fairly if we managed to get enough in three or four hours to suffice for the remainder of the day. On these occasions quantity was not the only desideratum: if we had bad wood it meant going at three or four miles an hour; with good wood we managed ten.

'But though fire-wood was a constant care, and involved many an anxious look out, as we wended our way between apparently interminable sandbanks, travelling in the "Peace" was luxurious, compared with journeying in our twenty-six feet boat, which sufficed for the journey to the Equator at the com-

mencement of the year. We were especially grateful for the awning, furnishing, as it does, such a splendid protection from both sun and rain—ever present contingencies on the Congo; for though we start in the cold season we are not half way along the Congo before we are into the hot, and though we start in the dry, as we did this time, before we reach Bangala we find the rainy season in full swing.

‘A reviewer, criticizing the account of a recent voyage up the Congo, refers to it as a “thrice-told tale,” and the newspapers just to hand are so full of Congo news that we can easily imagine it possible that by the time this reaches you, our friends at home may be tired of the whole business. But whatever M.P.s and merchants may do with the Congo, the Congo Mission, as a Baptist Missionary Society question, remains the same; nay, with increasing light and better knowledge of the people and country, our work appears as more and more imperative, and we are thus constrained to lay the matter even more fully before you, our brethren, at home.

‘Having decided we could devote five weeks to a prospecting tour in the “Peace,” we were enabled to get under way by nine o’clock on July 7, and by the time for dropping anchor in the evening we found ourselves right beyond the Pool, and well into the narrow portion of the Congo, which extends for about a hundred miles. (We trust our friends who read this letter will do so with our map before them, as it will greatly help them to form an idea of what we have done and what we propose to do.) The next day brought us almost to Mswata, which, counting Kinshasa and Kimpoko, on the Pool, is the third International station beyond Leopoldville. Having passed Mswata and proceeded five miles, we come in sight of the French station at Ganchu’s, on the

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opposite—the right—bank. Another five miles brought us to the next International station, at Kwamouth.

‘At this point we determined to forsake the Congo for awhile, and started the following morning to go up the Kwa, or the Hari Nkutu—which the natives call the Bochini—as far as the junction which it makes with the Kwango. This furnished us with some little excitement, for we were rather uncertain as to the temper of the people, and knew nothing of the character of the river. So far as we could learn, it had only once previously been visited, and that time by Mr. Stanley, some two years ago. A map, which appeared in Mr. Johnston’s recent book, gives the distance to the junction as twenty-five or thirty miles east of the point where the Kwa falls into the Congo. We found it fully three times as far, and had many and many an anxious look across the miles of sandbanks from the awning-top before we got a glimpse of the water-way we sought. Its being so much farther than we had expected resulted in a greater curtailment of the time we had at our disposal for the main river than we had bargained for. However, we were well repaid for making the *détour*, by our coming into contact with the chieftainess of the Wabuma, a strong-minded woman, who rules one of the most important trading communities on the Congo.

‘The Kwa for the first thirty miles has a mean course of N.E., between steep grass-and-shrub-covered sandy hills, of from two hundred to five hundred feet in height, and having narrow fringes of timber along the water’s edge and in the valleys. Along this reach of the river, which has a width varying from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile, navigation involves great care, by reason of the many rocky reefs which stretch themselves out into nearly mid-stream. From N.E. the

course gradually wears round into an easterly one for another thirty miles or so; but where the course changes near the friendly town of Bo, the river takes upon itself the character of the higher reaches of the Congo, widening itself out among sandbanks and islands into lake-like expansions, of from two to five miles wide, and five to fifteen miles long.

‘It was after journeying about fifty miles, and passing the second of these expansions, that we came in sight of Nga Nkabi’s Mushie town (the capital of the Wabuma country), which is a series of hamlets, extending some two or three miles along the north bank. We rather hurt her ladyship’s feelings by not steaming straight away till we came opposite her residence. However, by getting up anchor again, and accepting her personal pilotage, we were able to comply with her notions as to what was the proper thing to be done, and to drop anchor within a stone’s-throw of her house. She is a very capable, energetic woman, of but few words, but who evidently knows her own mind and rules her subjects, though she made but few pretensions in the way of state ceremony. Whatever her rule may be, her people are, without exception, the best specimens of the African we encountered on our journey.

‘Altogether Nga Nkabi’s town was the most promising position we saw for a mission station; and we trust our numbers will soon be sufficiently augmented to allow of our occupying this point, where we are assured of a welcome. Of course, they have but very indistinct notions concerning our object, though we tried to tell them. More could not be looked for from a single visit. They are quite expecting us.

‘After leaving the two or three miles of hamlets constituting Mushie the river trends S. by E. for about

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thirty miles to its junction with the Kwango, which comes from the S.S.E., and is a fine stream of four hundred to five hundred yards wide, with an average depth of two fathoms and a mean current of a mile and a half per hour. Though this is a very considerable river (Livingstone speaks of it as very swift and one hundred and fifty yards wide at a point five hundred miles south of where we saw it), yet we judge it to be very much smaller than the one from the N.E. explored by Mr. Stanley as far as Lake Leopold in $1^{\circ} 30'$ S. lat. We should have liked to push our way up both these streams, but had to be content with going a mile or two up the Kwango. Here we noticed that instead of the hitherto universal four-walled houses, the natives built round ones, which denoted pretty plainly our having reached the borderland of a distinct people.

'Having just had a look at the Kwango, we set out upon our return to the point of our departure, calling at our friend Nga Nkabi's, and spending an hour or two there on the way, occupying in coming down a little more than a day and a half in covering a distance that had required five days for the ascent. By the time we reached Kwamouth, Sir Francis found one of the expedition steamers waiting to convey him to the Pool, whither he at once proceeded. The following morning we resumed our Congo voyage, leaving Kwamouth, which we determined by observation to be in $3^{\circ} 14'$ south latitude, and proceeded northward. Our next stage, like our previous one on the Congo, was characterized by few or no people on the right bank, though we passed a whole series of towns on the left.

'We had heard that the chief of Chumbiri's town, which was our first stopping-place, had been deposed and

killed by his son ; so we were quite prepared to find another ruling in his stead, but hardly prepared for the son's version of the matter—that his father had gone up river to buy ivory ! We were unable to decide upon its truth, and had to put up with his oily pretensions of friendship for ourselves, and the grease and powdered redwood which he transferred from his person to our clothes, as he persistently took our arms and squeezed himself in between us as we walked the narrow paths of his town. Here it was that we found a San Salvador man, who had been sold away as a slave. He was very glad to see some one who knew his country, and recognized in that fact that he had an extra claim upon our generosity, and we had not the heart to dispute it with the poor stranger in a strange land. San Salvador lies very near all our hearts.

‘Soon after leaving Chumbiri's, we came in sight of the Lone Island, which, though apparently standing all by itself, as we proceed we discover to be only the first of the countless islands which are the ever-present feature of the river from this point to Stanley Falls. Hereabouts, too, we exchange the deep water and the dangerous reefs of rocks for shallows and sandbanks so numerous and channels so intricate that we often lose sight of the main land and have to rely upon our compass for the course. The current certainly tells us whether we are going up or down, but when the channel is two miles wide to “go up” or “down,” is not always sufficient. It is important to steer a straight course, and hit the right bank, and not to wander about in a maze at haphazard, and find oneself on the wrong one. After thirty miles or so among these islands and sandbanks, the hills once more approach the river, and on the slope of these hills on the eastern bank, ranging for

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about a couple of miles, we find the Bolobo towns, of which Ibaka is the supreme chief.

'In Bolobo, as in Chumbiri—and indeed, having scattered themselves everywhere, right down to the cataracts below the Pool—we find the Bayansi, or, as they call themselves, the Babangi people, all having emigrated from the Mubangi, opposite Ngombe. In adjacent Moië we find Banunu people, the Banunu being probably the indigenous race. Inland are said to be the Batende. Bolobo has, as we have said above, about two miles of villages composing its town. Moië is rather bigger than Bolobo, and its villages, each under its separate chieftain, extend further back from the river and higher up the sides of the 100 feet hill which backs them.

'Between Bolobo and Moië there is generally enmity, and one can generally reckon, too, on internal dissensions in each district, one chief of Bolobo frequently not being "on speaking terms" with his fellow chief. Although Ibaka is the special and perhaps biggest chief of Bolobo (being the white man's chief or friend), he is not by any means the only one. There are Lingenji, Yambula, Katula, Oruru, Yinga, Biangala, Itumba, etc., etc.—in all *eighty chiefs*! The chief characteristics of Bolobo people appear to be *drunkenness, immorality, and cruelty*, out of each of which vices spring actions almost too fearful to describe. In hearing of these, one living out here almost gets to feel like calling the people terrible brutes and wretches, rather than poor miserable heathen. The light of their consciences must condemn them in most of their sins.

'On the afternoon of our arrival, accompanied by Lieut. Liebrecht, of the Association Internationale, we walked through all the towns of Bolobo and Moië. In

Bolobo it was a great day, a gala day, indeed. The wife of one of the chiefs had died somewhere away, and, of course, there must be four or five days and nights of orgies—any amount of dirty sugar-cane-beer swilling, unbridled license in every species of sensuality, and a grand finale of four human sacrifices, each victim, mark you, being a poor wretch of a *slave bought for the purpose* ! Drums beating briskly, circles of “fine” women, wearing the great heavy brass collar (25 to 30 lbs. !), dancing and clapping rhythmically, and plenty of people about in all the streets. The victims were tied up somewhere ; of course, they would not tell us where ; but were said to be apathetically and stolidly awaiting their fate—bowstring or knife—both being Babangi ways of killing. Remonstrances and pleadings on behalf of these poor victims were all in vain. Another cruel tragedy was also to shortly take place. Prices of certain food were to be arranged, and, as a sign or seal of such arrangement, a slave was to be killed thus—a hole was to be dug between the two towns, and the victim’s arms and legs broken, and he thrown into the hole to die, no one being allowed to give him food or drink. Oh, Christians at home, think of this ! Very few children are seen in any Babangi town, and this may easily be explained by the immorality of the people. The towns are kept large, and the population sustained, chiefly by the purchase of slaves, who frequently receive the tribal mark—two rows of raised blebs along the forehead from ear to ear.

‘The Moië towns look very pretty from the river, many of them being very picturesquely laid out. The Banunu inhabitants are at present shyder than the Bolobo Babangi, and communication with them has hitherto been more difficult. The women and children (the

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Banunu have more children than the Babangi) frequently ran away; one young woman especially, whom we noticed, actually showed her teeth at us viciously, like a wild animal, as our glance turned towards her. Banunu houses are built in rows of four or six houses, in form the same, but larger than Babangi houses, a small yard between each two, but the whole row or set under one roof. A few of the houses are ornamented with human skulls, one having as many as thirteen. Circling round the bases of large trees here and there were many hippopotami skulls; we counted as many as thirty, showing that these people hunt (probably harpoon) the hippopotamus.

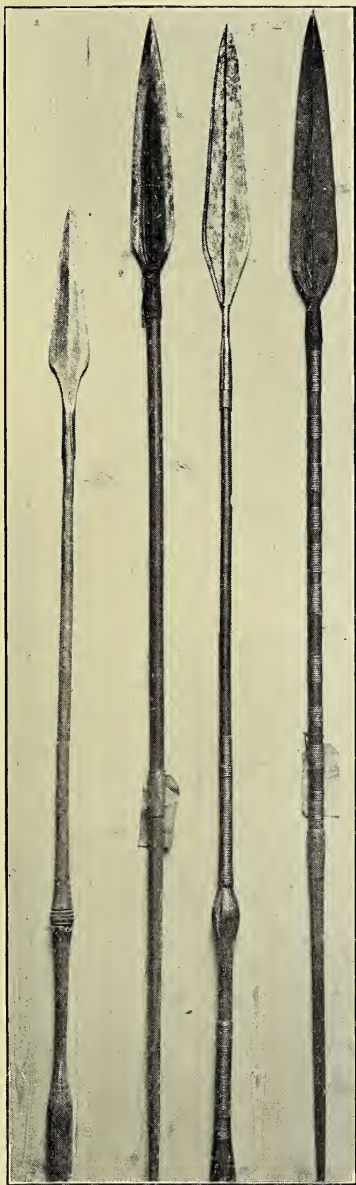
'Of course, in walking through these towns, we tried to make friends with the people as much as possible. We know scarcely any of their language, and can do very little more with them than make friends on these first short prospecting visits. But we have said a great deal about Bolobo-Moië district, because here we are desirous of having *one of our stations*; in fact, have provisionally decided so to do, the population being dense, and the people appearing as friendly as anywhere—save Nga-Nkabi's on the Bochini River.

'At Bolobo we got further observations for latitude, and place it in $2^{\circ} 13' 0''$ S.

'From Bolobo we steamed on past some very pretty hill scenery, passing Moië, Nkunu and Sakamimbe, charmingly situated on spurs of rocky tree-clad hills, and prettily embowered in trees. These people seem to have picked all the best sites. On this stage (as between Kwamouth and Bolobo) we had a passenger, Lieutenant Liebrecht, accompanying us to Lukolela. For the whole of the distance, one hundred miles, we saw absolutely nothing of the opposite bank of the great



BAKUBA AXE (of wrought Iron, from
the Kasai-Sankuru).
EXECUTIONER'S CHOPPERS
(Bangala Country).



WAR SPEARS FROM THE
UPPER CONGO.

river we were ascending ; but, keeping somewhat near the eastern shore, and a general N.E. direction, we passed among the islands in channels of from 150 to 1500 yards wide, in generally shallow water. As, on the third day, we approached Lukolela, we found the current much stronger ; and at last, the first time for 120 miles, we saw the opposite shore. Just above Lukolela the river narrows from its hitherto unknown width to a mile and a half.

‘Lukolela, you will remember, was fixed upon as a site for our sixth station (Liverpool). The villages of Lukolela are smaller and somewhat more scattered than those of Moïë, Bolobo, and other Babangi towns below, although Lukolela people too belong to the same enterprising tribe. They differ very much, however, from their more wealthy fellow-tribesmen at Bolobo and Chumbiri, and are much milder and more pleasant in disposition.

‘The chiefs are three in number, two of whom have the name of Yuka, and the other—apparently the principal—Mangaba. As was the case in the other stations of the Association, the gentleman in charge of Lukolela station, Mr. Glave,¹ accompanied us in our first walk through the town. At Lukolela we stayed two days, fixing our site, “wooding up” for the steamer, and making good friends with the people. They seemed all very glad to hear that we were coming to live amongst them, and to teach them, and the chief, Mangaba, with whom we made special friendship, promised to go on with us to Bangala, to introduce us to the chiefs there. All is promising for our work there.

‘Leaving Lukolela on July 23, we slept just below Ngombe, which we reached early the following morning.

¹ See references to Mr. Glave in Sir H. Johnston’s book on Grenfell.

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Here the river narrows again, having expanded, as usual, between the two places. Opposite Ngombe, a little above, is the Mubangi River, evidently a considerable body of water of a light clay, whitey-brown-paper colour, contrasting strongly, and for many miles refusing to mix with the dark-brown water of the main river. The two bodies of water flow side by side, always with a great deal of commotion and splashing waves at their edges of contact, as if jostling with each other on their way down. The same is very noticeable, too, at the Lulongo River much higher up, the water of which, flowing alongside that of the big river, is inky black.

'About twelve miles further on, and we came to a splendid set of towns, viz. Bathunu, Boshende, and Irebu. In this set of towns, especially the last two, which are separated from each other by a stretch of country of about a mile in length, we have probably the densest population yet seen by us on the Congo, not excluding Bangala towns. The people literally swarmed, the crowd coming to the beach numbering about 500 people. Here, as at Ngombe, and in fact almost all further towns on as far as Liboko, there are isolated stretches of rocky banks where the overlying soil seems particularly fertile, and where the people have built.

'We anchored off, and went ashore at Boshende, walked to the chief's house, he in turn paying us a return visit on board, and bringing a present of a goat, etc. At Irebu we slept, going on shore to make friends with the people. The principal chiefs are Ipaka, Mbeka, Makwala, and Mangombo, and we made special friends with Ipaka, an old man. We walked about the towns, and found each chief sitting on his stool outside his house, ready to give us a welcoming shake of the hands. Talking to the people of Irebu and

Boshende was very difficult, whether on shore or when they came to see us on board the "Peace." There was always a deafening din of voices. Mayango, chief of Boshende, and Ipaka of Irebu, as well as almost every friendly-disposed man of importance, from Chimbiri up to Iboko, were very desirous to seal friendship by the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, which, among the Irebu, Babangi, and Bangala people, is very, very common.

'The Congo equatorial towns are divided up into districts as follows :—Bojungi, Mbongo, Inganda, and Bwangata. The population is very scattered, and many of the villages, specially in Lower Inganda, consist of only a few tumble-down, lopsided houses. In the Bwangata section, however, the villages were better. At the Mbongo below, the people seemed very rudely bold and troublesome, and it seemed almost as if they wanted to fight us because we would not stop and go ashore at their rocky beaches. These people about the great Ruki River (hitherto known as the Ikelemba) are the most primitive of the people we have hitherto met. They are the only people we met who use the bow and arrow. Here, too, we first saw an African shield, and found most men walking about with bow and arrows and shield, or spears and shield, or else a murderous knife, of which more presently.

'They also, for the most part, wore hats of monkeys' skins ; the head of the animal coming to the front of their heads, and the tail hanging down behind. In spite, however, of their coiffure and arms, they did not appear wild or savage.

'That they are cruel, curiously and ingeniously cruel, we know from the methods of execution obtaining amongst them. Certain victims die by the knife alluded to above, and others have to afford to the bloodthirsty

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spectators the pleasures of the chase. These last are given a certain start across country, and then are pursued in full cry by all the people armed with spears and bows and arrows. An obstinate victim who will not run well causes disappointment, but others are said to make a "fine run" before they fall, pierced with arrows and spears.

'The death by the knife is given thus. The victim is tied down to stakes driven into the ground in a squatting position, his arms behind him, and his head bent well forward. Round the chin and coming to a loop at the top of the head is a strong plaited rope. Four feet or so in front is a strong young sapling, which with great force is bent down until its top reaches the loop at the head of the victim, to which it is made fast. The sacrificial knife (a strange sickle-shaped affair, the hollow fitting the curve of the neck) is brought, and, after a little playing about with the miserable doomed man, a smart deft stroke is given which never fails to sever the head, which springs high in the air by the relieved tension of the sapling. Indeed, interior Congo is one of the "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty." We have been told that among the Babangi, on the death of a chief, scores of victims are sacrificed.

'Equatorville appears to be the prettiest and best built and best kept of any of the upper International Association stations, and really reflects great credit on the chief of station, M. Vangele, who was most kind to us. We spent a pleasant quiet Sunday here, and on the Monday morning, July 28, continued our journey up the river. Our midday observations (we got a water horizon here, as in many other places) gave us 4' 20" N. of the Equator.

Superstitious Mangaba 199

'The Ruki River we found to be just the magnificent affluent Stanley has described it, quite 1000 yards wide, and with several islands at its *embouchure*. Up above the Ruki River we found Bangala towns, stretching right away to $1^{\circ} 50' 0''$ N. (our farthest point) to Liboko, where Stanley had his great battle in 1877. We went, however, forty-five miles above Equatorville before we arrived at Lulanga, the first Bangala town on the eastern bank. Meanwhile, nothing was to be seen of the opposite bank of the great river we were ascending, and there was the same monotonous and uninteresting series of islands of all lengths, covered with forest, and swarming with gadflies by day and mosquitoes by night. "How I love their bosky depths!" writes Mr. Stanley, in describing them. It is more than we do. What great lumps the flies raised on suffering leg and ankle as one traced one's chart, or studied the native languages in the comfortable cabin of the "Peace"! But, as Mr. Stanley explains, his love for the interminable islands of the Congo arose from the protection they afforded him from his blood-thirsty cannibal pursuers.

'At Lulanga we had our first real introduction to Bangala people, and we found them out and out the most boisterous, wild, noisy, troublesome, worrying lot of people either of us has ever met. We were introduced by our friend Mangaba, of Lukolela, who all the journey had made himself very interesting to us, although we have said nothing about him. Like all Babangi people, Mangaba was very superstitious, and carried his fetishes with him on board. His toilet was never complete without the application of his face-powder and rouge—not used, however, to improve the complexion, but to make mysterious red and white (chalk) marks about his

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body, in which his boy assisted him. A white line up his back, from hip to left shoulder, to the left of the median line, and carried down thence along the outer part of the arm to the hand. Red and white lines on the left foot, ditto across forehead, but all drawn with the most religious care.

'Old Mangaba was very active in his communicating with the people, shouting at every canoe we met, and that long after they had ceased to hear what he said. He seemed to claim kinship with every one, found that he had a wife at every town we stayed at, met at least three mothers, and introduced nearly every chief of importance as his own father, until his family-tree was, to say the least, perplexing. From Mangaba and his little boy, Mbuma (who, by-the-by, he has allowed us to bring down to Arthington), we tried as much as possible to learn the Babangi dialect spoken at Lukolela.

'To converse with these people was very difficult, but we sometimes tried it when, in the evening, we had prayer, and gathered round us our boys to sing our Congo hymn. "God hears us when we speak to Him," we said to Mangaba. "Indeed!" said he, not much surprised. "Yes, He is our Father, and He is very very good, and loves us all very much," said we. But to this Mangaba objected. "God was not good. Why was He always killing people?" (by death). And then we had to try and explain the resurrection and the home in heaven; but it was difficult to remove his sceptical objections.

'Lulanga is very populous, perhaps as much so as Ilebu proper. Altogether, going and returning, we spent two full days at this place. We, of course, walked about in the town accompanied by large crowds of

people. A wild lot they evidently were, especially one old chief, Ikafaka by name.

‘They swarmed out to the steamer in good canoes, and crowded on deck, almost taking possession. The difficulty was to get the noisy rowdy lot back in their canoes, and not even our steaming ahead a little, or blowing our whistles, would induce them to leave us. A dozen canoes would hang on to the sides of the steamer, even when we were fully under way. There was no fear.

‘Once we half feared, from their wild noise and the beating of a sort of signal gong, that they might attack us and seize the steamer. Any little indiscretion on the part of any of our people might have led to grave results, as most of our unruly guests were armed with spears and knives. We had to exercise the greatest tact, keep a most constant genial good-tempered manner, faces wreathed with perpetual smiles, until even the facial effort was quite a strain; and we felt intensely relieved when we were under way again—the last canoe left behind. One of us immediately went down with a slight fever after the excitement at Lulanga.

‘We found here, just above Lulanga, a considerable river. It is called the Lulongo River, and is about seven hundred yards wide; the water being inky black. There is a town up this river of the same name.

‘From here to Liboko, the last of the Bangala towns, is eighty miles, and we were surprised to find it nearly two degrees north of the equator.

‘Mangaba informed us that Bangala was divided into five districts: Lulanga and Bolombo on the left, and Mungundu, Bukolela, and Loboko on the right bank.

‘About twelve miles above Lulongo River we crossed over to the other side of the Congo, thus obtaining

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an idea of its width at this place, although we crossed very obliquely. We passed three Bukolela towns—Lobengo, Munsembe, and Bombimba, each one built on one of the few raised plots here and there obtaining on the banks. These banks were of clay, and from four to six feet above the water. Along the beach were broad double ladders, a sort of landing steps reaching down into the river. The people here seemed quieter and milder, and quite ready to welcome us.

'At last, on August 1, we reached Liboko, and after steaming along seven miles of towns, more or less close to each other, we came to that of the great chief Mata Mayiki (*i.e.* plenty of guns), where the International Association has built a fine house.

'The chief of station is Lieutenant Coquilhat, who seems to manage the people very well, considering their wildness. One fancied that a certain maniacal irresponsible sort of wildness showed itself in their eyes. Here it was that Stanley had his great battle in 1877, when sixty-three canoes came out to attack him, and for five hours he had to sustain the fight. The brave young chief mentioned by Stanley was Mata Mayiki's son, who afterwards died from his wounds. The old chief, a fine-looking, tall fellow, with failing sight, fancied one of us was with Stanley on that occasion (Frank Pocock). The people crowded on the beach, most of them armed, with the idea (so M. Coquilhat afterwards informed us) that we were enemies, and prepared to fight us. In the first place, our flag was strange to them, and they have got to understand that flags are very significant; secondly, we did not steam right close into the beach, as Stanley's steamers had always done, being smaller, but anchored, as usual, fifty yards from the shore; thirdly, we had two Bangala men on board from a capsized

canoe, and they fancied these their two countrymen were prisoners.

‘All was explained, however; we came in closer, just to oblige them, and made fair friendship with them. We stayed a day here, and walked into the town, which was better arranged than any Bangala town we had yet seen. Although the towns-folk were said to be great traders, we saw no signs of wealth at Liboko, scarcely a gun, no brass ornaments, and very little cloth, all the women wearing a thick fringe, dyed various colours, round their loins, which was very becoming, and the men, many of them, wearing bark cloths.

Their tattooing is not so extensive as the Babanji’s, being transverse raised lumps down the centre of the forehead to between the eyes, rosettes from the eyes back to the ears, and also down the middle of the breast-bone. Other people, however, living at Bangala, and hailing from an interior country called Ngombe, are hideously tattooed with great raised lumps down the cheek-bones. The Bangala, like the Babangi, universally pull out their eyelashes. Their language is probably much the same as that of the Babangi, although many words are different. But our time was so short that we could not only go no further, but could not make a prolonged stay in any place.

‘The journey was a prospecting one, and has resulted in our being able to choose very important and valuable sites for stations.

‘The “Peace,” too, has had a splendid trial, and the little we have said about it shows how little trouble it gave in its management and working.

‘At Liboko we were half-way to Stanley Falls. On setting out from Arthington we had given ourselves five weeks, and, had this time been sufficient, there was nothing

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to prevent us going the whole distance of a thousand miles. There was nothing to obstruct ; the road was open and most inviting ; the "Peace" working well ; the people above Bangala reported us "all good," and warmly welcomed us : the only thing making any lengthening of our journey impossible was the fact that we had left only Mrs. Grenfell at Arthington, and one of us was overdue to go down to the coast and home to England. Our gang of Loangos, too, were due to go home. So we had, albeit most reluctantly, to start back.

'Such, dear Mr. Baynes, is the first journey of the "Peace" into countries new and among peoples strange. It was our constant regret that we could not make it more of a missionary journey—that is, in teaching and preaching, but that was impossible, chiefly because we knew so little of the language. We have, however, done a little more preliminary work, which is none the less our "Father's business." Oh, for the time when, settled among these people, there shall be servants of God, teachers of His Word, to show these heathen the Christian life, and to try to draw them home to God ! Oh, will kind friends in England respond ? We can but appeal, and plead, and cry. We can only pray, "The Lord hasten it in His time." But what can we do, so few in number ? Our new brethren, Darling and Cruickshank, have joined us ; but we still need at least three more brethren to fill our stations thus far, before any one can accompany Bentley in his approaching forward work.

'This will be a troublesomely long letter, we fear, but not, we hope, without interest. We must conclude it now, however, and hope its news will encourage our friends, and, above all, incline the hearts of some young

men to seek for part and lot in a work which, though not without its dangers and arduousness, is a glorious one, which we would exchange for no other—that of taking, for *the first time*, the light of life into those regions of darkness, cruelty, and death.'

CHAPTER X

FROM AUTUMN, 1884, TO AUTUMN, 1887

Grenfell's Literary Style—Bentley's Testimony to Grenfell's Work—
Astronomical Work—Loss by Bad Packing—First Printing
done at Stanley Pool—The Mubangi—A Poor Christmas Dinner
—Attacked by Natives—Meeting with Tippoo Tib—The Lubilast
—In Deaths oft—Illness of Mr. Whitley—The Boy Zwarky—
Arab Slave Raids—Child Interpreters—The Lulongo-Maringa—
Cannibals—Hippopotami Hunting—Sir F. de Winton's Protests
—His Tribute to Grenfell—Retrogressive Policy of the State—
The Boy Kamisi.

TO those who have knowledge of Grenfell's life, and the history of the Baptist Congo Mission, the title of this chapter will occasion surprise. The period indicated included his greatest exploration work, and the records before me, written by his own hand, would fill a volume. It would be hopeless to attempt adequate treatment of this mass of material within the compass of a score or two of pages. Happily, the attempt is not necessary. Sir Harry Johnston has described and appraised Grenfell's achievements of these days with literary skill and scientific authority, and the reader who desires full knowledge of the geographical spoils of Grenfell's famous voyages must be referred to Sir Harry's ampler account.

It is my purpose to give such insight into the character, capacity, and ideals of the man, during these

laborious years, as may be gathered from passages selected from his letters; and I shall endeavour, by connective interpolations, to preserve in some degree the continuity of the story. All the time there will be lurking in my own mind an intense regret that Grenfell never found opportunity to tell his own tale to the world in book form. When his biographers have done their best, they realize how much better he might have done. He had no conceit of his literary gifts; yet he wrote, when he was in form, with a crispness, a vividness, an individuality of style which have already appealed to the judicious reader of this book. It reflects credit upon the discrimination and prescience of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton that they wrote to Grenfell in the spring of 1886, saying that, having seen his letters in the *Missionary Herald*, they were of opinion that a volume from his pen would be exceedingly welcome to a large class of readers, and for the copyright of which they would be prepared to make him a liberal offer. Deprecating the want of interest displayed by the Church in Missionary literature, they conclude: 'The work of a pioneer like yourself would have geographical interest, and your style is such as would fit you to write a very acceptable work.'

The following passage from a letter to Mr. Baynes, dated July 26, 1886, is at once an indication of the writer's modesty and his absorption in the Mission:—

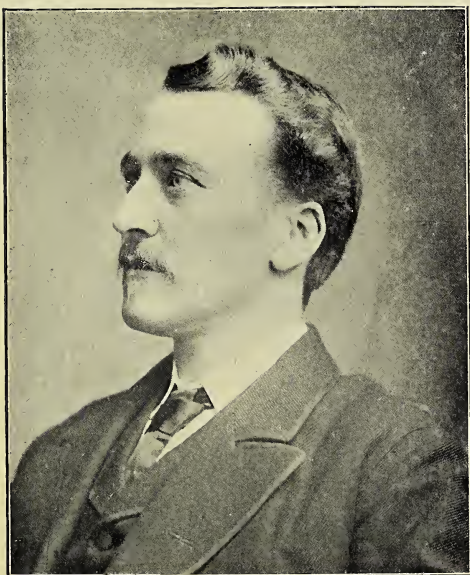
'I enclose a copy of a letter I have recently received from Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It was a great surprise to me, especially the reference to my "style." I feel sure there is no lack of interesting matter in the history of our Mission to make a book: the question is, will the cause we have at heart be served by any book-making I might possibly accomplish? If others

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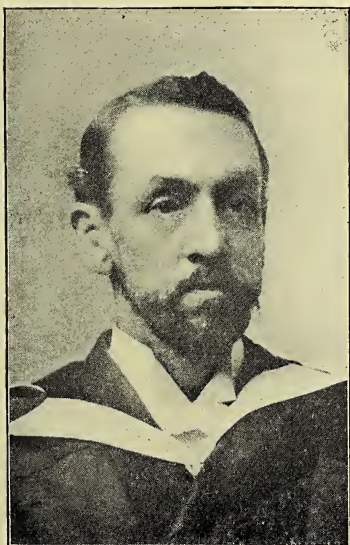
think so, I would make the effort, though it would be a great labour, and one that I should undertake with much diffidence. I have often regretted that some of the intensely interesting correspondence of the early San Salvador days was not to be found in print. It was not quite suitable for the *Herald*, perhaps, but if carefully edited would be just splendid for a book. (I can say this much without boasting, for, though I've been to San Salvador, I was not stationed there.) If I had had more time when I was in England last, I should certainly have tried to do something with it; but only, of course, if it could possibly have been of advantage to our work.'

What may be called a bird's-eye view of Grenfell's journeyings in 1884-5 is given by Holman Bentley in an important letter, which was incorporated in the Baptist Missionary Society's report, read by Mr. Baynes at the annual meeting of the Society in 1886. The mutual appreciation of these two, differently gifted but equally devoted, men is pleasant to observe.

Bentley writes: 'Hitherto we have only occupied Stanley Pool. In preparing our plans for the Upper River, our first duty was to inform ourselves as to the positions affording the greatest strategic advantages, the distribution and character of the populations, the physical features of the country, and the extent, navigability, and course of the great affluents of the river. To have made our plans without this knowledge would have been the wildest, wickedest folly. Mr. Grenfell applied himself to the task of investigating with that admirable energy, skill, and thoroughness which have been so highly appreciated, not only by the friends of our Mission, but also by those who from other standpoints regard our work with a keen interest.



THE REV. T. J. COMBER.
Photo: Debenham & Gould.



THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY, D.D.
Photo: Frank Holmes.



THE REV. THOMAS LEWIS
Photo: Wickens, Bangor.

'The Kwa River had already been visited by Messrs. Grenfell and Comber ; and at the close of the previous year we received an account of Mr. Grenfell's journey over the 1080 miles of waterway on the main river, as far as Stanley Falls. The seven cataracts which constitute these Falls are passable by canoes, and thence the river is navigable almost as far as to Nyangwe. Mr. Grenfell also examined the Mburu and Aruwimi rivers, and others of less importance, ascending the Ukere (Loila) for 100 miles, and the Lomami for a distance of 100 miles ; also the great waterway of the Mubangi for more than 400 miles, thus discovering the true highway to the Southern Soudan. It was a journey of 4000 miles, of which one-third was in waters previously altogether unknown.

'There were yet some important rivers which needed examination, and in August Mr. Grenfell ascended the Lulonga-Maringa for a distance of 400 miles ; also the Black River and its affluent, the Juapa, for another 400 miles. These investigations having been completed, we have the necessary material for the formation of our plans.

'It has pained us much to learn that our purpose in these investigations has, in some quarters, been misunderstood. It may be exciting, but it is certainly far from pleasant to be a target for poisoned arrows, or to run the frequent risk of being speared, and perhaps eaten by wild cannibals. The accounts may be thrilling, but whatever aspects such work may present to those who think the matter over beside their comfortable fireside at home, certainly those of us who have been obliged to do pioneering work, almost *ad nauseam*, would infinitely prefer quiet Mission work on our stations to the privations and exposure which must

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inevitably attend all such journeys into the unknown interior.

‘Mr. Grenfell has repressed these feelings, and has performed the duties which fell to him in so masterly a manner, and records his information in so interesting a style, that some of our friends who read the account regard it as a charming excursion only. Shall we blame Mr. Grenfell for not grumbling at weariness, privation, dangers, and inconvenience ; or because he abstains from making stock of the risk to wife and child, whose presence seems to have done more than anything else to make the journey a success ? Shall we not rather admire the dauntless courage and self-abnegation which enabled him to perform his task with good grace ?’

In *Pioneering on the Congo* Bentley gives a charming picture of the missionary-explorer at work on the ‘Peace.’ ‘Hour after hour on those long journeys Grenfell stood behind his prismatic compass, taking the bearings of point after point as they appeared ; estimating from time to time the speed of the steamer, and correcting all the work as occasion offered by astronomical observations. When the steamer was running, his food had to be brought to him, unless in some straighter run towards a distant point he could slip away for a few minutes.’

And now to the letters.

On August 21, 1884, Grenfell writes from Stanley Pool to his sister-in-law and friend and valued correspondent, Miss Hawkes, of Birmingham—

‘I am enclosing you the list of things I wish you would buy for us. Walter will give you £7, which I am asking Scholefields to pay to him. You must have the goods packed in a tin-lined case, or else buy a tin trunk, and put them inside, covering the trunk again with a wooden case. Some of our things have come up in a

dreadful state, in consequence of the rain having soaked through and through in the three weeks' journey overland. Especially in one case, where Mother packed jam and pudding together, and Mr. Bennett put in some shoes. When the consignment reached us one could scarcely tell which was pudding and jam, and which was shoes. The pudding and jam had fermented, and mixed up round everything. Such a mess you never saw ! I've some more things on the road about which I'm in a stew : a package which contains photos from Stratford Road. I half expect to receive a lot of pulp.

‘I am hoping to get away next month for a long trip up river. If all goes well, I shall not be back till January or February. I want to be able to write something home about the Aruwimi and Welle Rivers, on which Mr. Arthington lays such stress. I take Mamma and baby with me, and some of our household youngsters. Comber and I took eight little imps ; didn't they give us a doing ? And yet here I find myself preparing to take another batch. Comber would like to go with me, but he is very far from well, and must get away to England without delay. I hear by a round-about way that an engineer is on the way out. I hope he will be on the spot before I start. It will relieve me of a lot of worry, though the lack of an engineer won't stop my going.

‘I enclose you a copy of the first printing done at the Pool—the first column is Kishi Congo, the third Kiyanse ; that's the language spoken up river for the greater part of the distance I've traversed. I simply intended to get out a few lesson sheets for our boys, but now Dr. Sims and I are trying to get up a small vocabulary between us.

‘I am also commencing a new house, that is, I am

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preparing for it—sawing timber, dubbing posts, etc., etc. Our present place has an earth floor, dreadfully dusty in the dry season, and miserably cold and damp in the wet. It is just between the two seasons now, and very cold night and morning. Only fancy, I often sleep under three blankets! . . .

‘Cruickshank arrived here three days ago. He stays here while I go up river. I like him very much.’

TO MISS HAWKES.

Stanley Pool, Oct. 4.

‘I hoped to have been away up country before this, but Africa’s a dreadful place for delays. Ten days ago Mr. Comber and Peggy started homeward-bound. Four days ago I received news that Minns, the new engineer, was dead at Ngombe! Yesterday came news by one of the Livingstone Inland Mission men that one of our Cameroons people whom we left at Lukolela was dead! All these things have to be written about, accounts made up and settled—duties which take a lot of time as well as oppress one by their own sheer weight. That Minns, the fourth man sent out for the “Peace,” should have succumbed like his predecessors before reaching his destination is indeed strange.

‘I don’t know what to think. I am stricken dumb by the unparalleled series of disasters in getting the men up; and yet I cannot but acknowledge God’s rich blessing on the work I’ve had in hand. This much I know—I won’t ask for another man to be sent out. I sometimes blame myself that I ever spoke about it. If I had thought one life was to have been sacrificed that I might have help, I would never have done so. Yet now there are four gone! I must make the best of the resources we have, and drill our country boys into

engineers and stokers and sailors. I seemed to wish to devote myself more exclusively to Mission work direct ; the Lord seems to say, "Make use of the people you have ; make them help themselves, by doing the work of the steamer." You will see by the enclosed bit of printing that I am trying to drill the mystery of bookmaking into their heads. One of my boys, Joaque, does all the type-setting.

'We are sending a little Aruwimi girl home with Peg. She comes from right away up the Congo, some 800 miles beyond this, and is a ransomed slave. As she and her two little compatriots were sitting round our fire the other evening, we heard them singing dolefully about being "caught like fish in the water by the Betamba tamba" (Arabs). The dismal tone and melancholy marking time by swaying their bodies and clapping their hands were very sad.'

Later in October Grenfell set out upon perhaps the greatest of his voyages, notable, in chief, for the exploration of the Mubangi, which he ascended for some 400 miles of its course, encountering gravest perils, through which he was safely brought by the good hand of God which was upon him. On December 25 he writes to Miss Hawkes from Stanley Falls, describing the strangest Christmas Day he had ever spent, and the poorest Christmas dinner he had ever eaten, a 'calamity' which he is sure will command the commiseration of his friends. 'Fried fish, cassada roots, and a one pound tin of preserved plum pudding between four of us,' with only the modicum of plum pudding to break the monotony of a long previous course of fried fish, is certainly a touching bill of fare. But he is as well and happy as he ever was, only regretting that he cannot

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drop into the midst of his friends at home for the day, and be back the next morning.

This letter, begun on Christmas Day at Stanley Falls, was finished on March 30, at Stanley Pool. On the latter date he writes—

‘You will see from the other side that I thought about you on Christmas Day, but did not finish my letter, as I intended to do ; and here I am, three weeks after my return, just sending off a mere scrap, to let you know I am still in the land of the living. Thank God we are safely back ! It might have been otherwise, for we have encountered perils not a few. But the winds, which sometimes were simply terrific, and the rocks, which knocked three holes in the steamer as we were running away at night from cannibals, have not wrecked us. We have been attacked by natives about twenty different times, we have been stoned and shot at with arrows, and have been the marks for spears more than we can count. Our only casualty was one of our boys slightly wounded with a poisoned arrow. We burned the wound with caustic at once, and no ill results followed. Our great difficulty was in the new countries, where the natives had never seen a white man, and where they all seemed to be at war with one another ; for every village was fortified. People got up the trees to shoot at us, and seeing we did nothing, came down and followed us in their canoes. Other people on ahead, thinking we ran away, came out to meet us.

‘It was too much to think of pegging away any longer against such opposition, and as we were four months out from the Pool, I determined to give it up and go back. It was night, or nearly so, and we could not think of anchoring there, so I determined to risk coming down in the dark, and but for very special mercy

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we should have been lost on the rock I spoke of before, for the water came into one of the compartments faster than we could bale it out. There are a thousand things to tell, but you will be glad to get a short note rather than wait till next mail for a longer one.

‘Your kind letters are here, and have been duly read and enjoyed. I’m only sorry I cannot better repay you with news in return. So you’ve seen poor Peg. I wish I could have a look at her.’

TO MR. JOSEPH HAWKES.

March 30.

‘We spent Christmas at Stanley Falls; New Year’s day we were up the Lubilast. We saw the famous Tippoo Tib at Stanley Falls. He had 300 men with him, and had sent 700 down river trading (rather “raiding,” for we counted twenty burnt villages and thousands of fugitive canoes). He says he has 2000 more men coming, and talks of making his way down to the Atlantic—says that the Sultan of Zanzibar claims all the Congo, right down to the sea!! Tippoo Tib is without doubt the master, at the present moment, of the Upper River Congo. I think the Expedition will stop his slave raiding as soon as they get their big steamer afloat; but in the meantime horrors untellable. I cannot write about it now; I only refer to it that you may have an idea of the course of events.

‘During the five months’ journey I was enabled to make, we traversed some 600 miles of waterway never previously visited by a European. The Lubilast we ascended as far as $1^{\circ} 33'$ south. It was still open, but the current was very strong, four to five miles per hour, and even more sometimes, and terribly tortuous. The

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people are wild and treacherous ; for, several times, after a period of apparently amicable intercourse and satisfactory dealing, without any other cause than their own sheer "cussedness," as the Yankees would say, they let fly their poisoned arrows at us. The Ukere River we navigated as far as $2^{\circ} 50'$ north, when we were stopped by a fall. The Mbura divides into two branches, the smaller is blocked by a sheer fall of 50 ft., the north-east one is barred by a rapid, which, with suitable tackle, we shall be able to pass on another occasion. The most important geographical result was my being able to ascend the Mubangi River as far as $4^{\circ} 30'$ north, and leaving it there, a magnificent waterway half a mile wide, stretching away nobody knows how far. My idea is, that it is the Welle of Schweinfurth. Have sent details to Royal Geographical Society. On ordinary maps the sources of the Binue occupy the place I reached on this stream, which flow in the opposite direction. The Mubangi joins the Congo 26 miles south of the Equator, the course for 350 miles being a mean south by west. It is one of the largest, if not the largest affluent falling into the main stream.

'I returned on March 9, exactly a year after my return from my first journey, when I met such a lot of bad tidings. March 9 is to be a memorable day for me, for I met this time news of Mr. Craven's (L.I.M.) death, Dr. Comber had died on Christmas Eve, Macmillan died on the day of my arrival, and Cruickshank two days previously. This is not a letter, only a note. It leaves important topics untouched, because of the impossibility of dealing with them ; but I have no doubt you will see further details in the *Herald*. Eyes, head and heart are aching. May the good Lord help the Congo Mission ! We are down very low. Only six

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of us out here. As usual, I'm alone. Thanks for the kind letters I find awaiting me.'

TO MRS. HARTLAND.

Stanley Pool, May 2.

'As I told you in the scrap which accompanies this, I was busy after my arrival in getting the steamer out of the water, being anxious to have her "docked" and ready for launching again before the water fell too low. A few days after my return a note came up from Mr. Darling: "I'm very ill, and need help"; and it was decided that Whitley should go down to Wathen, especially as we received news through the Expedition that made us fear more than Darling's note. I had struggled on, and had the steamer half-way in the water on the 8th ultimo, when a message came from Wathen, stating that Whitley was in a critical state, and begging me to go down. So, finishing the launch, I started off on the following day, and happily found Whitley much better, though still in fever. The fever remained obstinate, and never entirely left him during the four days I stayed at Wathen; but as it was only 101° and 102° during the latter part of the time, I determined to carry him up to the Pool in a hammock, and start him off up river in the "Henry Reed," in the hope of its beneficial effect. The journey seemed to work wonders, the fever was shaken off, and Whitley was quite like himself again by the time of our arrival. He was just in time to catch the "Henry Reed," and now must be well on his way to the Equator; we are expecting him back on the 20th. These sicknesses at Wathen make us very nervous, and I can only hope God will deal more gently with us, and spare us further loss at that terribly costly place. Mr. Darling is building a new house

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farther up the hill, and I trust it will prove a better site. . . .

‘Bentley tells me that a missionary engineer is now on his way for the “Peace”: this is good news for me. It is of the utmost importance that all the ability to work the steamer should not be centred in one poor body, the possibilities to that “one poor body” being so many and so grave.’

In a letter to his college friend, the Rev. R. H. Powell, of Edenbridge, dated Stanley Pool, July 1, Grenfell speaks of encouraging increase in the school work at Arthington, and gives a charming account of a certain boy, Zwarky, in whom Mr. Powell and his friends at Edenbridge have special interest. Grenfell has taught Zwarky to perform many important tasks on the steamer and in the printing office, and after some further probation, purposes to satisfy his yearning for an English name. He is a slave. His master wants him back. But Grenfell hopes to secure his freedom.

Remarking upon recent heavy losses, he continues: ‘It seems strange that God should have blessed us so very markedly for awhile, and then have allowed sorrows like a flood to overtake us, yet “our trust, our trust is in Him.”’ But for the shorthandedness consequent upon these losses he could by this time have been up river again. None the less he is hopeful. ‘Leopoldville is a very healthy place, and is fast attracting new-comers. Trading companies are establishing new stations. Stanley’s new steamer is nearly all here. It has been fifteen months coming up to the Pool from the sea-coast. By its mere presence it will do much toward driving the slave-raiding Arabs off the river. If they are allowed unmolested to pursue their course, a few years will devastate both banks. They cause untold misery wherever they go.

The third voyage of the 'Peace' was commenced on August 2, 1885. Grenfell took with him upon this occasion his wife and child, a German explorer named von François, and eight of the Mission school-children. These children were not taken only for their own sakes. Being slaves or the children of slaves, they had come from distant places, retained some knowledge of their original language, and were sometimes able to act as interpreters. 'It was decided on this third voyage to explore some of the mighty affluents entering the Congo in the Equatorial region from the east or south.'¹

The Lulongo-Maringa was ascended some four hundred miles, and afterwards the Black River (Buruki) with its confluent Busira and Juapa, which, some sixty miles up from the Congo, unite to form the main stream. The reception awaiting Grenfell at various towns was sometimes friendly and sometimes hostile. Often conciliatory measures changed enmity into amity; sometimes his utmost efforts failed to placate, and secured nothing better than poisoned arrows. On the Juapa the people were cannibals. In one place 'they offered him a fine-looking woman as a wife, in return for a plump boatman whom they wanted to eat.'² Grenfell wrote a vivid account of this journey for the *Missionary Herald*,³ and Sir Harry Johnston has given an excellent summary of the story, incorporating valuable scientific notes. I quote one passage of Grenfell's letter, for its own sake, and as a further specimen of his descriptive writing:

'Since leaving the Pool, we had only been able to buy two or three fowls and a few smoked fish, and it was therefore not surprising that our crew were getting

¹ Sir H. H. Johnston's *George Grenfell and the Congo*, p. 135.

² Sir H. H. Johnston, p. 141.

³ Volume for 1886, p. 110.

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hungry for meat, and that they gladly hailed our approach to the hippo feeding grounds, where we have never failed to make a "bag." But it was not so easy this time, on account of the high water, for it was not till after we had killed three or four that we managed to secure a prize, and this only because it was killed outright, and unable to move after the ball struck; for, after the manner of hippos, he was standing just on the edge of deep water, into which he could almost have tumbled and been beyond our reach, if only life enough had been left to make a single effort. To make him fast with a rope through a hole cut between the bone and the principal tendon of one of his legs, and have him alongside, did not take many minutes; and a little later we had towed our ton or so of flesh (it was only a small one) to a sand-bank, which was to serve as a bench for cutting him up. Here, after trying to drag our prize out of the water and get him into position, we had to give up the attempt, and to proceed to roll him up the sloping bank like a big cask.

'Before we had finished the rolling process, the natives, whose towns were on the steep hills half a mile or so away, had begun to collect—they had seen us coming, and judged that as usual there would be something to eat of our providing. Some went down to wait for the floating of those we had failed to secure; others, to the number of nearly two hundred, had collected by the time we had cut off the legs, and were eagerly waiting for the signal which would give them permission to scramble for the remains. I must say they waited for this signal with most exemplary patience; but it was no sooner given than the carcase was surrounded by a crowd that suggested the swarming of bees. Some of the little fellows got in between the legs of the big

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ones, others got in over the heads and shoulders of the first comers, while others again, not being able to get near enough to employ their knives, amused themselves by pelting their more successful comrades with wet sand.

‘As soon as one retired with as big a piece as he could cut off, there were half a dozen ready to take his place, and to engage in a regular “scrimmage” to get it. I was afraid at times they would lose their tempers, and seeing that every man had a knife, and nearly every man a spear, I was very glad it all went off so merrily, and that it ended up with a regular good-natured tug of war, waist deep in the water, to decide which party should get the dismantled ribs.’

On his return from the third voyage of the ‘Peace,’ Grenfell found awaiting him at Stanley Pool, a letter from Sir Francis de Winton, which caused him no little disquiet. It seems that on August 8, some two months earlier, Sir Francis had arrived at Stanley Pool, expecting to meet Grenfell, who, unaware of the Administrator’s purposed visit, had started out upon a long journey some few days previously. So Sir Francis unburdened his mind in a letter of serious expostulation. He affirmed that Grenfell occupied a double position upon the Congo as missionary and explorer. The Missionary Society enjoyed certain privileges, and in return was pledged to acknowledge and render obedience to the laws of the State. The steamer which had been placed upon the river to maintain communication between the Mission Stations was being used for exploring purposes, and thus a new condition of affairs had been created. As a missionary he was entitled to all help and consideration. As an explorer he was under obligation to communicate to the State any discoveries

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he might make within its territories, and to the State should belong all maps executed by him, and all observations taken.

In the opinion of Sir Francis, exploration should not be desultory, but systematic, and controlled by the chief of the State; exploring parties should be properly equipped and armed, that the supremacy of the white man might be maintained; and all exploring parties should carry the flag of the State. Of all these laws Sir Francis understands Grenfell to be a transgressor. If he is in error in this regard, he invites correction. Meanwhile he proceeds to support his indictment. Concerning Grenfell's discoveries, he has received but one short letter; whereas the Royal Geographical Society of England has received and published important maps and documents, to which the State, surely, had a prior claim. In a recent encounter with hostile natives Grenfell had behaved in a manner likely to damage the prestige of the white man. Moreover, he always carried the English flag.

For the rest, Sir Francis requires that upon his return Grenfell shall forward to him reports of his voyage, with any maps which he may have prepared. These will be transmitted to the authorities in Belgium, who will confer with the Baptist Missionary Society, and if Grenfell's explorations are to be continued, new clauses must be inserted in the contract between the State and the Society. The conclusion runs thus: "I beg you to consider that in this letter I desire to make no personal allusions to yourself. You have done very useful work, but the State has certain rights which may possibly never have occurred to you, but which it is my duty to maintain."

This document stung Grenfell severely, and if he

had met Sir Francis immediately after receiving it, the ensuing discussion would not have lacked warmth. But he calmed himself, and wrote a reply, conciliatory, dignified, and conclusive. I regret that it is too long to reproduce in full. The opening sentences may, however, be transcribed :—

‘Upon my return to this place, a few days ago, I was greatly troubled to find that in your estimation I occupied such a position as called for your serious letter of August 8. However, you are good enough, in the last clause of your communication, to admit the possibility of the “rights” in question never having occurred to me. In fact, your intimation that in the British Colonies subjects are not free to go where they will, and that the State has the “right” to possess itself of the fruits of a civilian’s labours, comes upon me as a great surprise. I am, however, quite open to conviction, and I trust that if I have transgressed, you will attribute it to my entire lack of experience as to the course followed in newly acquired colonies or recently formed States, rather than to disloyalty on my part.’

Affirming his friendliness to the State, and his pain that this should be doubted, Grenfell goes on to express surprise at the importance which had been attached to his ‘meagre sketches and observations.’ He has never spoken of his work as ‘Surveys,’ or ‘Explorations’: he does not possess an explorer’s equipment, and he is not responsible for other people’s talk about himself. Such as they were, the results of his journeys had been accessible to any who had interest in them, save to certain people specified, who were not friends of the State.

News of his first journey was conveyed to a Belgian

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officer, before any letter from himself had reached England. The said officer asked for information, and liberty to publish it, and received both. The Belgian authorities could not have been surprised by the use of the steamer 'Peace,' in traversing previously unvisited affluents of the Congo, as a clause which would have barred this was struck out of the first agreement, at the request of the Baptist Missionary Society; 'and full liberty was left us to get as near as we could to the valley of the Shari, which was widely published as one of the objects for which our steamer was given.'

As regards the flag; he will buy one. In the matter of his behaviour in collision with hostile natives, there has been gross mistake, which he proceeds to correct. He will at once commence the preparation of maps and reports of his most recent 'Explorations,' but pressure of other duties may delay their completion. If they compare ill with the work of explorers proper, it must be remembered that, having been both captain and engineer, his attention to the making of observations has been less complete than he could have wished.

The brevity of his letter to Sir Francis was due, first, to pressure of work, and secondly to the hope that he would shortly be seeing him, with opportunity for communicating all. He greatly regrets that he was absent when Sir Francis arrived in August, and would have delayed departure, had he known of his coming. The letter concludes: 'Trusting I have convinced you, and hoping yet to more fully prove that I am not one of those against whom the State needs to be "protected": with my sincere personal regards for yourself, I remain, etc.'

When the two men met, a month later, Sir Francis

admitted that he had been misinformed, withdrew from the obstructive position which he had assumed, and left Grenfell free to go on as before, except that hereafter in his going he carried the State flag as well as the flag of England.

As Sir Francis de Winton was himself a Christian gentleman, entirely sympathetic with Grenfell's ideals, the correction which he invited, received, and acknowledged generated no bitterness. This is amply proved by the beautiful tribute which he paid to Grenfell's character and work in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, June 1, 1886. Having described, in brief, the geographical achievements of the Baptist missionary, he said : ' Let us also hope that Mr. Grenfell may be allowed to finish this all-important work for the future of Africa ; for, in addition to his high merits as an explorer, he is an earnest, large-minded, devout Christian missionary, and has gained for himself the reputation of being a most painstaking and accurate observer, loved by all and trusted by all—a true Christian pioneer.'

From October, 1885, to the end of February, 1886, Grenfell was at Stanley Pool, elaborating his geographical records, and attending to the general work of the Mission. During this period his anxieties were many and grave. In the interview with Sir Francis de Winton, referred to above, he was startled by the Administrator General's intimation that the whole question of missionary allotments was under reconsideration at Brussels.

Grenfell writes that he would not object to a plan for the prevention of overlapping, if the Roman Catholics would respect the arrangement. He hopes that the

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Committee will not assent to any new allotment scheme, without consulting the brethren in the field. Another scare came upon him, when Sir Francis suggested that the site at Lukolela had better not be occupied. Heavy anxieties were also occasioned by the retrogressive policy of the State upon the upper river. The State stations at Lukolela and Bolobo had been abandoned, the Equator station was to be relinquished, those at Bangala and Kwamouth were held in suspense.

The Falls station was dominated by Tippoo Tib, whose patronage of the white man had been purchased at the price of non-interference with his nefarious business. The river above Bangala was closed to navigation in October, and concerning this restriction, dictated by the hostility of the natives and the weakness of the State, Grenfell says: 'We are safe enough, if we may run away. But to this the State objects.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Stanley Pool, December 7.

'The State, on account of the expense involved in the maintenance of its present site on the hillside, has under consideration the question of removing to Nshasha, some four or five miles farther up river. The present Administrator General advises it; but that fact in itself may be a good reason why the future Administrator General should oppose it. Like the State, we too have felt the difficulty which obtains in getting a good site in our present location, and have also cast about for a plot of level ground. This we have found about three miles up stream, in the direction of Nshasha, and have secured a provisional treaty from Sir Francis de Winton for it.

This was all the more easily arranged, as the papers for our present site have not yet been definitely signed in Brussels.

‘During the dry season we excavated some 20,000 cubic feet of the hillside to form a terrace, but as soon as the rainy season commenced it became quite plain that it would never do to put houses on it, unless we were prepared for either continuous heavy expenses for maintenance, or for the constant risk of an absolute collapse of our buildings. We shall regret very much to leave our present coign of vantage, and relinquish the magnificent views of the Pool and the Falls; but it is more important that we should be securely placed, and that we should be nearer to the beach than we are at present. There are many difficulties in occupying a site 200 feet above the water, when we have so much to do at the water’s edge. Mr. Comber and the brethren here agree most emphatically as to the advisability of the step.’

TO MISS HAWKES.

Stanley Pool, December 27.

‘I had the happiness to see Comber back again last month. He looks capitally well, and is full of spirits. All the men who came out with him have had a taste of fever, but are pulling themselves together again. We are devoutly thankful they have been spared to us, and trust God will preserve them long.’

On February 24, 1886, Grenfell commenced his fourth voyage in the ‘Peace,’ purposing to visit Stanley Falls. He took with him Baron von Nimptsch, who had business at the Falls with Tippoo Tib, and Lieutenant Wissmann, who desired to be conveyed up the Kasai

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and the Luala. The Lieutenant's affairs were of so great importance to the State, that Grenfell was constrained to comply with his request. But he was under obligation, which could not be broken, to convey four Lolango men to the Equator, for the American Baptist Missionary Union, before March 15. So the journey to the Falls was by no means direct. First he made for the Equator; then back to Kwamouth, and up the Kasai and the Lulua with Lieutenant Wissmann; then back again to Kwamouth, and finally up the Congo to the Falls. The original incentive of this long, adventurous, and most important voyage was very simple. Grenfell shall give it in his own words.

‘The immediate reason for my going to the Falls just now lies in the fact that when I was up there, fourteen months ago, Dr. Sims and I got a couple of boys from Tippoo Tib, and promised to return with them in a year or so. I am hoping to bring the boys down with me again; they will gladly return if they only have the chance. Hamisi has been with us, Suliman with Dr. Sims and the American Baptist Missionary Union; they are about thirteen and fifteen respectively, and are both smart, promising fellows, especially the younger one. We shall all be very sorry to lose him, and I know his schoolfellows, with whom he is very popular, will miss him very much. I'm sorry to say, however, that it is the bold, wild side of his character, and his faculty for recounting most graphically the tragic details of slave-raids in which he has been engaged (he used to carry a spare rifle and extra cartridges for Tippoo Tib), which in no small degree account for his popularity with our timid Congo lads. He has been to Zanzibar, has seen the sea and the big ships, and his Majesty the Sultan—so is quite a

traveller. I should indeed be happy if we could hope that the grace of God had already touched his heart and was moulding it into milder mood. At present he is pretty much of an Ishmaelite, though he knows, and in his quieter moments acknowledges, the advantages of our "better way."

NOTE.

Grenfell's name will appear on the map of Africa. At the instance of Sir Harry Johnston geographers have agreed to christen the series of rapids which interrupt navigation on the Mubangi, 'Grenfell Falls.' These rapids extend for a distance of forty-five miles, beginning with the Rapid of Mokwangai and ending with the final Zongo Fall. See *George Grenfell and the Congo*, pp. 132, 348, note 2.

CHAPTER XI

FROM AUTUMN, 1884, TO AUTUMN, 1887—Continued

A Destructive Fire—Position of Arabs—A Brave Official—Mr. Arthington's Inquiries—Dock Difficulties—Arab Success at Stanley Falls—Lukolela Station founded—A Letter of Thanks—The Kwango—Homeward Bound—Scarcity—Interview with the King of the Belgians—Heavy Tidings—Death of Comber—Grenfell's Anxiety to return to the Congo—Translation Work—Programme of Work.

AFTER four months' voyaging Grenfell reached Stanley Pool on the evening of June 25 to find big trouble awaiting him. In his absence, preparations had been made for the removal of the station from the site at Leopoldville, granted to the Mission by Stanley, to a more convenient site, near Kinshasa, which the State had agreed to give in exchange for the old location. The new buildings were well forward, but all the stores were still in the flimsy, dilapidated structures at Leopoldville, when a grass fire, kindled by some native boys on June 24, swept down upon the station, and practically wiped it out.

TO MR. HAWKES.

Stanley Pool, June 29.

'It is 1 a.m., and the mail closes at 7, and as I have to get some sleep before that hour, you will be content with a very short letter, especially when I tell you something more of my circumstances.

‘We returned, all well, on the evening of the 25th, after an absence of four months, to find that our stores had been entirely gutted by fire the day previously, and were still smouldering. Nothing but the dwelling-houses saved. Up-river goods, station stores, steamer stores and spare gear, and our private stores of food, clothes, etc., all gone. I do not think the total figure can possibly be under £3000, and I fear it may be more. Well, all this has rendered it needful for me to dive into ordering a little of everything just to go on with; and I have just finished the order sheets, and written an advice note to Mr. Baynes that he may expect debit notes to the tune of £400 or so almost at once.

‘In the meantime we shall have to pull along as best we can. Some of us will, in the native idiom, “see trouble,” but we seem pretty jolly notwithstanding. There’s a sort of desperate “Mark Tapleyism” abroad, as we consider the last bar of soap and the last packet of candles, and the who knows how many months before our orders are filled. These personal matters are only things to laugh about; it is the throwing back of our work which hurts us all. Our forward plans have had a most emphatic check, for it will be impossible to occupy a new post while the base itself is in difficulties. It seems very strange that just as the men are coming up country the door should be barred in this way. We don’t understand it; but it’s all right nevertheless.

‘We had a prosperous journey in the “Peace,” I am happy to say. Not the slightest difficulty anywhere. At the place where they sent out 400 armed men to attack us last time, we went ashore, and got some of the people to help us cut wood for the steamer. God’s blessing has been very manifestly upon us.

‘I was very, very glad to get the kind tokens sent

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by my Birmingham friends. By a mere accident they escaped the fire. The chronometer is one which would have delighted Livingstone. It would have saved him no end of trouble in taking observations. It is exactly what is wanted for astronomical observing. One can do single-handed now, and yet run no risk of missing the observation. I've lost several good observations for lack of a skilled helper at the chronometer, for even taking the time needs experience.'

On July 26 Grenfell wrote to Mr. Baynes from the new station, Kinshasa, Stanley Pool, describing some of the incidents of his long voyage. I quote one significant passage.

'When on our previous visit to the Falls Station we found the place dominated by the Arabs, and the State establishment only existing by their sufferance. The natives, recognizing the Arabs to be the stronger, were, of course, loyal to them, and disloyal to the State; but just as the strong measures resorted to by the authorities on the river have resulted in the peaceful attitude of the people, so the show of force and of independence at the Falls has secured the allegiance of many of the disaffected.

'The Arabs themselves can scarcely be afraid of the force which might be opposed to them, but they are evidently restrained from dealing in the same high-handed manner as before—we suppose, by diplomatic action at Zanzibar. At any rate, the chief of the Stanley Falls Station is able to assert his position, and so far has managed to maintain it, though when we left matters were becoming rather critical.

'It appears that, a short time before our arrival, a slave woman took refuge in the State camp, and the

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Arabs, finding out her retreat, applied to Mr. Deane (an Englishman), who is chief of the station, with the natural result that he refused to send her back.

A few days later, however, the Arabs caught her, flogged her severely, and kept her prisoner. An opportunity for escape occurring, she immediately fled to the camp once more, and during the time we were at the Falls, Bwana Sige, Tippoo Tib's deputy, came across, and made formal application for her. At this juncture Mr. Deane asked us missionaries to be present as witnesses at the palaver, and on our arrival proceeded to explain to Bwana Sige that he had no wish to act in any unfriendly way towards the Arabs, but that the woman must decide for herself; if she wished to return, the way was quite open, but that it was impossible for him to hand her over. As an officer of the State he could not, and as an Englishman he would not, be party to compelling the woman to return to her masters against her will.

He, at the same time, expressed his readiness to call her, that she might be heard; but this Bwana Sige would not agree to, as he well knew the woman feared, as she had every reason to do, for her life, did she but once fall into Arab hands. Bwana Sige proceeded to inquire whether Mr. Deane had well considered what he said, and whether he could take care of his head. Mr. Deane replied that he had considered the matter very thoroughly, and that he thought he could "take care of his head"—at any rate, he would try. Bwana Sige, finding that he could not arrange the matter to his satisfaction, began to lose his temper, and after awhile left in high dudgeon.

'I may say that, if the worst came to the worst, the chief of Stanley Falls Station and his forty or fifty men

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would "give a good account of themselves." Mr. Deane, having seen a lot of hard service in India, has had to "take care of his head" a good many times. A year ago, in an affair with the natives, he was surprised during a heavy storm at night, and was speared right through the thigh (a wound that very nearly cost him his life); but he did not lose nerve, for, drawing the spear out of the wound, he fought with that, as he could reach no other weapon without irretrievably exposing himself to his assailants. I am afraid, however, if it came to a rupture with the Arabs, that his bravery would not save him—even Gordon was overcome by numbers.'

Among other letters awaiting Grenfell upon his return to Stanley Pool was one from Mr. Robert Arthington, dated, Leeds, England, March 9, 1886. The opening is a quaint, solemn, and really eloquent acknowledgment of God's goodness in aiding Grenfell in work so important to His Kingdom. The writer goes on to beg that Grenfell will disregard his suggestions, unless they are endorsed by his own judgment, and continues: 'I want to know the exact point on the upper waters, say of the Mubangi, by latitude and longitude, where it would be most helpful or promising to pass to the highest navigable point on the Shari River which flows into Lake Tchad. I want to know the nearest point—to be reached by available waterway of any kind, on, or from, the Congo River, between, say the Aruwimi and the first of the Stanley Falls—to either the Albert Nyanza, or to the Muta Nzige (to the actual Lakes), or to a navigable point by latitude and longitude on some river flowing east into either the Albert Nyanza or the Muta Nzige—the lakes above referred to.'

Mr. Arthington is also concerned about the possibility

of passing from the Congo, *viâ* the Kasai, or some other affluent, to the Zambesi.

In a grateful and sympathetic reply Grenfell laments that at present his physical condition compels him to think of a period of rest. He feels that it is 'folly for mortals as well as ships to carry on till they can hold together no longer, instead of going into dock from time to time.' The last three and a half years have meant strain for him, and when he has completed four years he will have to visit England. This may permit him to see Mr. Arthington.

'In the meantime, however,' he says, 'I will reply briefly to your three questions, only regretting that as yet time and opportunity have not served for the "Peace" to cover all the available ground, and that I am therefore unable to speak definitely as to possibilities still before us.

'1st. Up the Mubangi the farthest point reached by the "Peace" was $4^{\circ} 30'$ North latitude, and $19^{\circ} 25'$ East longitude, distant from Shari Valley about three degrees. River still open when we turned back.

'2nd. Farthest point up the Kasai $5^{\circ} 22'$ South latitude and $20^{\circ} 40'$ East longitude. Distant from the Garanganje country, or Lake Dibolo, about six degrees.

'3rd. Nearest point to the lakes yet attained by the "Peace," is Stanley Falls, $30'$ North latitude and about 25° East longitude.

'Although the Mubangi was still an open waterway where we left it, yet I think it will scarcely approach the Shari valley more closely than at the point where we found the course strike suddenly away eastwards, some dozen miles or so below our turning-point.

'I do not think that any of the as yet unvisited affluents of the Kasai will furnish us with a nearer approach

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to the Zambesi Valley than the point we have already attained, distant, I take it, some 400 miles from Arnot's proposed destination. . . .

'When I look back, and see the wondrous way by which the Lord has brought me, and consider how He has honoured me with a place in the forefront among those who go forth on the Congo to obey His command to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, my heart is very heavy, that I am able to do so little.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Stanley Pool, July 27.

'I must find a few minutes for another matter. It concerns the enclosed copy of letter which awaited my return from up river. I also enclose my reply, open, for your perusal, and will ask you to please seal and send forward.

'You will observe that Mr. Arthington opens up, suggestively, a very wide field for future pioneering work, with which I am personally very much in sympathy, but which I cannot venture to undertake till I have both received further orders from the Committee, and in some measure recruited my health. This forward work is, perhaps, a matter it will be wise to keep open till I have an opportunity for personally conferring with yourself or the Committee. I came down river this last time quite expecting that my "pioneering" days were done, and that I was about to settle down into the quiet, and to me, after my wanderings, very agreeable routine of station life.

'I was thinking that with the amount of young blood we have in the Mission it would not be needful that I should continue to fill the position in which circumstances have placed me, somewhat prominently, during the past

two years. However, if in your view and Mr. Arthington's it is right that I should not entirely delegate the "forward" work to other hands, I shall take it as an indication of the direction in which my duty lies. Wherever my efforts may be best expended, I shall esteem it my joy to serve, and whatever may present itself as the "next thing," I shall attempt in the name of Him upon Whom we may rely for all needful grace and strength.

TO MRS. HARTLAND.

Kinshasa, August 8.

'We have just received Bentley's telegram, telling us he starts with four new men by the September mail. This is very good news, but I fear something will hinder him; he still has lots of printing work to do.

'Thank you very much for the verses you send. "Safe Home . . . And only not a Wreck," I like amazingly, and I've carefully stowed it away with other good things. Thanks also for the many items of interesting news you send. Mr. Hawker is your new pastor, you say! He was an old college chum of mine. So was Baillie, who has taken Chown's place. We were all three of the same "year."'

TO THE REV. A. BILLINGTON, of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

August 9.

'Somehow, one of the greatest difficulties I find in bringing myself to consider the question of going to England lies in the necessity of trusting the "Peace" to the tender mercies of others. In my own mind, nobody will ever do for her as I have done. That's egotism, no doubt, a sort of paternal weakness for the craft, for which, perhaps, I may be excused. You can understand

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something about the feeling, I fancy, if others cannot. I'm hammering away at our new dock ; have got a third of the ways down, but have just come to springs in the dock bed, which have been giving us a lot of trouble, and which threaten us with many more difficulties as we push ahead.'

At the end of August Grenfell was hopeful that Lukolela would immediately be occupied, and the up-river work fairly commenced. He recognized that the loss of building materials and stores by fire would involve increased hardship at the start, but he felt that that must not be allowed to hinder. In the event, the forward move was again delayed by illness, and it was not until September 30 that the "Peace" steamed up river, to locate Richards and Davies at Lukolela, and stand by for a month, while Grenfell and his crew helped them to put up their first houses. Lake Leopold was visited *en route*, but the main purpose of the voyage was not fulfilled. Davies became seriously ill on the journey, and was brought back in a grave condition to Stanley Pool. Once more sad news awaited Grenfell upon his return. During his absence, his baby boy, two months old, had passed away, and the loss was keenly felt.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Stanley Pool, October 23.

'You will be grieved to learn that the Arabs have compassed the ousting of the State from the Falls. The strained relationships of which I have already informed you came to a crisis, and the station was invested by some eight hundred men. Mr. Deane and his thirty or forty soldiers fought till all their cartridges were done, then blew up the station, threw their arms in the river,

and escaped at midnight. After the hardships of a three days' battle Mr. Deane spent a month in the forest, and has come down river, a mere wreck of his former self. His comrade, Lieutenant Dubois, was drowned, and nineteen of his men are missing. Captain Coquilhat, who rescued Mr. Deane in the small steamer 'A.I.A.,' had to run the gauntlet of the Arabs, and got wounded in the arm. He goes home by this mail.'

'November 17. The "Peace" set out for Lukolela once more, on the 28th ultimo, but on reaching Kimpoko (Bishop Taylor's station, at the other end of the Pool), our brethren found Mr. Shoreland so ill that it was determined to return to Leopoldville, that the sick man might be taken to the doctor. On the 1st instant the "Peace" started up river once more, and the latest news I have is dated the 3rd, just as she was leaving Kimpoko, the crew hungry and discontented, and no food on board. The steamer towed the station canoe up to Kimpoko, that it might return with supplies for us; but we were greatly disappointed by the return of the empty canoe, and by the information that the steamer had not been able to supply its own wants. Mr. Shoreland, I am glad to learn from the doctor at Leopoldville, is much better, being hopeful of returning to Kimpoko this week.'

This time success was recorded, and the station at Lukolela was founded on November 13 by Darby and Biggs, Charters having command of the "Peace." But in December Grenfell started upon another voyage, of which some account is given in the following letter:—

TO MR. BAYNES.

Stanley Pool, January 4, 1887.

'It is not every time that the "Peace," on returning from a voyage, finds good news awaiting her. This

time, however, after journeying up the Kwango as far as it was navigable, our hearts have been gladdened by tidings of the completion of the Stanley Pool Fire Fund. It is barely six months since the catastrophe, yet in that time the news has travelled to England, the appeal has been made and responded to, and now we have tidings that the loss is entirely covered by special contributions!

‘My brethren and myself feel this to be the occasion for a letter of thanks to those churches and friends who have come forward so nobly and lifted off our hearts the shadow of the great calamity which overtook us last Midsummer Day. We regard it as a magnificent vote of confidence; and I feel sure that this very emphatic evidence of sympathy will be followed by such prayers as are no small factor in our being sustained. Our hearts are gladdened, and we give hearty thanks because of you. Our joy is full.

‘This last journey of ours was undertaken (Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, Mr. Charters, Mr. Darby, Dr. Mense, of the Congo Free State, and myself, were the party on board) in the hope that we should find the Kwango navigable as far south as the latitude of San Salvador. We felt that the probabilities were against us, but that it was important, before definitely adopting any plan of campaign, that we should have all the details; and this last river, the one nearest to us, strange to say, not having been ascended to its ultimate point, we determined to make the journey, and see what its bearing might be on the problem of overland communication. If it transpired that the waterway was clear to the latitude of San Salvador, it would not be much farther to the upper river system, *viâ* that place, than the present route to Stanley Pool, and the advantage of plenty of carriers would be secured, a matter of very



MISSION CANOE ON THE UPPER CONGO.
 Missionary Visiting an Out-station.
Photo : Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



LETTING DOWN FISHING-NET, BOPOTO.
Photo : Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.

great importance, when we consider the straits we are in because of the difficulty in getting our loads carried through to Arthington.

'In 1880, Major von Mechow put an iron boat on the Kwango at a point a hundred miles south of the latitude of San Salvador, and travelled northward for nearly two hundred miles to the Kingunji Rapids, which were described as possibly passable at high water. We chose the time of high water, and proceeded southward from the confluence with the Kasai for about one hundred and fifty miles, and then found our way barred by the same obstacle which Von Mechow encountered when he approached it from the other side six years ago. It is greatly to be deplored that a miserable fall, only about as high as a table, should bar the way nearly in the middle of a four hundred mile stretch of waterway. Native canoes are hauled past, and boats might be, but it was too much for the "Peace," and so we had to return.

'In the lower parts of the Kwango we had some difficulty in communicating with the people on account of their language; but as we got farther south, Mr. Bentley and Nlemvo found they were among people with whom they could speak freely, and to whom they could explain something of the work missionaries came to do.

'People were friendly everywhere, excepting at one place. Here one morning four men came out with guns to bar our way, as they threatened they would do the previous evening; but when we blew our terrible pair of steam whistles, and made them shriek their loudest and most discordant notes, the way the warlike expedition collapsed, and the warriors helped their paddlers pull for the shore, was so comical that we could not forbear a

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heartily laugh ; and as we passed the abandoned craft on the beach from which it had so vauntingly set forth a few minutes before, I am sorry to say our crew indulged in rude chaff to the best of their ability (they have great capacity in that direction) for the benefit of the runaways, who could not have been out of earshot.

‘As I purpose starting down country, “homeward bound,” to-morrow, I will not write more, but will wait the opportunity to tell you of the wonderful opening up of the country and of the glorious possibilities before us. May God give us all grace and strength for the work ! A grander work never was set before the Christian Church.’

TO MR. LEWIS.

S.S. ‘Nubia,’ near Gaboon, February 14.

‘This last letter of yours I found awaiting me on my return to the Pool on January 2, and was moved by your appeals to the memories of old times to sit down at once and respond, as was due. However, it was not possible, for we had returned to find the station dragging along on “short commons,” and it became necessary to clear out at once, to avoid an absolute famine. So, starting some of our things off the following day, we ourselves cleared out on the 5th, homeward bound. The interval was too short to allow of my getting through the business that was called for in turning the station over to Bentley. However, we did what we could (leaving letters, as you may imagine, in the background), and managed to put things a bit ship-shape, and made arrangements for the steamer to go up river again, as we went down country, so as to relieve the pressure for food which obtained at Arthington Station.

'There have been two successive failures in the matter of rainfall, and the consequence is that food is very scarce. As yet we have suffered but very slightly, and only few meal-times have passed without something being given out to our children and workpeople. I am afraid, however, that the worst of the pinch is in the future. The present season being one of plentiful rain, and of great promise ; we have only to hold out a little longer, and the pinch will have passed. Six months more, and we shall have something to go on with, though it takes a year or a year and a half, or even more, for the cassada crops, which are the mainstay, to come to maturity.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Same date.

'I am already better for being free of the responsibilities of my recent position, the more acute symptoms being much modified, and I trust that a period of rest in the "old country" will enable me, if God wills, to resume my work with renewed strength, and with tenfold increased devotion.'

The s.s. 'Nubia' having reached Liverpool, Grenfell spent most of his shortened furlough in London, and letters available give one or two suggestive glimpses of time in going and coming.

TO MR. HAWKES.

Bury, March 30.

'We shall be passing near to Birmingham on our way to London to-morrow. If it would be suitable to you, it would be a great pleasure for us to take you *en route*, and stay the night. We have with us a little black boy and a girl, in addition to our three selves.

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These two are nine or ten years old, and need scarcely any consideration. On board steamer they rolled themselves up in their blankets (which they carry with them), and "turned in" on the deck: here they lie on the floor. If we make a bit of fuss with them, we shall have trouble to get them down to the old status when we return. . . . I go on to Liverpool to see about a boat in an hour's time. Came up from London yesterday.'

TO MRS. HARLAND.

Shepherd's Bush, April 14.

'You will be very sorry to hear that I found our poor little Peg, when I went down to Cornwall on Wednesday last, suffering from a wound which she had inflicted with a pair of scissors on her right eye, and which Dr. Tweedy says will involve a serious operation. There will be a consultation next week, and we shall know more about it. We are in great trouble. Poor Mamma is quite disconsolate, and says she does not care to go anywhere while this cloud hangs so heavily. You will therefore please excuse us. We shall be sure to make going to see you one of our first visits. I am far from well, and am trying to take care of myself indoors.'

The operation was performed, and Pattie lost an eye. Thus, by a curious and sad coincidence, the child suffered precisely the same misfortune as her father had sustained in his youth.

Toward the end of June Grenfell is still in Shepherd's Bush, delaying his departure from London that he may see the Jubilee procession. Shortly after, he goes to Belgium, to further Mission interests, and to do some geographical work.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Chateau Gingalom, Gingalom, Belgium, July 11.

'On Saturday I was received by the King at his palace, and had an interview of more than an hour's duration. He was very gracious, and desired that I should convey to you the assurance of his very kind regard. Strangely enough, he expressed great interest in those portions of his State to which Mr. Arthington seems specially drawn, the Upper Mubangi and the district in which Arnot has settled. He went so far as to "hope" that our Society (he said "you") would be able to push on in these directions. He seems bent on carrying the railway through, even though at his own expense, and speaks in the most positive way of its ultimate accomplishment. He realizes the difficulties of the position very keenly, especially that of labour.'

TO MR. HAWKES.

Brussels, July 17.

'I have been busy during the past week collating data and furnishing details for a map of the Pool, which the executive here are preparing for the basis of negotiations with France, respecting the delimitation of the French frontier on the Pool.

'I have had lots of flattering notices by the press—and invitations *ad lib*. I want to be quiet. Should have left last week but for the map work.'

August 9, 1887, was a memorable day in Grenfell's life. He called at the Mission House, and met the Rev. J. H. Weeks, who had just returned from the Congo. Mr. Weeks, whose illness had caused grave anxiety, was much better, but he was the bearer of heavy tidings.

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Mr. Baynes was away for his holiday, and the following three telegrams, despatched by Grenfell in quick succession, tell their own story:—

‘Chancery Lane Office, 11.43 a.m. To A. H. Baynes, 6, Pearl Street, Saltburn. Weeks is here, very, very much better. But Thomas Comber died at Mayumba, homeward bound, *viâ* German mail, end July. Am overwhelmed, Grenfell.’

‘Cornhill Office, 12.42 p.m. To Baynes, Saltburn. Shall I come down at once? Weeks thinks I ought to go out by first mail. Grenfell, 19, Furnival Street.’

‘Chancery Lane Office, 1.34 p.m. To Baynes, Saltburn. I am ready to go by “Imbria,” Grenfell.’

On the same day he wrote the following letter to Mr. Baynes, which subsequently appeared in the *Missionary Herald*:—

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

19, Furnival Street, London, E.C., August 9, 1887.

‘After the anxiety consequent upon Mr. Weeks’ failure to arrive as expected by the last mail, you will be very glad to learn that he has safely reached London, and that he is very much better; but though you are now able to dispel all fear on his account, you will be overwhelmed by the sad tidings he brings.

‘I scarcely know how to write it—my heart is, indeed, very, very sore—for one of the heaviest blows that could have fallen upon our Congo Mission has just come down with terribly crushing effect.

‘The enclosed letter from Dr. Small (if you have already perused it) will have told you of the dreadful condition to which our dear brother Comber was reduced when he was put on board the German mail as a last

resource—a resource which, Mr. Weeks learned on his homeward voyage, proved of no avail.

‘It appears that the serious symptoms which characterized the illness of my dear colleague were in no measure reduced ; indeed, they became more and more acute, and before the German mail steamer had journeyed more than a couple of hundred miles on its homeward voyage our brother had finished all his journeyings, and his spirit had reached the great homeland, and entered into the presence of the Lord and Master whom he loved so dearly.

‘The German mail is due next week, and it is expected that it will bring the history of the case referred to by Dr. Small, and also details from Mr. Scrivener. In the meantime we must be content with the verbal information given by Mr. Fuller, of Cameroons, to Mr. Weeks, who arrived at that place a few days after the German steamer had left on her slow voyage to Hamburg. From this information it appears that our brother died at sea at the close of June, or early in July, but that his body was not committed to the deep ; for the captain, finding it was possible to reach Mayumba (a little more than 200 miles north of the mouth of the Congo River), headed for that place, and furnished an opportunity for burial there.

‘This news, though very scant, is very definite, and it is altogether too well confirmed to allow of our retaining any hope that it might be untrue ; and so with sad heart we must resign ourselves to waiting for the sorrowful details.

‘Not only does this blow fall on us, who have lost a loving-hearted friend and devoted fellow-worker, who was ever ready to sacrifice himself, and whose charity never failed, but you will remember, as I do, the

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heaviness and bitterness that this stroke will bring to the hearts of dear relatives and a wide circle of very affectionate friends. I know you will join with me in praying that the God of all consolation, the great Comforter, will sustain sorrow-stricken hearts.

‘You know, my dear Mr. Baynes, the especially close bonds of sympathy which bound my dear colleague, Tom Comber, to myself, and how intimately we have been associated during the past ten years; you know, too, many of the difficulties we have faced, and many of the sorrows we have borne together, and will, I am confident, sympathize very sincerely and tenderly with me, and with those who mourn the loss of one of the greatest and dearest of friends.’

In a second letter, still of the same date, Grenfell reports an interview with Thomas Comber’s father, in which he and Mr. Weeks had communicated the heart-breaking news, and adds: ‘I have already commenced to pack my things.’

A week later, writing to Mr. Baynes, he says—

‘I thank you very sincerely for your very kind letter of yesterday, and also for having enclosed Sir ——’s note respecting my going out. I have been thinking the matter over most carefully for the past six hours, and I can’t bring myself to the idea that I shall be doing the right thing by staying a month—the need seems imperative, and the more imperative the more I think of it. My wife (whose judgment in matters concerning our Mission I know to be worthy of consideration), though she regrets very much having to leave England so early, feels with me that we are called back to the Congo without delay.

‘I know that going out means lots of hard work and

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anxiety, but I feel that it will be harder work, and that I shall be more anxious, if I stay at home. I do not doubt that my physical condition is quite equal to another spell of work on the Congo (not a long spell, perhaps), and you may rely upon my good sense and my instinct of self-preservation for protecting the interests of the Mission, in so far as they are identical with my poor life.

‘The waiting for a month of course would be very convenient for me. It would give me so much more time to get ready. But what of our poor fellows on the Congo, who will be glad of a month’s help from me? . . .

‘I forgot to give you my address during the coming few days. I expect to leave London on Thursday evening, and to stay till Friday evening with Dr. Glover at Westfield Park, Bristol. Saturday and Sunday I hope to be with my mother, Mrs. Grenfell, Ennis Cottage, Sancreed, nr. Penzance. Monday I propose to sleep in Birmingham (52, Princess Road, Edgbaston) and to go on to Liverpool in the afternoon. This of course is a “programme” liable to variation.’

The letters of these days make it clear that Grenfell had to fight for permission to answer the call for immediate return, which the clamant needs of the Mission made articulate to his own soul. There arose in the minds of some of the most ardent and loyal supporters of the Mission a conviction that his furlough ought not to be shortened, and that to allow him to return to Congo before his health was fully re-established would involve the taking of unwarrantable risks. This conviction found decided expression in a letter from Sir ——— to Mr. Baynes. The spirit of the letter is admirable, and the writer intimates that if his advice is not

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taken, he will harbour no resentment, and pray that his forebodings may not be fulfilled. But the burden is upon his soul, and he must discharge it.

I quote the following sentences. The letter is dated August 13, and addressed to Mr. Baynes :—

‘What I felt on reading your decision to send out Grenfell at once was that you must be acting on some information not accessible to me. Grenfell’s impulse to go at once I understand. He would be sure to be ready to leap into the breach ; but is it wise to let him ? I doubt it. There will be much depression among the Churches under this new loss, and doubts as to the wisdom of sacrificing so many noble young lives will be raised. Should Grenfell now go out, before his full furlough is up, and should he, while excited and anxious, and still enfeebled, be also struck down, the Congo Mission would receive a staggering blow.

‘Grenfell is and has been the first man there. It is he, and not Comber, who has fired the imagination of our young people, and won the admiration of the older. That Comber was a most important element in the Mission is clear enough, and his loss fills us with grief, but he was of more ordinary stuff than Grenfell. Grenfell is one of a generation, as a Gospel pioneer. Do let him get strong, and do not run risks with his life.’

In a letter dated August 17, Grenfell explains to Mr. Baynes that his absorption in the main matter has caused him to overlook things of minor importance, and proceeds—

‘I feel that I must not allow Sir ———’s very flattering remarks to pass without my telling you that I think he has done Mr. Comber’s memory an injustice in ranking his influence second to mine. I knew Comber’s sterling worth, and the wide-reaching power

of the sympathy he commanded too well to allow for one moment that the glare of my pioneering was more potent. To certain minds the work which I have been privileged to do appeals more strikingly than the work of my dear colleague ; but it is only to a small section of the constituents of our Society that this would apply.

‘I thank God for the work Comber has done. He was the man raised up for the work, and I look round very anxiously for one who may be able to wear his mantle. He seems to my mind to have had exceptional ability in guiding and leading others, and I very much fear we shall very badly miss his faculty in this matter. To his gentle and wise dealings the Committee have to attribute the freedom from that “friction” which often manifests itself in enterprises such as ours, and I pray very sincerely that a spirit of love and forbearance may be granted to the Congo brethren, and that we may be enabled to work together in such harmony as should characterize our dealings one with another. . . .

‘I shall call at the Mission House on Monday evening, on my way to Liverpool. I can’t see my way a bit clearer to agree to stopping.’

As one who knew personally both Comber and Grenfell, I am of opinion that the latter’s disclaimer of pre-eminence was according to truth. God set these men side by side. They were both great ; each great enough to think the other greater. Their gifts were diverse and complementary, but they understood, revered, and thanked God for one another.

They were God’s greatest gifts to the Congo Mission in its early days. But ‘the one was taken and the other left.’ Comber was a radiant being, compact of sunshine, enthusiasm, power, and love. He had the heart of a

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little child, and children idolized him. He could hold them spell-bound while he discoursed of the love of Jesus, and when play-time came, could share with them the ecstasies of a madcap frolic of his own devising. He had a will of tempered steel, as Stanley discovered and confessed. His sympathy was as inexhaustible as his energy, and his judgment was swift and sound. While Grenfell was specializing as explorer, Comber was the recognized leader of the Mission, trusted and beloved by all. The early death of such a man confirms our Christian faith that death is illusory, and not real. Such a labourer, who entered the 'vineyard' so early, and wrought with such zeal while the sun climbed the sky, could not, by any accident of mortality, be defrauded of his 'penny.' And God could not affront the soul of 'Vianga Vianga' by proffering him a lesser recompense than 'the wages of going on, and not to die.'

On August 18 Grenfell writes a brief note to Mr. Baynes, thanking him for sympathy, expressing intense relief in that he is permitted to go, and arranging to meet his friend and chief under the clock at Lime Street, Liverpool.

On the 23rd he sailed, with his wife and his new colleagues, Brown and Harrison, not in the yacht-like 'Nubia,' which he had hoped would be their ship, but in the 'Landana,' which 'had been "laid up" in dock for more than a year, and was fusty enough to turn the stomach of a camel.' But the 'fusty, musty, dirty, tarry' old craft was thoroughly rinsed out in the Bay of Biscay, and would thereafter have been tolerable, but for her wicked trick of losing time. The letter from which I gather these descriptive notes, addressed to Mrs. Hartland, is perhaps the most vituperative of Grenfell's

epistles. He cannot get done with abusing ‘the dowdy old craft.’ There is no mystery in this, when we note that his sea-sickness was severe.

At Cameroons the party picked up John Pinnock and his wife, most valuable reinforcements, and early in October arrived at Underhill, much behind time.

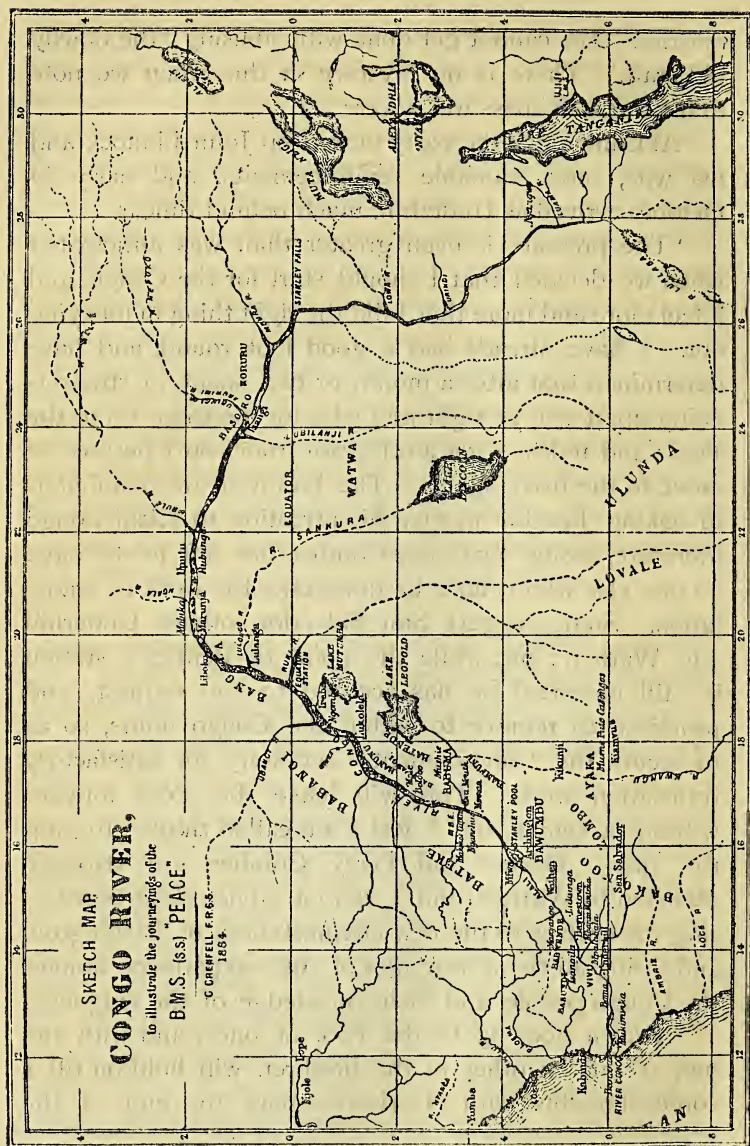
‘The pressure is even greater than was anticipated when we decided that I should start for the Congo, and I feel more and more that I did the right thing in hurrying out. I have already had a good look round, and have determined that after a month or two, spent in straightening up, it will be right and wise for me to go up to the Pool; and unless I get a telegram from you I purpose to move to the front again. The brethren are unanimous in asking Bentley to give his attention to Kishi-Congo literature, seeing that now Comber has left us we have no one else who is able to undertake the work of translation. Some suggest San Salvador, others Underhill and Wathen; but while the point of Bentley’s station is still unsettled he has acceded to the request, and promised to remove to within the Congo limits, so as to secure the “environment” necessary for satisfactory translation work. This will leave the Pool forward without a senior, and I feel I am called thither to stop the gap. Davies and Percy Comber are strongly attached to Wathen, and I cannot advise their transferring themselves to the new circumstances of Arthington, and losing all the advantages of their experience among the Congo people, and their knowledge of the language.

‘Brown goes up to the Pool at once, and with the help of one or other of the brethren will hold on till I come—possibly with Harrison—about the end of the year.

SKETCH MAP:

illustrate the journeyings of the
B.M.S. (s.s.) "PEACE".

C GREENFELL. F.R.G.S.
1884.



CHAPTER XII

FORWARD MOVEMENTS ON THE UPPER RIVER

Death of Whitley and Biggs—A Bottle of Ammonia Fort—Christmas on the Kwilu River—Arrival at Stanley Pool—Death of Belgian Officers—New Stations formed—Health Precautions—The 'Down Grade'—Mission Work at Arthington—Mr. Wilmot Brooke—The Question of Advance or Retreat—Death of Richards—A Tornado—Grenfell's Refusal to come Home—At Bolobo—Death of Slade—First Baptismal Service at Bolobo—Death of Jack Dikulu—Darby's Work—His Dog—Ten Commandments translated—Upoto—Over Forty—Another Christmas—Another Little War—Translation of St. Mark's Gospel—Advantages of Upoto—Mr. Lawson Forfeitt's Letter—Slave-killing—Mr. Arthington's Desire to go Forward.

IN returning to Africa under conditions indicated in the foregoing chapter, Grenfell was well aware that the advance upon the upper river, so dear and so urgent to his soul, must needs be retarded by the inestimable loss to the Mission involved in Comber's death. While he was making his voyage amid petty discomforts which provoked his humorous complaints, news was passing him upon the sea which caused great heaviness of heart in England, and added immensely to his cares and to the difficulties which must be surmounted before the new stations, ever present to his dreams, could be materialized upon the banks of the Congo.

On arriving at Banana he learnt with amazement and great grief that two more of the brethren had laid down

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the weapons of their warfare on earth, answering their Commander's mysterious call to the Unseen. At Banana he tried to hope that the news was mistaken ; but a day or two later, at Underhill, he learned beyond all doubt that Whitley had died at Lukungu, on August 3, and that Biggs had died at Stanley Pool, three weeks later, after seven days' fever. But his grief was mingled with joy, as he found that the soldierly temper of his comrades remained unshaken by these new losses, and he wrote home an instant and confident appeal for men to fill the gaps.

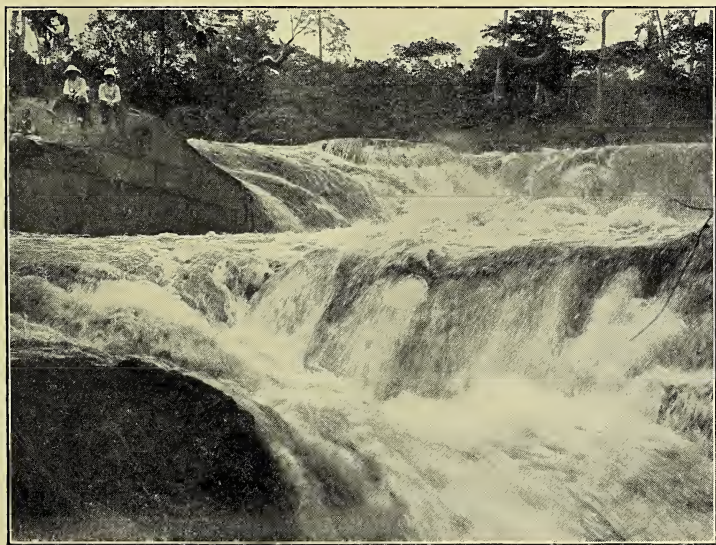
It was hoped, when Grenfell was permitted to return before the conclusion of his furlough, that his stay in Africa would be brief : that after spending a few months in putting things in order, he would come home again, and take his full share of rest. But three years elapsed before he picked up the threads of his broken furlough—three years crammed with strenuous service. Even then he came hurriedly and without premeditation, driven by exigencies which will be described at length in the next chapter.

When he did return he was able to record the establishment of three new stations, at one of which he had made a new home for himself, and a new depôt for the steamer. During the greater part of this period the 'Peace' was solely in his charge, and a large proportion of his time was spent in going and coming. The quiet station work for which his soul longed was continually postponed, and though he had made his home at Bolobo, which he came to love with intense affection, he was too often 'not at home.'

At the end of November, 1888, he concludes a letter to Miss Hawkes as follows : 'I expect we shall start up river again in the "Peace" on December 15, bound for



VIEW IN ONE OF THE BOOBO TOWNS.
Photo: G. Grenfell.



CHOFO FALLS, LINDI RIVER.
Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.

Bangala. This will be the longest voyage attempted since our return. . . . This, you will say, is like all your letters, full of going and coming, and rushing here and there, and little or nothing about Mission work. Well, somebody must do the drudgery, or we should break in upon the regularity of the work here at Nshasha or at Lukolela, at both of which places organized and regular Mission work is being done. I hope soon to be able to tell you of settled work at Bolobo. I long for it very devoutly.'

It will be impossible in these pages to trace in due sequence all this 'going and coming and rushing here and there,' but the selections made from his correspondence may suffice to reveal the man, and to indicate not inadequately the nature of his work. Certainly the reader will never understand Grenfell, unless he realizes that this competent engineer, expert traveller, and brilliant explorer was first of all a missionary. The passion for souls possessed him. The mechanical and geographical work which he did so nobly was done in submission to the will of God, and at the cost of self-denial. He yearned for direct spiritual service, and, incomprehensible as it may seem to the man of science, it is simply true, that the explorer's exultation which thrilled him when the morning sun flashed upon his gaze the broad splendours of a previously undiscovered lake, was a faint emotion compared with the joy which possessed him when he saw the light of the knowledge of the glory of God transfiguring some dear black face, which his ministry had turned toward the face of Christ.

A poor Congo boy passes away in his presence, radiant with the Christian's victory over death. Grenfell rises from his bedside to bear witness that the sight of such another victory would be sufficient compensation for another fifteen years of toil in Africa. Medals,

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decorations, fame, are incidental trifles to a man of this order. He works for higher wages. And when he himself lay dying, afar from the dear ones of his own flesh and blood, the black boys who stood about his couch with streaming eyes and breaking hearts, shaken by his anguish, and sharers of his hope, who called him 'Father,' and whom he called 'sons': these were in that death-hour his 'beloved and longed for, his joy and his crown.'

After dealing with the press of business which awaited him at Underhill, Grenfell commenced inquiries with a view to ascertain assignable causes, if such existed, of the recent heavy losses. But nothing specific could be discovered. There seemed no reason why the Baptist Mission should suffer more than others; and in the event it was proved that though its troubles had come with a rush, other Missions and commercial enterprises were liable to like disasters. Certain simple counsels, however, he was constrained to proffer. Tinned meats should be used sparingly, and the false economy of stinting disallowed. Drugs should be regarded with suspicion, and quinine taken in small doses. He was also strongly of opinion that it was all gain for a missionary to be married, for the simple reasons that a wife would take care of his diet, and constrain him to take reasonable care of himself.

Now for his own words.

TO MRS. HARTLAND.

November 8.

'I wonder if I shall ever find a resting-place for the sole of my foot, this side Jordan. . . . How fast the band "over there" is increasing! We who are still left

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cannot but wonder how soon we too may be called to join. Not our will, but His be done.'

The same date, to Mr. Baynes anent Bishop Taylor's 'Self-supporting Mission' (Methodist Episcopal Church of America).

'I must give Bishop Taylor credit for a great deal. He is in earnest. He is patient. He is a sincere, good man whom I greatly admire, but he is no more fit to encounter the practical difficulties of the work he has in hand than I am to organize an expedition to the moon. His people are like himself, ready to endure great hardships. . . . The Bishop himself sets the example by cutting firewood day after day. I told him, however, we could get a man to cut wood for half a dollar a day, and it hardly paid for a Bishop to do it. . . . They have lots to learn yet.'

[Bishop Taylor died in America some years ago, long after his Mission on the Congo ceased to exist.]

TO MR. BAYNES.

December 6.

'Our need for reinforcements is very great, and unless help speedily arrives we shall imperil our Pool and Lukolela Stations. The steamer has not been docked since April last, and cannot be docked until I reach Arthington. Bentley is worrying himself because of our position being so serious, and is preparing the way for a serious illness, if he does not learn to take things more calmly. Things do not move so fast nor run so satisfactorily as his ardent spirit desires, and he chafes sorely. If I had his energy and "go," I might feel as keenly as he does, but my more lethargic temperament suits my poor body and the climate better than his more

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fervent spirit suits its environment. If he could only get help, it would do him more good than medicine. I feel it to be quite true, as Mrs. Bentley writes in a note just to hand, that "men to help us bear our burdens are more needed than doctors to physic us."

TO MR. FULLER, at Cameroons.

Underhill, December 12.

'Do you remember giving me, in the kindness of your heart, a bottle of ammonia fort. when at Cameroons on my way down? I shall never forget it, for it gave me such a "doing" on Saturday when I came to open it, as both startled myself and those around me out of our respective wits. The stopper had "jammed," and as I was tapping it with a bit of stick, off it went like a champagne cork, and the "liquor" fizzed up in my face, fetching some of the skin off, baring my lips and the end of my tongue, and so affecting my throat that I've lost my voice, and have to go about with a miserable bit of a squeak. This is the third day, and I'm much better. It nearly choked me. I could not get my breath for several minutes, and was struggling like a drowning man for some time. My poor wife could not make out what was the matter, and I could not speak. Naturally enough, I had fever yesterday. I thank God it is no worse, for if I had not had specs. on, I might have lost my sight. So you see I'm not likely to forget your bottle of ammonia fort.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

December 12.

'We got a capital letter from San Salvador yesterday. They have had a baptismal service, and are full of hope and enthusiasm. I wonder when we shall be able to

chronicle similar good tidings on the upper river. In His own good time. If we only had enough men to stop the gaps made by the three last deaths, we could have another new station before Midsummer. Some people say, "Don't go forward—God is not pleased with your rushing ahead, and so these deaths occur," and so forth. It is strange if God lets men die on the lower river to show His displeasure with the forward work! It is—well, I won't say what I think it is. Our work at Lukolela is most encouraging. . . . My temperature is up to 101°. I ought to be in bed, so the others say.'

'December 13. I feel better this morning, though I had rather a bad night of it. I'm at work as usual, so there is no cause to worry.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

Christmas Day.

'We are six days' journey on our way to the Pool, and are now camped by the side of the Kwilu River, having a quiet day in our tents. Being Christmas Day, naturally enough we think of the home folk. At such times as these one's thoughts don't take long to reach the old home country, and also, naturally enough, one wishes to send greetings all round. You must give our friends a "Happy Xmas" for us, though it will be rather late by the time the message reaches them. . . . Heneage Street and the friends there rise up very vividly, and there are lots we should like to shake hands and exchange greetings with. However, though we are far away from one another we are all near to the Source whence comes our every blessing, and I've no doubt that as we in our camp on the river-bank think of and pray for those in the far-off home country, so there are many there who will think of and pray for us out here.'

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At the end of February Grenfell is at Stanley Pool, busy refitting the steamer, and gladly expectant of the arrival of Slade, a new recruit. He is also glad in the prospect of welcoming Miss Silvey and Miss Butcher by the middle of the year. Writing to Miss Hawkes on February 27, he hopes to be off to Lukolela in a fortnight, and notes that Percy Comber will be returning to England by the mail that bears his letter. He continues—

‘When in Brussels I was thrown very much into company with Captain Van de Velde. He came out to Congo to lead a new expedition to the Falls a couple of months after I left, and, poor fellow, died a few days after reaching the Pool. Baron von Rorhkirk died at Nshasha a few days before I arrived, and another officer of the State died on his way down river a few days later. So you see it is not only the missionaries who suffer. . . .

‘Jack is very well, and when he turns out on Sunday with his English-made clothes is very much admired by his companions, and envied too, especially by poor Bungudi, whose place he took. Bungudi, I’m afraid, has not yet forgiven his mother for having kept him back, and when she was here the other day I fancy she was sorry her boy had missed the advantages Dikulu had enjoyed. The girl is quite a different creature from the one you took down to the docks late one wintry night last spring, and is really quite sprightly and sharp. She has rather a big share of [the old Adam cropping up at times; but never mind, there are a good many of us afflicted that way.

‘This is but a bit of a note, but you’ll rather get it than nothing at all—so I shan’t keep it back because it is a mere scrap.

‘Remember us to everybody to whom you know I owe letters, just to stave off their wrath.’

TO MR. BAYNES.

Stanley Pool, April 18, 1888.

'The "Peace" returned to this place on the 13th, leaving all well up river, and finding all well here. Our farthest point was Lukolela. I was particularly gratified by the progress made in the language by our brethren Richards and Darby. . . . The buildings at their station are as yet very primitive. Two men cannot do much in the language and devote a great deal of attention to this matter in a year and a half. They have made a good-sized clearing in the forest—about eight acres—and have put up a substantial store, with clay walls and ceiling, so as to render it fireproof. The dwelling-house, however, is comparatively small, and is entirely of grass. It consists of two bedrooms twelve feet square, and a common room the same size. . . .

'The relationships with the people I found to be most cordial and satisfactory. . . . On the 23rd I purpose starting up river again. . . . You will be glad to hear that we were able to leave James Showers at Bolobo, and that by the time we had returned from Lukolela he had succeeded in putting up a couple of small grass houses, and that the ten men left with him had cleared nearly three acres of scrub in readiness for our proposed new station.

'Here at Nshasha, Brown and Silvey are laying the foundations for future usefulness in diligent study of the Kiteke language. Nothing much can be done among the people till their language is fairly mastered. I trust that our numbers will be so maintained as to allow of our carrying on the work of the Mission without those terribly wasteful changes from place to place which have done so much to prevent several of us from becoming proficient in any particular dialect. . . . I am very hopeful

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that the season of our abnormal proportion of losses is past. That it may not recur is the subject of many prayers and grave consideration both out here and at home. The many letters your correspondents send you with advice as to courses of procedure in the tropics are very emphatic testimony to the depth of feeling our losses have evoked. We are very grateful for the evidence of wide-spread sympathy which these letters afford, though we are quite unable to follow the often contradictory advice they contain.

‘The fact is, we need men of sound sense, who are able speedily to perceive what is and what is not suitable to their own special cases. There is no doubt that quinine taken regularly is an important factor in the health of many, while it is equally certain that quinine taken regularly, in some cases (my own, for instance) produces the results it is taken to prevent. There are some to whom regular cold bathing is a necessary ; to others again it is positively harmful. Some would have fever at once if they left off wool clothes. I should have it if I wore them. Mr. Saker, too, could not wear woollen clothing ; Mr. Quintin Thomson wore nothing else. It is impossible, my dear Mr. Baynes, to lay down hard and fast lines for modes of procedure in all cases. We need perspective faculties, capable of recognizing the idiosyncracies of various constitutions, and a righteous horror of potent drugs in heavy doses. I am struck with the uniformly strong advice as to conduct which is insisted upon by your correspondents respecting health in the tropics, and also by the comparatively little stress which is laid upon the matter of medicine. I am at one with them.

‘On Sunday last the “Stanley” came down river from Banalya, bringing Mr. Herbert Ward (one of

Stanley's officers left at the Aruwimi camp), who had found his way in a canoe over half the distance to the Pool. He gave us no definite news of Stanley—says he had none, excepting such as he gleaned from deserters, who report scarcity of food, lots of fighting, and Stanley and one of his officers slightly wounded. This may not be all the news he has to send. We all sincerely hope there is no worse, but as he is on his way down country to St. Paul de Loanda to telegraph to England, you will have heard long ere you get this. Unless there is news he does not care to trust to others, I can hardly imagine it needful for him to undertake such a journey (nearly 2000 miles) to merely report such a bald outline.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

April 22.

'We are all well. The upper river is certainly very much better than the lower. People say I'm looking younger than when I arrived, and were it not for my grey hairs should be passing off for quite a young man. Oh! those tell-tale grey hairs. By-the-bye, the grey hairs seem to be multiplying fast. However, I feel as young as ever. . . . I am still alone on the "Peace." Somehow I don't seem to mind; in fact, I'm freer when alone. People might think I am a crooked old stick to hear me talking of liking to be alone. The fact is, I have greater liberty in talking to the people. I'm wretchedly nervous when there are critical whites about. I get on better with my boys also.

'I am hoping to hear by next mail that the "Down Grade" controversy has got into smoother tracks, and that it is being thrashed out without the bitterness of its earlier phases. "All things work together for good"; even this unpromising controversy I believe will be

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no exception. The sooner the good becomes apparent the better for the Baptist Churches ; yes, and for all Christianity too.'

On May 27 Grenfell writes from Stanley Pool of another visit to Lukolela, where he found Darby well, but Richards so ill as to evoke anxiety. He adds some interesting details of Mission work at Arthington.

'Here at the Pool we are glad to be able to report that we have half a dozen Bateke boys in our school. The Bateke people we have considered the most difficult to reach of any that we have had to deal with, so we feel encouraged at finding the barrier that has barred the way so long is being gradually broken down. For, having reached the people so as to get them to send their children, we are very hopeful that we shall ere long be able to reach their hearts and consciences. It is slow, and at times terribly up-hill work. It needs patience and grace, and wisdom in no small measure to enable one to do anything in it. What should we do if we had not the Source of all wisdom and grace to go to? As it is, our hearts are confident that in God's own good time the harvest will come.'

In his letter to Mr. Baynes of April 18, from which extracts have been already given, Grenfell wrote at some length of Mr. Graham Wilmot Brooke, a young man who had passed up the Congo some months before, intending to penetrate the Soudan, and to overcome, single-handed, difficulties which had foiled 'established organizations,' and which 'Livingstone had not dared to face.' He spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Brooke's abilities and character, but feared that he, like Bishop Taylor and others, would find that 'the wings of faith were not the ordained means for crossing continents.' Two months

later, June 23, he writes again of Mr. Brooke, who had failed to enter the Soudan.

‘Mr. Brooke has been staying with us during the past four weeks, and we have enjoyed his company very much, and I trust have benefited by fellowship with him. Though but very young (only twenty-two, I think), he is exceptionally well-informed, and is certainly very talented. He is intensely zealous, and if his life is spared,¹ I believe will wield no small influence, in whatever sphere he may be able to make his own. However, his ability has not ensured the success of the scheme he had in view when leaving England a year or so ago. Nevertheless, it has enabled him to throw off wrong notions, and arrive at what I feel is a just estimate of the problem he attempted. If a man is a fool, and does not know it, there is not much hope of him; but if a man makes a mistake, and has the wit to perceive it, and the grace to acknowledge it, there is good reason to be sanguine about him. Mr. Brooke has learned many things during his short Congo experience.

‘You will be glad to hear that since writing you by last mail I have received from the State the ratification of the contract made between Captain Hanssens and myself, in 1884, for the site at Bolobo.’

In the same letter Grenfell records the settlement of difficulties which the State had raised concerning the site at Bolobo, and makes the following declaration concerning the condition and prospects of the Mission.

‘The shorthandedness of the Upper River staff is making me downhearted. Here at Arthington, Brown is almost entirely absorbed with the cares of managing the station, and I have time for but little else than the steamer and the other routine duties which devolve upon

¹ Mr. Wilmot Brooke died at Lokoja, on the Niger, March 5, 1892.

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me. If we are going to be content with one river station, I certainly do not feel inclined to keep the steamer running for its sake ; in fact, I sometimes feel inclined to let her remain high and dry where she is until we can make such a move forward as will justify the expense and trouble a steamer involves. This much is very plain—we are working upon a terribly extravagant scale, considering the work we are doing. We have organized elaborate overland and up-river transport, and expend the greater part of our strength in keeping the machinery running. The same machinery would serve for the ten proposed up-river stations. But as for one up-river station we cannot work with less machinery, you can easily realize the wasteful conditions under which we are placed, and you cannot be surprised that there are not a few of us who are very much dissatisfied at spending so much strength for so little more than nothing.

‘If there is any prospect of the original programme being filled, or even half filled, we will still be glad to do the drudgery and keep the machine running ; but if the Society has decided to call the flag back instead of bringing the men up to the flag, the sooner you sound the recall and begin to reorganize the better. We can’t continue as we are, it is either *advance or retreat* ; but if it is retreat, you must not count upon me. I will be no party to it, and you will have to do without me.

‘I might plead with the Churches that for the sake of our great Head, for the sake of the terribly stricken “heart of Africa,” that out of love for and regard to the memory of our dear Comber, who died just a year ago, that for each and all of these reasons they should keep their pledges ; but my heart is hot within me, and I feel I cannot plead. If love and duty and sacred promises are nothing, nothing that I can say will avail.

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‘In great heaviness of spirit, but in the assurance of your profound personal sympathy with us, I remain,’ etc.

TO MR. BAYNES.

June 28.

‘As I’ve to send an advice of a bill of exchange since I despatched my letters, I will take the opportunity for adding a line or two.

‘You will think that I had a very heavy fit of the “blues” on at the time I closed my letter to you, and be impatient with me for being so grumpy. Well, the fact is I felt very downhearted. Richards had just returned from Lukolela on his way to England, and I felt very sad at the prospect of Brown, Darby, Silvey, and myself being left to take care of Arthington, Lukolela, and the steamer, with no prospect of help from down country, as it is felt, or was felt when letters left there a few days ago, that Harrison could not leave Wathen till some new men came out.’

By the same mail he writes to the Rev. J. J. Fuller, expressing gladness in his safe arrival in England after all the anxieties and difficulties connected with the transfer of the Cameroons Mission to a German Society, in consequence of the action of the German Government, and continues :

‘I am the father of another daughter who came to light a fortnight ago. My wife and the little one are both getting on capitally.

‘How about your Cameroons Mission History?’¹ Have you been able to get far through with it? If you don’t mind taking a hint from me, accept my advice, and lay more stress on incidents and the elaborating of interesting details of the country and the work than on mere

¹ This work, which Grenfell was to edit, was never finished.

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dates. If you will only imagine you are telling Grenfell yarns about old times, you will make a capital book that will do a lot of good.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

Stanley Pool, July 27.

'This has been a bad week. We commenced it with three of our number in bed, and myself the only one able to get around and look after them, for my wife was busy looking after our poor little Dorothy, who made the fourth patient. Baby, unhappily, got no better, and we had to bury her the day before yesterday. Mamma is worrying terribly, and making herself bad about it. The child was wonderfully healthy and vigorous, and everybody is surprised to hear of her death. Dr. Sims says it is a case of inflammation of the liver. Of our own other patients, one, Harrison, has got quite right again. Brown is getting better fast. The other, Matthews, one of Bishop Taylor's men, who has been helping us for the past three months, is still very seriously ill, and not out of danger. Till he can be safely left, I can't go up river as I intended, but hope that possibly I may be able to get away next week.

'Two or three steamers have come down river during the last fortnight, but do not bring any definite news of Stanley. We are hoping that ere this you will have received details of his safety and success, and that we shall not be long before we get the news. The only news we get is that Tippoo Tib, when he was sending his 400 men away with the second part of the expedition last month, said: "Do you think I would send my men after Stanley, if I thought he had not been able to get through all right?"

'Till the last spell of sickness set in I have been

busy, with the despatch-box and instruments the friends at Heneage Street gave me, in getting out a map of the country between Musuko and Stanley Pool, showing the journeys and itinerations of the various missionaries. I hope to get it published, for it will both help the men in itinerating out here, and tend to awaken interest at home by showing the field we have available for work. Progress is slow, but a great number of towns have been visited.

‘I have also been busy getting the notes of the upper river into shape. I shall be very glad to have this work off my hands; it is troublesome and very wearying, but it is important, and the sooner it is done the better.

‘Mr. Arthington has offered us a new steamer, if we will only work it on the far-away reaches of the Congo and its tributaries; but at present it is impossible, for I am the only man available for the “Peace”; and what could I do with two steamers on my hands? I wish the Churches would wake up and send us men. Only fancy, we talked years ago of having ten up-river stations, and as yet we have only one established, and one ready for occupation, but no one but myself to go to it, and I have the steamer on my hands.’

TO MRS. HARTLAND.

Stanley Pool, August 28.

‘Our progress here at the Pool is very slow, our Bateke neighbours are among the most difficult people to influence that we know. The other Sunday Mr Brown was remonstrating with the old chief for killing one of his people, to put in the grave with one who had died. He got for reply:—“You say it is not good for me to kill—why then does God kill my people? and you say God is good. The next time God kills one, I will kill three!”’

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TO MR. BAYNES.

Stanley Pool, September 30.

'When I wrote you last I rejoiced that we had passed a whole year without having lost one from our ranks. Before that letter could have reached you, you must have received the sad tidings of the death of our dear brother Richards at Banana. Our hearts are very, very heavy, but still our confidence in our Master does not fail us, for though it is hard to understand, yet we very surely believe that *all* things work together for good. We shall sorely miss our brother Richards. Being one of our front-rank men, his place will be hard to fill. That he should have been taken does indeed seem strange, when we consider how well he stood the earlier portion of his time, and how well he had equipped himself for future usefulness.

'I purpose starting to-morrow for Bolobo and Lukolela, and while at the latter place expect to give effect to the will of our departed brother, a copy of which I now enclose.

'We started up river at once, after the last mail left: in fact, we were so afraid of being put in quarantine, on account of smallpox, that we only stayed three days. We took Mr. Slade with us, and went as far as Lukolela, where we took a heavy cargo of wood on board for our new station at Bolobo, and had two long 50-feet beams lashed alongside and two laden boats in tow.

'Coming down river we were overtaken by a tornado that blew a lot of things overboard and started several planks in the cabins and awning. Miss Butcher and Miss Silvey, who were with us, had quite a serious experience; in fact, it looked very serious for all of us for a little while, for the winds blew and the waves beat, and our anchors drifted till we nearly got into a critical position.

But God is good—the “Peace” seems to have His special care—and He brought us as safely through this, as He has done through so many other dangers.

‘Mr. Slade had been unwell, and so came up river for a change, and I believe he was benefited by the voyage. I am hoping the way will soon be clear for him to join us on the river and leave Wathen, where he is fixed just now. Miss Silvey also has been ill—in fact, so ill that we had to carry her on board. A few days made a wonderful change. She is a very merry little body, and great chums with Mamma.

‘I expect we shall start up the river again in the “Peace” on December 18, bound for Bangala. This will be the longest voyage we have attempted since our return.’

‘November 30, 1888.—The “Stanley” is just down, with news of Stanley having returned to a point within a few days of the Falls, and of his having communicated with Tippoo Tib. It is said no letters have come down from him. The loads left by the Major Barttelot expedition are now in Stanley’s hands, on their way to Emin, with whom Stanley had left his white men, while he himself came back for the second detachment.

‘This is good news for Central Africa, and is full of promise for the future. The Congo is more conclusively than ever the way to the heart of Africa, and I pray that Christ’s messengers may speedily recognize it, and in no stinted measure take advantage of it.

‘This is a hurried note per Dutch House courier, who is being started off after the mails have left, in hope of reaching Banana in time for the Portuguese steamer.’

In October, Grenfell received telegraphic instructions to return to England. He could not obey. Here is

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given his reply to the official letter which followed the telegram. It is addressed to Mr. Baynes and dated Stanley Pool, December 15.

‘Your letter of October 1 came to hand two days ago, and I thank you very sincerely for the kind interest in my wellbeing, of which it is the evidence. I am very much pained by the thought that in disobeying the call home I may appear to be disrespectful and rebellious ; but I feel sure that if you were in my place you would act as I am doing, and put off going home till the need is more pressing and the time for doing so more opportune. So far as my health is concerned, I feel quite justified in prolonging my stay, and as I believe that my health is the reason for the urgency of your summons, I shall venture to defer responding to it, and to rely upon your forgiveness for doing so.

‘Under existing circumstances I feel that in delaying to obey I am doing the right thing, and that the climate will do me less harm than the worry I should suffer if I went home now, and left things as they are. If the “Peace” is not up at Bangala on January 4 with the thirty-five workpeople due home at that date, we are liable to penalties for breach of contract. If I leave as soon as the Bangala trip has been made, the “Peace” will have to be left at the Pool in the care of brethren who have had no experience with steamers. No ; my duty is to stay awhile longer ; and when Silvey and Darby are relieved, and when Harrison is free to join the “Peace,” I shall feel that my way is clear.

‘The good news of speedy reinforcements that you send is very encouraging. I began to fear lest the Baptist Missionary Society had determined not to send

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out further help. May God grant Clark and Gordon, and those who follow them, healthy bodies, loving hearts, and fervent souls for the work, and long sustain them to labour in it!

‘Thanking you very sincerely for the very kind terms of your letter, and for all the consideration you display for me; and hoping that you will not misconstrue my failure to comply with its request, I remain,’ etc.

TO MISS HAWKES.

Bolobo, February 18, 1889.

‘It is ten p.m. and mosquitoes are buzzing round furiously. To save my ankles, I’m wearing top-boots and tucking my trouser-legs inside; to protect my hands, I’ve bathed them in dilute carbolic acid, but still the pests won’t let me alone. All this by way of excusing myself from writing more than a very short note. I did not write by last mail, and as an opportunity for sending off at daylight to-morrow has just offered, I feel I must not fail to send a line or two—if it is only to tell you that by last mail we got no letter from you. There is another mail in at the Pool, and may reach us in a fortnight; it will bring the Christmas letters, and one, I trust, with good news from yourself. Another mail is due in ten days at Banana, that I hope to meet at Arthington, whither we propose going in three weeks’ time. We have been up here nearly a month now, and are beginning to get a bit straight, and to get into regular work. Miss Silvey and Miss Butcher, who are with us, are taking school work and visiting the towns daily.

‘Bolobo is a splendid place for health. If increased food consumption is any index, then I am much better than I have been for some time back. The amount of pudding (rice pudding, let me say) that I stow away

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would alarm even my mother, who knew my capacity in that direction a long while ago.

‘The people here continue very friendly, and we are very hopeful about the future. We only regret we are not able to speak the language better—however, we are all hard at work at it. One old chief (Gotchaka) who came to see us yesterday was greatly surprised at the harmonium. He wanted to know, when he heard music issue from it, whether or not it was the Nyambi (God) we had been telling him of. It does not speak very well for our power of talking (or possibly of his capacity for understanding), but I was glad to be able to tell him it was not Nyambi, but something to help us to praise Him. Such incidents are pegs to hang our talks upon—our texts, in fact. I wonder when we shall be able to take a text and give them chapter and verse?’

TO MR. HAWKES.

Stanley Pool, March 27.

‘After Slade’s visit to the Pool and journey to Lukolela I meant to have written, and told you how I was looking forward to his joining me on the Upper River. But the poor fellow had died before I found an opportunity to write, and his death involved my remaining single-handed, and the continuance of the press of routine work, which has sadly hampered and oppressed me. Slade was a splendid fellow, a man of sterling worth and eminent piety, one of the most spiritually minded men we have had, and yet withal a really practical common-sense man. It was indeed a blow to me to learn that he had been called “home”—the news met me on my return from Bangala in January last—you must have heard it a few days later.’



BOLOBO: GRENFELL'S HOUSE AND STORE, AND THE SCHOOL-
CHAPEL, IN 1890.
Photo: G. Grenfell.



[*Photo: G. Grenfell,*
BOLOBO STATION, UPPER CONGO: Grenfell's Home for Sixteen Years.

TO MR. THOMAS LEWIS, Birmingham.

Stanley Pool, April 29.

‘Your welcome New Year’s letter reached me the mail before last, but the photos therein referred to only came by the last. So, you see, if I am not exactly answering by return of post, I am next door to doing it. Thank you, my dear old friend, for your affectionate greetings ; they come like summer showers on thirsty land, and refresh my poor dried-up soul. Eh, Tom lad, it is shrivelling-up sort of work, so much alone, and surrounded by so much sorrow and sin. One longs for the old friends and old times, and gets impatient now and then for the good times that are surely coming. However, I must not grumble ; God is very good to me, in allowing me to hold on and see so much accomplished in His Name. It is surprising, when I count, how few seniors I have on the coast. I don’t know of one on the Congo ; I don’t mean in age, but in years of African service. At Bolobo, on the first Sunday in March, I held the first Baptismal Service on the Upper Congo, and on Sunday last I opened the first meeting-house. It is only a very modest sort of chapel, about twenty-two feet square, with walls of sun-dried bricks three feet high, and doorways on each side. Being Easter Day, we had a talk about the Resurrection, and altogether a very enjoyable service ; about seventy natives were present. A considerable proportion of our congregation found seats on the walls, for as yet we have only two or three benches ready.

‘You will remember my little boy Jack Dikulu. Poor fellow, he died on March 16, but died very happy. He knew the end was near and was not at all afraid. The baptismal service to which I have referred above was held a fortnight before Jack died, and he was greatly

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troubled that his friend Bungudi was baptised, and that he himself was not. However, though he was not admitted into our Church, I feel sure he is safely in the heavenly fold. When the end came his good friend Bungudi was with him, as well as some other boys, and the prayers of the sick lad and his companions will be long remembered by us all. I wish Canon Taylor could have been with us. . . . Yet folk at home are talking about the "cost," and "Missions a failure." Some of us missionaries are failures—that can't be gainsaid. But still I maintain that if Missions are a failure then is Christ's death a failure, and woe is me!

'I intended this to be a good long letter in reply to yours—I don't know how many pages—but I find I must already think of winding up, for our own courier has already started, and I must make up my packet of mails, in the hope of getting it down country by State courier, who leaves a little later than our own.

'You refer to "broadening out." There is nothing like work in the Mission field for widening one's horizon. Where I am exactly, I don't know, any more than a good many *celebrities* seem to know where they are. I know John iii. 16, and that's good enough holding-ground for my anchor. When I see the miserable littleness of some of you Christians, I am as glad to be away from it all as I am glad to be out of the interminable Irish question. As you say, "Christianity wants more of Christ's Spirit and less Theology." So say I, my dear Tom. Our Christianity is too much a matter of words, and far too little a matter of works. One might think that works were of the devil, by the assiduity with which the great proportion of our Church members keep clear of them.'

'Bolobo, July 25. The "Peace" started down river yesterday at noon, Darby and Cameron as well as Harrison being on board. Cameron goes down to Wathen, and expects to find his sphere there. Darby is homeward bound, and takes with him a lot of MS., the result of persistent labour spent upon the language of the Bobangi people, among whom he has been labouring during the past two years or more. He goes home full of enthusiasm about the work, and hopes to be able to secure such sympathy at home as will make going forward a plain thing when he returns. He is greatly impressed by the opportunities for work here at Bolobo, and has seen so much of the cruelty of the customs of the people, and the deep degradation to which they have sunk, that he is on fire to urge for further help. . . .

'Darby has a fine dog that belonged to poor Captain Deane up till the time when he was killed while elephant-hunting near Darby's station at Lukolela. This dog "Ranger," a big brown retriever, was the cause of much discussion among the natives, his position zoologically to their minds being very doubtful. Some said it was a wild beast from the forest, some said it was a sheep ; but a sheep does not make a noise that frightens people, objected others. One man said (referring to my donkey), "But that is nothing to the one at Bolobo, he puts out his tail, and stretches out his neck and says hee-haw, hee-haw, till you are obliged to put your fingers in your ears. He is very big, nearly as big as a house, and Mundele ndombe (James Showers) gets on his back and says 'gee-up,' and off they go till they are out of sight." These people are great mimics, and the way in which they imitate the dog, the jackass and James's motion in riding, is very realistic and comical.'

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TO MR. HAWKES.

Bolobo, October 22 and December 24.

'The railway will work marvellous changes on the Congo: the old order of things will pass away as if by magic, and we shall scarcely recognize that we are in the same country. The changes we have already seen are realized with great difficulty by new-comers to whom we may speak of them. One of the latest is the establishment of a post-office at the Pool, the place that cost us so many struggles to reach less than ten years ago. More than this, the State delivers all letters at the various stations along the river, and in consequence of this you will please address me in future as per the heading of this letter.

'I wish I could report as much improvement in the people as in the circumstances of the country. In some places wonderful results have followed the missionaries' efforts, but compared with the general state of affairs ten years ago I am afraid the average has been but infinitesimally improved. However, we are not downhearted; we can see that true progress is being made, and many things that were done openly a few years ago are now done in secret. The sense of right and wrong needs a lot of cultivating, after having been repressed so long: the people tell us they cannot see the harm of killing witches, or slaves whom they have bought; nor can they see why they should not steal or tell lies, if they manage to do so without being found out.

'I have just finished translating the Ten Commandments. "They are very good," the people say; but none are willing to be fettered by the awkward conditions involved by accepting them. They would be very glad if their neighbours accepted them, for they can see the advantage of living among well-behaved people. They

cannot at all see, though, why the Supreme should trouble about their dealings one with the other, or why they should be answerable to Him for their wrong-doings. . . .

‘ Personally, I am in favour of occupying Upoto, the farther of the two available sites, a point about 400 miles beyond Lukolela, a much more populous place and a better position than Lulanga, which is only half the distance. Another point in favour of Upoto is the fact that the people there speak the same language as the inhabitants of the Welle districts, to the north, which border upon Emin Pasha’s province. At Upoto also we should be helping to raise the barrier the State is anxious to form against the advance of the Arabs. Of course it would only be in an exceedingly small way that we could contribute to such an end ; still, our influence would be in the right direction, and that would be something. As a Mission we have nothing to fear from the Arabs. So far as I am concerned, I should not mind starting a station among them at Stanley Falls. It would be hard work, but not a whit more dangerous than here. . . .

‘ Like myself, you seem to have been impressed by the fact of getting into the “forties” ; it is indeed a period to pull one up sharp, and make him think. I find I must relinquish a lot of my intentions, and be content with a much smaller programme than hitherto I have fancied myself equal to fill. I find that if I am to do anything I must concentrate my efforts upon my purpose in life with a fuller consecration than ever before. I feel that what I do I must do quickly now. A man over forty is certainly going down the hill in Africa. . . .

‘ It is Christmas Eve, I’ve had a busy day, and now I’m sitting in my shirt-sleeves and perspiring “like anything,” and even if there were no mosquitoes biting one

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to the verge of desperation, how is it to be expected of me to get up a proper Christmas frame of mind? However, I am going over the memories of old times, and am conjuring up the old faces, and wondering what they look like now, as well as wondering where their owners are, and what they are doing ; and I find myself wishing I were among them once more. However, if I am not with you in body I am in mind, and wish you all the very sincerest of seasonable greetings. . . .

‘I forgot to tell you that we have another daughter, Gertrude, now nearly three months old. We were hoping for a boy, and this one is big enough to have made a fine sturdy lad.’

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, September 25.

‘The good news of coming reinforcements fill us with hope that we shall soon be able to make another forward step. In fact, I hope to have the ground cleared and a small house ready for the coming men before the end of the year. I say the coming men. I mean Mr. Weeks and one of the new men, as Mr. Weeks will be released from Underhill soon after Mr. Lawson Forfeitt’s arrival.’

TO MRS. HARTLAND.

Stanley Pool, November 20.

‘I pray very earnestly that the health of our brethren may be maintained. We have suffered so terribly, and have been so mysteriously hindered in times gone by, that I cannot help being anxious. Yet why should I be? It is God’s work, not ours, and I am full of hope that brighter days are in store for the Congo Mission.

‘My wife is here at Nshasha with me. Also our baby (two months old) Gertrude. We join in very affectionate

regards for you, and hope the winter has dealt kindly with you. Please remember us very kindly to Mr. Hartland, and to Lily and Alice. I ought to write to them. I do remember my fault this day. As an excuse to appease them, tell them, what I did not mean to allude to, I've had fever and rheumatism during the past month, and done less than in any other month since my return. I am happy to say, however, that I am much better, though if I have another such "turn" I shall "pack up" at once. I pray there may be no necessity for a long while yet.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

Bolobo, December 24.

'We are just now in the third week of one of our never-failing little wars. But although it has lasted so long, only four or five have been killed; the wounded, however, have been very numerous. The difficulty has arisen about five tusks of ivory found in the river near our beach some months ago, but which are said to have been put there by the thief who found them. I have made one or two attempts to make peace, and succeeded in reducing the conflict to two of the five villages at first involved. Although only so few have been killed, the suffering of the poor women and children has been very sad to see. We have had lots of them sleeping in our yard for many nights past. Even on a small scale war is no little evil for these poor folk; it means, as in this case, burnt houses, destroyed plantations, loss of goods, and sick and weak being driven from their homes, to rough it among the stronger fugitives, who are better able to stem the tide of sorrows war brings in its train.

'Many and deep have been the curses that have been heaped upon the heads of the principals in this matter

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both by the poor fugitives, who have sought safety in flight, and the poor slaves, who form the majority of the fighting men. Like wars in civilized countries, ours out here would soon be finished if they were left to those directly interested in them. These poor slaves who are doing the fighting have no interest in the ivory, never have had, and if an indemnity of ten times its value is extorted, they won't benefit a single brass rod ; and as one of them has just said in our yard, in reply to being called a coward by one of the opposite faction, "Why should we fight and die for nothing?" This is undoubtedly the explanation of so much fighting with so few losses. . . .

'I think I told you of my having translated the Ten Commandments, and sent them down to Underhill, where we have a press, to be printed there. I am now busy with the Gospel of Mark, but I find it slow work, if I am as careful as I ought to be ; and of course in a work like this it would be inexcusable to hurry, if it means anything but the best possible result. I find it very difficult to translate many of the ideas which are really of great importance. For instance, I can find no word for "forgiveness," and it has to be rendered by "cleansing." "Sanctification" I have not ventured to grapple with yet. Of course, at the best, in these early days a translation is only an approximation to what it ought to be, but if I can only manage to give the people an idea of the truth, I shall be very glad.'

TO MRS. HARTLAND.

Bolobo, Christmas Day.

'I was very glad to learn from your letter that you had been able to go to hear Mr. Meyer and Mr. Henderson. It is almost as much a novelty for you to hear a

sermon as myself, and now the winter is upon you again it will be some time before you have another opportunity. I can well understand the pleasure it must be for you to attend a service. Going to a service is far from the least of the pleasures of a missionary's homegoing. I would not mind a good long Congo tramp, if I could only hear Mr. Meyer or Mr. Henderson at the end of it.'

TO DR. UNDERHILL.

S.S. 'Peace,' near Lukolela, February 25, 1890.

'We are just returning from our long-projected journey to Upoto, in search of a site for a new station. Upoto is a point on the north bank of the river, about 1000 miles north-east from Banana. I am very glad to report the way is quite clear for our settling at Upoto, as soon as the men are ready to go forward. The materials for a small frame house, and some eighty loads of stores are already on the spot. The people are so anxious for us to build among them that they have sent one of their men with us, to make sure of our going back. It is a grand position, plenty of people and a magnificent site—a splendid coign of vantage for future forward work. May our Lord and Master soon make our way plain for us to occupy it.'

On the journey referred to in the foregoing letter Grenfell was accompanied by Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, who wrote home a long and interesting letter, descriptive of his up-river experiences. I append the passage concerning Upoto:—

'Between Lukolela and Upoto the banks of the river are, for the most part, low, and, together with the numerous islands, are covered with dense forests. At Upoto the hill country begins again, similar to that

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between Stanley Pool and Bolobo, affording a healthy situation for a Mission station, and the district is densely populated by tribes the furthest removed from civilization of any I have yet seen.

‘The houses or huts are wretchedly poor and mean, and by far the greater part of the inhabitants go about without even the smallest strip of cloth upon them, or covering of any kind. Those living on the river-bank are not cannibals, but we heard of a woman recently killed by these very people over a witch palaver, whose body was sold to a tribe less than half an hour inland, to be eaten, part of the price paid for it being two live children. This is only a specimen of their horrible transactions.

‘Hundreds of people crowded the beach as the steamer approached, while many others were so frightened that they ran away. When at Bangala we were asked by five men to take them to their country, Upoto, and we took them on board. We thought it likely that our having shown them this kindness would prove helpful to the object we had in view ; and in this we were not mistaken. When we had explained as well as we could the purpose of our visit, the chief readily consented to allow us to select a site for a station, and when we left he forced into our boat a fine goat, which he wished us to accept as a kind of pledge that we would be sure to return and build.

‘Of course the people could but dimly understand the reason of our coming amongst them, but we made it clear to them, that we were *not traders*, and for such an “open door” for preaching the Gospel we ought to be devoutly thankful. The brethren who go to establish this new station will have peculiar difficulties, and I am sure that special prayer for them will be offered by friends at home.’

In a letter to Mr. Baynes, dated Bolobo, March 25,

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Grenfell explains delay in the matter of founding the new station at Upoto, and reports progress in the making of the slip at Bolobo, which is sufficiently advanced to admit of the "Peace" being drawn up for painting and repairs. The natives, who knew nothing of pulleys, believed that it would be impossible to get the "Peace" out of the water, and were amazed to see her climb the incline. While she was being dragged up a slave was being killed close by. The apology for this crime is that some must be killed to keep the rest in order.

Apropos of this slave-killing, Grenfell delivered a very pointed discourse on the Ten Commandments. His audience were silent about 'Thou shalt not kill,' but enthusiastic about Sabbath-keeping, and desired forthwith that a law should be made giving them a rest day, like the white man. Already they rest from their labours every fourth day, but the extra rest would be quite to their mind.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Lukolela, May 5.
'I hoped to have been able to write you more fully than I can do now, before leaving Bolobo, but for one reason or another the time for starting for Upoto came, and your letter was still unwritten. However, I am now able to report William Forfeitt and Oram thus far safely on their journey to their new station, and full of eager anticipations to enter upon their labours there. I hope to be back again at Bolobo by the end of next month.'

Respecting some photographs enclosed, he remarks: 'No. 5, the dancing group, will hardly do for the pages of the *Missionary Herald*. I suppose it would be too shocking, and yet it is respectability and decency itself compared with the reality of the greater part of our surroundings.'

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TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, June 23.

‘I have just received a note from Bentley, telling me of your safe return, but that you were so indisposed as not to be able to take any considerable part in the May meetings. We sincerely trust you are quite recovered again. We continue to pray for you, as we have done during your absence in India, that God may continue to bless and sustain you in the work which, humanly speaking, owes so much to you.

‘On the Upper Congo we still enjoy God’s very manifest blessing in the matter of health, and if it is only maintained we anticipate that we shall be able to open a second station during 1890. The present mail will bring you word from Oram and Forfeitt of their having commenced at Upoto. They do so under most favourable auspices. Our station is in the centre of a very large population, settled for some eight or ten miles along the bank of the river, and having communication with inland tribes of unknown, but presumably great importance.

‘The people belong to a fine race physically ; morally we cannot say much in their favour, excepting perhaps that they are not quite so bad as some of their neighbours. Their disposition towards us is very encouraging, and our brethren are full of hope. May the Lord very graciously sustain them at this our farthest outpost—a thousand miles from the sea!’

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, August 22.

‘The “Peace” is expected to make a journey to Upoto, conveying stores, at the close of the year, and, if all goes well, I may continue my voyage as far as the



ARRIVAL OF THE REVS. F. R. ORAM AND WM. FORFEITT AT
BOPOTO, TO FOUND NEW STATION, 1890.

Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



A SCHOOL FEAST BOPOTO, UPPER CONGO.

Photo: Rev. W. Forfeitt.

Aruwimi is navigable, and prepare a report as to the practicability of the suggestion to move towards the Albert Nyanza, an item that has always figured in Mr. Arthington's programme.

'If I consulted my personal ease, I should not entertain the question of moving farther afield, but possibly my experience in pioneering can be turned to account in still further widening the sphere of the Congo Mission. If the opportunity offers, I shall take it as the Lord's call, and do my best.'

Appended is Mr. Arthington's letter, to which Grenfell sent a reply, the purport of which is indicated in the foregoing paragraphs.

Leeds, July 1, 1890.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'Excuse pencil ; I can write better with it. I am much concerned and interested about a new phase of things which has arisen since Stanley completed his mission and come home to England. I see that the Aruwimi or Ituri flows from a point near to the south end of Lake Albert. I think that the time has come when you, or some one quite competent—but I should much prefer you—should sail in the "Peace" as far as is safe up the Aruwimi, and then, by smaller vessel, boat or native craft, go as far up the stream towards Lake Albert as it may be navigable. I seem to forget to what language the speech used on the Aruwimi is referable, and how far up stream that tongue prevails, but I think it was found to be closely allied to a language well known to the Baptist Missionary Society. In my opinion we should now ascertain the full and exact (as nearly as well may be) extent of this, and *also* what speech

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prevails on the upper and head quarters of the Aruwimi towards the Albert Lake.

‘If you have faith to do this, with the blessed vigour of holy hope in God, I should be exceedingly rejoiced to hear from you to say so.

‘Wishing you best and blessed experiences,

‘Yours in the Lord,

‘ROBERT ARTHINGTON.’

Grenfell's hope that a second forward station would be founded in 1890 was realized by Messrs. Weeks and Stapleton, who left Bolobo in the ‘Peace’ on July 11, discovered an available site at Monsembe, and commenced building and missionary operations forthwith.

Early in September Grenfell left Bolobo, and passed down river, not to return until he had visited England, under conditions which will be described in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SEIZURE OF THE 'PEACE,' AND THE COMING OF THE 'GOODWILL'

Seizure of the 'Peace'—Mr. White's Letter—Letters of Grenfell upon the Seizure—Firmness of Mr. Forfeitt—Building of the 'Goodwill'—Death of Mrs. P. Comber—Visit of the King of the Belgians to England—Grenfell's Review of the Work—Progress of the Arabs—Receives a Belgian Order—Bolobo Towns Burnt—Launch of the 'Goodwill.'

IN March, 1890, the State authorities sought to impose certain conditions and restrictions concerning the use of steamers on the Upper Congo, and wrote requesting Grenfell to apply for a licence to run the 'Peace.' He replied that as the 'Peace' was a British registered vessel, and the Congo an international waterway, according to the Act of Berlin, he must refer the question to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society in London. He did so, and in the event no application was made for permission to run the 'Peace' on the Congo.

Some months later the 'Peace' was seized by the Congo State Government, for the purpose of carrying guns and soldiers up the Kasai on a war expedition.

Grenfell records that 'At 2 p.m. on Sunday, August 31, a small steamer, with two State officers and twelve soldiers, arrived at the beach of the Arthington Station, Stanley Pool, and ran alongside the "Peace." The

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officer in command asked Messrs. White and Roger if they were prepared to hand the "Peace" over to the State for the transport of soldiers and ammunition up the Kasai, and explained that in case of non-compliance he had brought a captain and soldiers to take her.'

Mr. White proceeded to state that, in pursuance of previous negotiations, he had brought a letter from Mr. Grenfell, offering to take a full cargo up river, on condition that it did not consist of munitions of war.

This did not satisfy the officials. Subsequently it was arranged that the 'Peace' should start at once for Bolobo, for the purpose of taking supplies and going into dock; also, that she should without fail be back again at the Pool by September 15. To secure the observance of this promise, Captain Martini was put on board, with power to immediately seize the steamer in the name of the State, should he deem it needful to do so.

On the evening of September 14, the 'Peace' was back again at the Pool, bringing Grenfell, who was determined, if possible, to prevent the threatened seizure.

Upon arrival at Stanley Pool, Grenfell wrote to the Commissaire, expressing the hope that as the 'Ville de Bruxelles' was now at Leopoldville, the 'Peace' would not be taken. He repeated the offer to carry ordinary stores for the State, making two journeys, if necessary, on condition that between the trips one journey should be made for the Mission. He again affirmed that he had no power to lend the 'Peace' for war purposes.

Concluding his record, Grenfell writes—

'The same afternoon (September 15, when an official and formal requisition was handed to him by the State) the "Peace" steamed up river to Arthington Station (from Leopoldville), and put me on shore there, and

immediately afterwards a steward boy was sent to haul down the British flag, which till then had occupied the place of honour, and the act of seizure was complete.'

Thereupon Grenfell sent a messenger post haste down country to Underhill, asking Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, the legal representative of the Mission, to send the following cablegram to England :—

“Peace” seized. Flag hauled down. Grenfell coming.'

He had left Bolobo on September 13, prepared to proceed to England at once, should the State carry out the threat of seizing the steamer when she returned to the Pool.

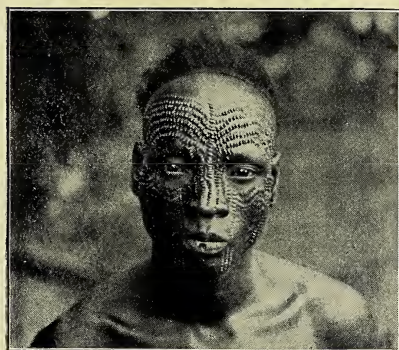
Accompanied by Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, who had joined him at Underhill, he passed down river, to interview the Governor at Boma. Writing to Mr. Baynes from Banana, on October 28, while waiting for a steamer to Europe, he said, 'As Lawson Forfeitt and I were on our way down to this place, we called on the Governor General at Boma, and receiving an invitation to dinner, spent a very pleasant evening. He was very agreeable, but scarcely succeeded in throwing the onus of the seizure of the "Peace" on the Pool authorities.'

On September 16, Mr. White wrote to Mr. Baynes : 'The poor "Peace" is in the hands of alien masters. . . . It was a great shock to Mr. Grenfell, the news we brought him to Bolobo that Sunday morning of the impending fate of our fine little craft. You know his fond, fatherlike affection for the "Peace," and how faithfully he has kept the charge you entrusted with him in our pioneer boat. I think it will never be told, to be understood by you at home, how much of his strong life's best energy our beloved and everywhere respected fellow-worker has bound up in this his pet and pride. "They

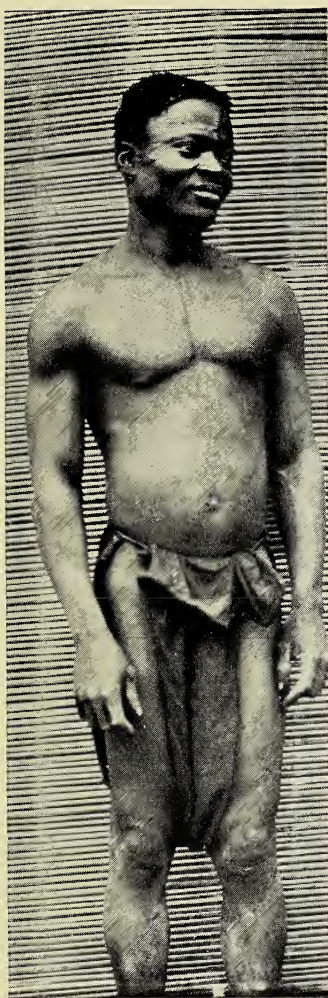
are," he said, "taking my heart's blood in taking the 'Peace.' The best thing that could happen to the poor 'Peace,' would be for her to run on a rock, and sink. She will be no more the old 'Peace,' when they have done with her. White, the soul has gone out of her!"

'That a man should express such feeling over the fate of a mere machine may appear strange to folks at home. But we on the Upper Congo know full well that the very life of our work is wrapped up in the life of our little steamer, still the pride of the Upper Congo fleet. And now the "Peace" is to carry the terrible maxim gun at her bow, its nozzle over the brazen letters PEACE! A good thing the poor natives of the Kasai can't read those letters. . . . Within five minutes of my telling Mr. Grenfell the melancholy news of the "Peace" being requisitioned, he had made up his mind to this: "If they seize the 'Peace,' I go to England and agitate."'

He continues: 'I am making the journey in a comical capacity, for which it would be rather hard to find a name. I go simply because certain of our crew are requisitioned with the steamer. I must admit also a certain reluctance to leave the good old "Peace." Who could help having a certain affection for a boat like this? My great aim is to try and keep something of the pure soul of the "Peace" from annihilation. I have, as employer or master of our boys for the time being, a grave responsibility towards them, and I clearly saw it was my duty to stay with them, so I have got myself reckoned amongst the "equipment" of the "Peace," but without a job! I shall find employment, however, in making notes, and may be useful to the steamer in saving her from ill-usage, and in having an undefined moral charge over our boys. Mr. Grenfell was anxious about Francis Steane (a Cameroons youth),



1. NATIVE OF YAKUSU DISTRICT.
2. CHIEF OF YAKUSU AND WIFE.
3. NATIVE OF BOPOTO.



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our apprentice engineer. My staying on board has relieved his anxiety in part. . . . May I ask your prayers that our boys may be kept from being contaminated by the evil influences which will meet them on this journey? This is my only anxiety at the present moment. It will be a grief indeed if evil blast the fair promise that has been growing more and more distinct as I have watched for signs these few months. I shall try to send Mr. Grenfell an account of how we fare and what we see.'

While Grenfell was waiting for a steamer the Governor visited Banana, and on October 21, Grenfell had a further interview with him, and also wrote a formal protest against the seizure of the 'Peace,' which he said was 'a duly accredited British vessel, and thus sailed under the flag of a friendly Power.' He also complained that 'the flag was hauled down by one of the stewards, at the instance of the officer placed in command'; and added, 'How far these actions are in accord with international usage I cannot say; but considering that at the time the "Peace" left Leopoldville upon the mission for which she was requisitioned, the three most powerful vessels possessed by the State, furnishing four-fifths of the whole of its carrying resources, were lying at the wharf, it is difficult to recognize the necessity of the step, and in the name of our Society, I beg, most respectfully, to be allowed to enter my protest.'

On the next day, October 22, Grenfell wrote the following note to Lawson Forfeitt: 'The Governor says that it was in error that the British flag was hauled down on board the "Peace" without any formalities. He writes me that he has given orders for the flag to be hoisted on the return of the "Peace," and for it to be saluted by the State flag, and a troop of soldiers. The

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"Cabo Verde" came in yesterday at one o'clock. We sail at nine this morning, all being well.

'Once more adieu!'

The cablegram to Mr. Baynes announcing the seizure of the 'Peace' reached the Mission House on October 31, and on the same day he telegraphed to Brussels, to the Administrator General of the Congo State, for information. Receiving no reply, he wrote asking an explanation.

On November 2, the Administrator General telegraphed: 'We have no intelligence concerning the seizure of your steamer, and the carrying away of its flag;' but he thought it might have been demanded in view of some most imperious necessity for supplies. He had telegraphed to Congo to restore the steamer as soon as humanly possible, and offered to compensate for all losses.

The seizure of the Mission steamer caused excitement in England and on the Continent. Dutch papers related the facts, obtained, no doubt, through the agent of the Dutch Trading Company on the Congo. In reference to the statements in the Dutch press, a telegram was despatched from Brussels by Reuter to the British press, declaring that no steamer had been seized, nor had any flag been hauled down; that the services of the 'Peace' were temporarily requisitioned for urgent public purposes, and that an indemnity had been paid. It also declared that the affair was amicably arranged with the missionaries.

Seeing that Grenfell had protested strongly against the action of the State, and that he was then on his way to England, Reuter's Brussels telegram was not according to the facts, and was altogether misleading.

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Grenfell reached England in December, and immediately laid before the Missionary Committee a complete statement of the case.

Writing to Lawson Forfeitt from Sancreed, on December 27, where he had gone to spend Christmas, Grenfell says: 'The "Peace" palaver still drags on its weary length. The State are very slow to reply. They realize the delicacy of the position, we think, and are cautious. Highest legal opinion reports State action as *ultra vires*. We shall come out of it all right, and with definite provisions for the future, I believe.'

He adds: 'It has been terribly cold since my arrival. I've scarcely been anywhere or seen any one. I'm down here for Xmas. Happily, it is a little warmer than in London, where they are enduring the hardest winter they have had for years. Lots of fog, frost and snow. Also skating. I'm much better than when I landed. I trust you are keeping well.'

Grenfell wrote to White in January, 1891: 'Brussels, I fancy, very much wishes the "Peace" had never been touched—the long, tedious correspondence still drags on, the latest phase being a straight request for a promise not to do it again. The amount of shuffling and squirming on the part of Brussels would be quite amusing, if it were not so vexatious.'

Meanwhile important correspondence was proceeding between the Vice-Governor and the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, the Secretary of the Mission on the Congo.

Mr. Forfeitt at this time was a very young man, and a newcomer to the Congo. Apparently the Governor imagined that it would be quite easy to rush him into the acceptance of an indemnity, which would have disconcerted Grenfell's plans, and permitted a cable to Brussels declaring the incident closed. But he had

under-estimated the mettle of the young secretary, who countered his masterful approaches with diplomatic skill which has often proved of greatest value to the Mission.

On December 21, 1890, the Vice-Governor wrote to Mr. Forfeitt, saying that the 'Peace' had been returned to the Mission, and the British flag hoisted again, with all due military honours. He expressed his desire for a friendly settlement of the affair of the steamer, and offered an indemnity of 3500 francs (£140).

Mr. Forfeitt acknowledged this letter, and expressed satisfaction that the British flag had been formally reinstated on the 'Peace' and saluted with due honour. As to the offer of an indemnity, he promised to forward it at once to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society in London for instructions.

On January 17, 1891, the Vice-Governor and Mr. Forfeitt were both at Banana. The former wrote a further letter on the subject of an indemnity, as he desired to close the matter without delay. If the amount was regarded as insufficient, he would be glad to consider any proposal from Mr. Forfeitt. Otherwise the matter must forthwith be referred to the Courts for decision, under Art. 15 of the decree of July, 1890, on military requisitions. He did not admit that such a question could be referred to a Committee of Foreigners, *i.e.* the Baptist Missionary Society Committee in London.

On the same day Mr. Forfeitt replied to the Vice-Governor's letter, saying he regretted to be unable to comply with the request of the Vice-Governor, and that his personal feeling was that the Baptist Missionary Society Committee would decline to accept an indemnity in the circumstances. He reminded him that the steamer was employed for a purpose entirely contrary to the principles of the Mission, and also that our missionaries

at the more distant stations on the Upper River had been placed in great danger through lack of supplies.

At this point the Vice-Governor began to climb down, replying that he found, after all, that when the steamer was taken, the date for putting into operation the decree of July 16, 1890, had not yet arrived, and that therefore the case under review might exceptionally be referred for consideration by the London Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. At the same time he expressed regret, if any missionaries had really been subjected to privations, and said that if they had only applied to the nearest State station, it would have been happy to offer assistance.

In the course of his letter the Vice-Governor took occasion to remark that it was necessary for all such Societies as the Baptist Missionary Society to obey the law (*i.e.* to accept an indemnity without delay).

In answer to this, Mr. Forfeitt maintained that, the incident having already become the subject of communications between the Baptist Missionary Society Committee in London, and the Central Government in Brussels, no objection could properly be taken to the course he had adopted.

To the Vice-Governor's slightly scornful reference to the possible privations of the missionaries, and the simple means by which they might have been avoided, Mr. Forfeitt was able to make rejoinder as caustic as it was conclusive. He thanked the Vice-Governor for his kind thought, and suggestion that the missionaries at Upoto should apply to the nearest State station for provisions, but feared they could not be very hopeful of success, seeing that the State officers themselves had quite recently applied to the missionaries for provisions, which the latter had readily given, depending

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upon the 'Peace' for fresh supplies by a certain date, which the seizure of the vessel by the State had rendered impossible.

For his share in the business Mr. Forfeitt received the formal and cordial thanks of the Committee, and the affectionate and enthusiastic congratulations of Grenfell, who was delighted by the success of his young colleague, with whom he had already formed a close friendship, which was maintained until the end of his life.

In the end, the indemnity was not accepted, satisfactory assurances were given by the State, and there was no repetition of the trouble.

While the 'Peace' palaver was still dragging on, Grenfell's mind was much occupied by arrangements for the building of a new steamer, which the seizure of the 'Peace,' and the growth of the Mission had rendered necessary on the upper river. The Committee realized that to depend upon one steamer, several years old, which would shortly require serious repairs, would be to run inexcusable risks. After due consideration it was determined that the new ship, the 'Goodwill,' should be of the same type as the 'Peace,' but larger, swifter, and with many minor improvements. The contract for her construction was entrusted to Messrs. Thorneycroft, who had done so admirably in the building of the 'Peace'; and again Grenfell was happily upon the spot, to render invaluable advice and direction, based upon his unique experience. He superintended the building of the 'Goodwill,' he was present at her launch upon the Thames, he helped to despatch her, in loads, up country from Underhill, and in the event he did large part of her re-construction at Bolobo. But

though the 'Goodwill' was beyond question the superior craft, to the day of his death Grenfell loved the 'Peace' best.

He spent Christmas, 1890, at Sancreed. In the middle of January he was in London. News came of Mrs. Percy Comber's serious illness, which depressed him. The weather was not to be endured; and after two days of it, 'down-hearted and miserable,' he started off to his brother's at Sutton Coldfield.

On January 29 he is in Bristol, has received tidings of the death of Mrs. Comber, and writes to Lawson Forfeitt: 'The sad news by last mail has cast a gloom over me that I cannot shake off. It did not reach me till several days after I had your letter, telling of Percy and his wife being homeward-bound. Poor Percy! Many hearts have followed him on his lonely tramp back to Wathen, and many, many prayers have ascended on his behalf. The new steamer for the Congo is still "in the air," though I feel pretty certain the Committee will act next month, and give me the authority to close with one or other of the offers now before us.'

Grenfell had voyaged to Europe by the same steamer as Captain Thys, the Chief Director of Congo Railway Company, and he writes, 'You ask, "How do you like Thys?" I reply that I think him a wonderfully capable man, and that I feel drawn towards him. There is a great deal of the Briton (I take it) in his character. He has a very difficult part to play, and I sympathize very sincerely with him. I don't by any means endorse all his views, but there are very few men whose views I consider so enlightened. If we had a few more men like him, it would be all the better for the Congo. . . .

'I am not very bright, am wretchedly thin (for me),

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and not making so much progress as I would like. However, I have no fever, and have much to be thankful for. I'm doing no speaking yet—don't commence till April. . . .

'I hope, my dear Lawson, you are well. The good Lord long keep you so.'

On February 9, he writes from 19 Furnival Street to Mr. Joseph Hawkes, of Birmingham, *re* the proposed new steamer—

'The Finance Committee meets on Thursday, and I bring before them the data I have been collecting concerning the proposed new steamer. I hope it will be settled without a lot of wearying delay. A new steamer means quite worry enough for me without having a lot of "red tape" to contend with. . . .

'I am fancying that I feel much better, and hope soon to get into harness. Nothing will be more pleasant for me than to talk to your friends about the Congo, if I only feel equal to it—but I must not make promises yet.'

Again he writes to Mr. Hawkes from London, on February 26, saying the Congo mail brings 'good news from all along the line;' and adds: 'We have some little anxiety about a warlike expedition having been sent overland from the Pool, to enforce the recognition by the natives of the Congo authorities. The State offered us a guard for our Bolobo Station, but the missionaries there felt they would be safer without State protection, and I think so too.

'P.S. It is as foggy as ever here.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Worthing, March 11.

'I've tried to persuade Mrs. B—— not to tell you what the doctor said this morning, but she feels she must, and so I just pen a line or two, to inform you that

I'm not very brilliant. I shall (unless something very remarkable happens) be able to keep my engagement with Colonel Griffin on Friday evening. You need not be anxious. I'm taking care. Doctors always like to magnify their vocation.'

TO MR. HAWKES.

London, March 23.

'I quite hoped, up till Friday evening last, that I should have been able to get clear of London before Easter, but I find I shall not be free to go to Birmingham till the close of next week. I want to see the steamer fairly under way before I leave, and also the new map. It is astonishing what a lot of time these things involve. . . .

'Yes, indeed! Africa's charms get more attractive to me day by day. I fancy the King of the Belgians has not had a very pleasant visit. He came over, as you will have learned from the papers, on Congo State business. The said business, I fear, has not been very successful, for he packed up in a hurry, and went back a week earlier than he intended. I fancy that a long article in Friday's *Times* had something to do with it, an article that originated in a conversation I had with Sir Fowell Buxton last week. I am to have an interview with Sir William Mackinnon to-morrow. These things take lots of time, yet they must be attended to.'

The Society's report presented to the annual meeting in April, 1891, incorporates a review of the work upon the Congo, written by Grenfell. He commences with a touching reference to the death of Mrs. Percy Comber, briefly notes the advances that have been made toward the centre of the continent, and expresses the hope that Messrs. Darby and White will shortly be founding a new station near the Lubi Falls.

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'The progress of events seems to indicate that this will ere long be one of the most important centres of the continent—it is only fifty hours' march from the stations of the Soudanese Arabs on the Welle river, and is apparently destined to be the point upon which caravans, with a view to the rapid and safe communication with the civilized world, will concentrate from Gordon's lost provinces.

'Having moved, stage by stage, thus far, we are within striking distance of the object proposed by that generous friend of Missions, Mr. Robert Arthington, when he gave our society splendid donations for the formation of a line of stations along the Aruwimi valley towards Lake Albert. It is hoped that the time will speedily come when the funds will be provided, and the unsettled state of the natives, reported by Mr. Stanley, will have given place to confidence, and have resulted in the re-forming of their abandoned towns. With a view to obtaining information as to the present prospects of the Aruwimi route, it is proposed that the steamer "Peace" make an early voyage to reconnoitre, so far as the river may offer facilities for so doing.

'But on the Aruwimi and Loika we shall enter upon a new phase of work, for we shall be in contact with the East Coast Arabs, who are steadily pushing their way north-westwards to the country occupied by their co-religionists of the Soudan; in fact, their advanced guards have already met. Islam from the south-east is already in touch with Islam from the north, and the poor natives are thus, as it were, between the upper and nether mill-stones. In entering upon this region Christian Missions will have to face the fanaticism of partially enlightened believers in God, as well as the heathenism of ignorant and demoralized men. But, however arduous the task

may threaten to be, we are full of hope and confidence ; we have not entered upon the contest at our own charges, and if we find ourselves on the threshold of great difficulties, they are not of our own seeking ; our trust is in Him in Whose name we have been sent forth.'

The measure of progress recorded at the several stations of the Mission is then discussed ; but space-limits forbid further quotation.

Early in April, Grenfell received from Captain Thys an invitation to Brussels, to discuss a proposal to establish a regular service of steamers, at fixed dates, upon the Upper Congo. The invitation was accepted, and during his visit Grenfell 'had the honour of an interview with his Majesty the King of the Belgians and Sovereign of the Congo State. His Majesty, on that occasion, took the opportunity of conferring upon Mr. Grenfell the insignia of "Chevalier of the Order of Leopold," "in recognition of services rendered in opening up the territory of the Congo State, and of efforts made towards ameliorating the condition of the peoples subject to his Majesty's rule."'

At the beginning of May, he was to have addressed a meeting in Birmingham, but on April 30 he writes from the house of Mr. W. R. Rickett, the revered and munificent Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, reporting himself unwell, and unable to travel. He has arranged with Mr. Darby to take his place, and says—

'The friends in Birmingham will profit by the exchange, for Darby is a capital speaker. He is a clever fellow, and has a wondrous kindly heart. I think you will enjoy his company : I'm sure the children will, for he's full of stories.

'I'm better than I was, though I've only been out of

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my room twice since Saturday. Friends won't hear of my going outside the house for some days yet.

'Did I tell you that the whole of the Bolobo towns have been burned down by the State? Great distress among the people.'

As the summer began to wane, Grenfell went down to Sancreed for a holiday, and on August 13 wrote to Mr. Baynes—

'I go to London for the launch of the "Goodwill" on the 21st. The steamer will not be quite finished on that date; but as the tide suits, the opportunity will be taken to put her in the water. . . . The time between the 21st inst. and the 8th prox. will be devoted to preliminary trials, and to getting things into "ship-shape" for the view.'

The launch was successful, and at the time appointed the 'Goodwill' was on view at Westminster. Numbers of the friends of the Mission inspected her at her moorings, and many took passage to Chiswick and back, so making practical acquaintance with the powers of the little ship, whose fortunes they would follow with prayerful interest, as she justified her name, by bearing the tidings of the Herald Angels to the warring tribes of Central Africa.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LUNDA EXPEDITION

Asked to join a Belgian Commission—Financial Arrangements—Grenfell's Embarkation—A Terrific Storm—Ministry of 'Mamma Hartland'—Landing at Matadi—The Start—Tungwa—Stopped by War—Tenders his Resignation—Work of Steane—Declaration of Peace—Food Supply Difficulties—The Rainy Season—The Highlands—Swamps—A Plague of Flies—The Small-pox—The Return Journey—On Livingstone's Path—At Loanda—Death of Mrs. Cameron—A Grand Reception.

UPON the completion of the arrangements for the launch of the 'Goodwill,' Grenfell went down to Sancreed, to spend a holiday with his mother amid scenes that were dear to him from earliest days. The weather was piteously wet, and he was busy making the best of it, when a letter was forwarded to him from the Mission House, which was destined to affect his life so seriously for the next two years, that it may well be reproduced here.

Bruxelles, August 13, 1891.

'DEAR GRENFELL,

'As you perhaps know, the frontier of the Lunda ought now to be settled with Portugal, and in order to do this the Portuguese Lt.-Colonel Sebastiao de Souza Dantas Baracho is already there.

'Knowing as I do your great knowledge of the

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country, and the interest you have always kindly taken in the prosperity of the Congo, may I reckon upon you to represent the Congo State in this matter, placing as I do the greatest confidence in your judgment?

‘I send you this proposal by direction of the King, who would be very grateful to you.

‘I should be much obliged to you if you kindly would write me a word about this matter as soon as possible, for we are in a great hurry.

‘Of course, if you agree, as I hope, with this Commission you will receive to accomplish it the most complete requirements, and you will be called to Brussels for that purpose.

‘Yours kindly,

‘LIEBRECHTS.’

Immediately Grenfell wrote to Mr. Baynes as follows:—

‘I have just received the enclosed. In acknowledging its receipt I have said: “I am unable to pronounce upon this proposal, apart from the Committee of our Society. Personally I should be greatly gratified if I might accept the honour of the appointment his Majesty has been good enough to suggest. I am sending your letter to Mr. Baynes, and am asking him to telegraph to me, so that I may be able to send a formal reply by the earliest possible date.”

‘I understand the proposal as a request for me to act as a member of a delimitation Commission to fix the boundaries between the Congo State and the Portuguese possessions lying between the rivers Kwango and Kasai—but of this I am not quite sure. The disputed territory lies between those points, and if the matter is as I suppose, it would take some three months to go and

return from San Salvador—which I expect would be the starting-point. The frontier, after reaching the Kwango, lies a little south of east of San Salvador.

‘I think the whole thing might be managed during the time the “Goodwill” is being sent up country, and without in any way delaying her transport or completion. It would involve my leaving England somewhat earlier than I expected, but as I have completed my second term of rest, as advised by Dr. Roberts, I think it could be done without prejudice to my health. In fact, if it were needful, I have no doubt it would be possible to arrange for a short visit to England before returning to the Upper River, without expense to the Committee. It would not mean more than three months’ delay in my reaching Bolobo if I did not return to England.

‘I shall be very sorry to stay away from Bolobo, even three months more than is absolutely necessary. I should much like to see the Lunda country, and the experience might be useful to us in working eastward from San Salvador, but I cannot urge that the proposal has any direct bearing upon our work. I should like to accept the proposal the King has made, but I want to do my duty before even pleasing the King. Is it the Lord showing us a way inland from San Salvador? I am in the hands of the Committee.’

Mr. Baynes telegraphed a reply in the following terms: ‘Must await Committee’s decision on September 14. Cannot undertake to settle the matter myself. Advise this to Brussels.’

Replying, on August 13, to a letter from Mr. Baynes, Grenfell reports that he has written to Brussels, intimating that no decision can be given until the meeting of the Committee, and assuming, in view of the urgency

of the affair, that this inevitable delay will rule him out. He agrees with Mr. Baynes that such a question must needs be settled 'on the ground of principle.' The work is work which he could do, and would like to do ; but he would not undertake it unless the Committee decidedly favoured the project. The impracticable delay, however, makes such discussion merely academic.

Three days later he forwards to Mr. Baynes another letter from the Secretary-General, who says : 'The Government of the Independent State of the Congo, knowing how much it may reckon upon you, will wait for your Committee's decision, and is very anxious to hear about it. It hopes you will be allowed to undertake that commission of peace which the King intends to offer you. Your Committee, the King hopes, will see by that offer a right homage paid to the high and best qualities of one of its missionaries.'

Under date September 2 the Secretary writes again, enclosing a copy of the agreement between the Congo Free State and Portugal, upon the basis of which the proposed delimitation is to be effected, and promising the supply of all necessary means to accelerate the accomplishment of the Commission.

Six days later he writes again an autograph letter, intimating that the questions 'principally to be dealt with in the delimitation of the Lunda are those arising out of the claims of native chiefs, whose districts lie between the Kwango and the Kasai.' He also states that a Belgian officer, probably Lieutenant Gorin, who is on the Lower Congo, and 'knows about taking observations,' will be appointed as Grenfell's colleague. In forwarding this letter to Mr. Baynes, Grenfell writes : 'I wonder if the officer is to act under me, or to be my superior. The former will be strange, and the latter,

for me, an impossible condition. I must be absolutely independent and free, if I go.'

The Committee's assent was given, and duly communicated to Brussels. The Secretary-General acknowledged this in a most cordial letter, and invited Grenfell to proceed to Brussels at the earliest possible moment.

Grenfell wrote to Mr. Baynes from Brussels on September 25: 'I have seen Mr. Eettvelde, Minister of the Interior, and satisfactorily arranged all preliminaries with him. He proposed that I should be the Chief of the Commission and that the officer, while able to give his advice, should in all things defer to me. He says definite instructions will be prepared on these lines. A bodyguard will be sent, but it is strictly defensive, and will in no case engage in warlike operations unless to defend our lives—but this seems to be a very remote contingency. He looks very favourably upon Mrs. Grenfell accompanying me—in fact, sees nothing against it, if it is only agreeable to ourselves.

'I see the King to-morrow at 11.30 a.m.

'I was asked as to my ideas in the matter of remuneration. I referred them to you—telling them I had certain expenses in England to meet on account of my children, and also that I expected to be provided for comfortably on the journey, and also telling them that our Committee met these expenses in such a way as to free me from all anxiety.'

On these simple lines the financial matter was arranged. The Committee thus gave their agent leave of absence to serve the Congo State, upon a commission that promised to make for peace and goodwill among men; and the State, while using him, paid his expenses upon the modest scale to which he had been accustomed. It accorded with the principles

of both Grenfell and his Committee that the service should not be a profit-making business. And in the end, when the Mission which proved so much more arduous, perilous and protracted than was anticipated, had been successfully performed, neither Grenfell nor his Society was a penny the better for the work.

Of course, this magnanimity was appreciated by the Free State authorities, who were well pleased to find that no more was required of them than 'to relieve your Committee of the cost of the maintenance of Mr. Grenfell during the period occupied by the Mission.'

On September 26 Grenfell writes to his friend Mr. Joseph Hawkes: 'I have had an hour with the King to-day, and it is all settled that I am to undertake the proposed mission. All being well, we leave Antwerp for the Congo on November 6. I expect the work will require nearly six months. I shall need your prayers just as much as ever.'

He reached Antwerp on November 5, and proceeded immediately to Brussels for final instructions, which were duly received, signed by the King. He found also awaiting him an invitation to dine with their Majesties the King and Queen. Writing to Mr. Baynes from 's.s. "Akassa," off Flushing,' the next day, he says, 'I am named "Plenipotentiary," to distinguish me from my Belgian colleague. The King was very gracious, and alluded very nicely to the disinterestedness of our Society and myself, referring, I took it, to the fact that we are not saddling the Congo Government with heavy expenses; though of course he did not speak directly of money matters—a King can hardly do so. We have had very fine weather, and it still promises well.'

Grenfell's embarkation had been hurried. In a brief note to Mr. Hawkes, under same date, he writes, 'I

am leaving by steamer sailing at 10 a.m. It is now 8.55, and I have yet two more letters to write, my bag to pack, and a drive of twenty minutes.' There follows mention in a sentence or two of his visit to Brussels, title of 'Plenipotentiary,' dinner with the King, and then this brief characteristic reflection: 'Am I not getting vain in my old age to tell you such tattle, when time is so short?' Trivialities dismissed, the letter goes on to deal with matters of importance, including the payment of 'a sum of six shillings or so due for breakages.'

The promise of fair weather mentioned above proved delusive. The 'Akassa,' some few days out, encountered a terrific storm. 'For nearly a week we did not change our clothes, nor were we able to dry our beds, which had been soaked by the bursting of one of the ports.' The captain became so ill that he was incapacitated, and had to relinquish his post at Grand Canary, where the steamer was delayed three days while another captain was secured. So grave was the case, in the height of the storm, that the order was given to take to the boats. But happily that desperate expedient was averted. 'Had it come to taking the boats,' Grenfell writes, 'we should have fared badly, for the biggest life-boat was stove in, and the rest could not have held half of us. Once more the Lord has been very good to us, and for this among His many favours let His name be praised.'

To those who believe in the efficacy of prayer, as simply and practically as Grenfell did, the following extract from a letter addressed, two months later, to 'Mamma Hartland' will be of peculiar interest: 'You refer to the storm of November 10 and 11. We felt the full fury of it, and for a time were in a very critical

condition. . . . We felt sure that many prayers were being offered for us. Our God was with us through it all, and our hearts were stayed on Him.'

To those acquainted with the facts these sentences will recall the figure of an elderly lady, living in a modest home in Kentish Town, whose activities were restricted by suffering, but whose spiritual influence was felt all along the line of the Congo Mission. She filled the void in her heart occasioned by her son's death by adopting the Mission in which he died. Toward every man and woman engaged in it her affections went out with motherly solicitude, which secured a filial return; and in many an hour of storm and stress the tired and suffering missionary on the Congo has turned with grateful and inspiring remembrance to 'Mamma Hartland,' whose intercession would never fail while life remained, and who wrote slowly, with pain-distorted fingers, letters that were fraught with the very comfort of God.

The perilous voyage was finished in safety on December 8, when Grenfell landed at Matadi, two miles beyond the depôt station at Underhill. And these last two miles meant struggle for the steamer. The current, always strong at that point, was at its strongest, and the good ship 'Akassa' was an hour forging past the rush. Indeed, in one half-hour's steaming she simply held her own, and advanced not a single yard.

Grenfell was delighted to receive satisfactory tidings of the Mission—'everybody reported well or nearly so all along the line.' He notes that things are running smoothly at the Underhill Station, and that though direct shipment to Matadi will add somewhat to its burdens, this new arrangement will be a great boon to the Mission as a whole.

'Transshipment at Banana is not very expensive, but

involves tedious delays, and also considerable loss by pilfering and damage on board the river craft. In justice to the Dutch House, it must be said they make good any loss that may be pointed out to them at the time of delivery, but it often occurs that the loss is not discovered till afterwards.' He also reports that the railway labour question is an increasingly serious one, and that progress in consequence is very slow. 'Some 200 Sierra Leone men tried to force their way on board the "Akassa," so that they might return to their own country. They were repelled by soldiers, but the dissatisfaction is by no means at an end.'

When Grenfell was first approached anent the Lunda Expedition, he was informed that the authorities were 'in a great hurry.' The unconscious irony of that statement was now apparent. Arriving at Underhill, keen to begin the big business, he learned from the Governor-General that nothing had been heard concerning the movements of the Portuguese Commissioner, and that 'as there are no hotels on the Kwango,' it would be expedient for Grenfell to remain at Underhill, rather than hurry off to wait indefinitely in the wilds. So he begins the long spell of waiting which extends to five months; for it is not until May 10 that he and his colleagues are enabled to start upon their journey, to meet the Portuguese section of the expedition at the distant rendezvous.

Weeks elapsed before it was possible to secure direct communication with the Portuguese Commissioner. Then it appeared that his delimitation of the Lower Congo, which was to precede the Lunda task, had not been commenced. However, he had been apprised by the Governor of the Portuguese Congo that the rains were falling in that region 'with intense furiosity,' and that

it would not be possible to commence field work there until the end of April.

At first, and for a while, the delay was not entirely unwelcome to Grenfell. It enabled him to superintend the discharge of the 'Goodwill,' and to get the loads ready for the road. It gave him the joy of welcoming colleagues upon arrival. It secured him leisure to lie up for three weeks with fever, which indeed he might have escaped, had he passed on into healthier regions. On February 11, he notes that he has had more fever during the few weeks of his stay at Underhill than he had during his last term in Africa.

Many other matters of greater or lesser importance called for his attention, and secured it. But Bolobo was upon his heart, and after two months' waiting he went down to Boma, and requested the Governor-General to grant him three months' leave, that he might visit Bolobo, and return for final instructions. This the Governor-General could not arrange, and Grenfell, growing restive, wished to resign the commission and get back to his own work. On the whole, however, it seemed right that he should go through with his task; and he learned, at the end of March, that the dilatory Portuguese Commissioner had been relieved of duty, and another appointed, who was in the field at no great distance from the point at which the actual work of delimitation would commence.

The following letter must have been written with a sigh of vast relief.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Underhill, April 12, 1892.

'I have at last received definite instructions to proceed with the work of the Lunda Commission, and all being well we shall leave this place on the 21st inst.

'The meeting-place for the joint Commission is about 550 miles inland, and the date fixed for our assembling there is July 20. This allows ample time, and if we only get over the remaining portion of the journey at the rate of five miles per diem, we ought to finish it, and be at the State Station of Luebo, in 21° 20' E. long. by the end of October, or early in November. Seeing that steamers run frequently between Luebo and Stanley Pool, and the voyage down stream is only a matter of some ten or twelve days, we hope to be back at Bolobo by the end of the year. Of course, in undertaking such a journey in Africa, one has to be prepared for all sorts of eventualities, as well as for delay, but I am hopeful that with God's good favour we may get through both safely and soon.

'Mr. Ernest Hughes arrived nine days ago ; carriers are here ready to take him up country, and he is arranging to start to-morrow. Unless there are developments on the upper river of which as yet we know nothing, he will proceed to Monsembe, and get into harness ready for Stapleton's home-going. This will give three men to each of our farthest stations, but gives us no colleague for Darby when he goes forward to his new station. Darby is now at Bolobo, and will probably stay there till I return. I am very glad he is able to be there while I am away.

'Our course to the Kwango lies two days south of Wathen, but I am hoping to make a detour, and to write you again from that place.

'The whole of the hull of the "Goodwill" is now on its way up country.'

On May 7 Grenfell was still at Underhill, waiting for carriers. He writes: \Unhappily, the date for commencing the work of the joint Commission has been

deferred till September ; but the Governor of Angola, in writing to me, says he hopes that with goodwill, and 'a little extra diligence, the delay will be more than compensated for.'

On May 10 the long-desired start was made. For the detailed account of this great journey, upon which Grenfell set out accompanied by Mrs. Grenfell, and his Belgian colleague ; for the report of his scientific observations ; for the intensely interesting story of the hostility of the Kiamvo, Muene Puto Kasongo, ultimately overcome ; and of Grenfell's reception by the vanquished tyrant, to whom he preached the Gospel,—I must refer my readers to the pages of Sir Harry Johnston. I submit selected passages from letters written at various points, which may convey some idea of the arduousness and importance of the task which Grenfell had undertaken, and of the manner in which it was accomplished.

TO MISS HAWKES.

Ntumba Mani, Congo State, July 8.

'We managed to get away from Underhill on May 10, and since that time have spent thirty-seven days in marching ; the rest have been spent at various points where we have been delayed. We are not at the farthest point we have reached, for after making five marches beyond this place we found the way was not clear, and so returned to this Station of the Congo State, and expect to remain here some weeks. An advance party leaves in a few days, and will make its way to Popocabaca, and, if all goes well, will arrange for our following as soon as possible.

'In our journeying we have taken things as easily as possible, and with so long a journey before us have not

made anything like forced marches, our longest being seven or eight hours, and shortest not half so long.

‘We are now on an elevated tableland nearly 3,000 feet above the sea, and have it comparatively cold morning and evening, the thermometer going down at times as low as 53°. We are consequently very glad of blankets by night, and wool clothes by day. Camp fires are quite an institution, and sometimes they are kept up till well on into the day, if we are staying at a place.

‘We are among the people on the border-land of the cattle and india rubber district; we were well within the border when we turned back. The people there are given up very largely to collecting rubber, and neglect their plantations, and we thus found it difficult to get food for our large caravan, for although we could get beef for ourselves it was impossible to feed our hundred men or more on beef alone.

‘On our journey hither we passed very close to Tungwa, where Comber and I were turned back in 1878. I was sadly tempted to turn aside and pay the old place a visit. We camped all night in the place where Comber was shot. The people are very friendly now, and would be very glad if we would send a teacher. The whole country between that point and where we are now is very populous and fruitful, and would make a splendid field for a Mission. More towards the east the country becomes very sandy, and is but thinly peopled; in fact, one part of our journey is through almost a desert for about eight days, and I am sending for thirty loads of “chop,” to help us in getting through it.

‘In the sandy country the streams are at the bottoms of steep valleys of six to eight hundred feet, and a day’s journey apart. Hereabouts, on the contrary, there is

too much water—yesterday we crossed fifteen streams, some of them with muddy swampy banks very difficult for my ass, especially when I am on her back. One day she sat down in the mud three different times, and I had to walk through to the other side, and to await her pleasure to follow me. One day I thought she would never get through at all, for she sank into it almost up to her shoulders.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Ntumba Mani, July 8.

'At this point we are 25 marches inland from Matadi, and still have 12 marches between us and the Kwango. Of these twelve we covered four, and then, on account of the war between Muene Puto Kasongo and the State, having arrived within six hours of the boundary of the hostile district, and being unable to secure a native escort, we returned, to await further developments.

'Upon reaching our farthest point, and finding how matters stood, I wrote to the Governor General, advising him of our being about to return, and also to this effect: "Circumstances are so entirely changed from what they were when I undertook to act on this Commission, that I feel the State will be better served by my withdrawal from it, and by the appointment of a military officer in my place. I am hoping, therefore, that the authority for the delegation of my powers, for which I believe you have already applied, may soon arrive, and that I may have your permission to transfer them to my colleague, or other officer whom you may indicate."

'On my arrival at Lukunga I heard of this war, and immediately wrote to the Governor General, asking for

his instructions, in case we found the way barred ; and these instructions I found awaiting me on my return yesterday. They are to the effect that my colleague is to move forward, and, if needful, force his way, and arrange with the Commissaire of the district at Popocabaca, for my reaching the rendezvous by the appointed time. Till the Governor-General has had time to make the needful arrangements for relieving me, and so long as the original stipulations are complied with, I feel I cannot refuse to proceed, even though there is a probability of the work being prolonged for a few months beyond the expected time. It would be a very serious matter for me to withdraw at the present juncture.

‘Even though the way is so cleared as to allow me to proceed, the work, on account of the complications that have arisen, will be far more arduous than I supposed. However, that the work should be done as a missionary should do it, is perhaps a good reason for my not forcing the hand of the Governor. Personally, I would much rather return to Bolobo and to my work ; but as I have not chosen my present position for myself, I feel I must not act precipitately, but prayerfully strive to find where duty leads.

‘I must confess I scarcely expect the Governor-General will accept my resignation, yet I should be immensely relieved if he would only do so. He must consider himself greatly hampered by having at the head of this Commission a man who refuses to fight his way to the meeting-place, and my writing as I have done may suggest a very acceptable way out of an embarrassing situation.

‘My wife is with me, and joins in sincerest regards.’

The Lunda Expedition

TO MR. JOSEPH HAWKES.

Ntumba Mani, August 11.

‘Still waiting for the horizon to clear! We have been living in tents for about three months, and are only fifteen miles east of Stanley Pool—latitude same as that of Underhill. We have been five marches to the eastward of this point, but, finding further progress barred, came back, and arranged for the building of a post at the place whence we retraced our steps. This is now in course of erection, and when finished will serve as a base for further operations eastward.

‘If all goes well, we hope to move forward again in a fortnight or so; but in Africa “time does not count.” It brings its grey hours notwithstanding. Every possible effort is being made by the Government to pacify the country, and money is being spent at a great rate to secure the success of our Mission and an open route to the frontier. I have asked for a hundred more porters, so as to hasten matters, more food and more cloth, and everything is granted at once—yet things go slowly.

‘It is said that all things come to those who wait—and if there is one thing I have learned in Africa, it is, how to “wait.” “Most true, my dilatory brother,” you will say, when you think of my promise to “write up” the slides I left with you, and when you count up the sixteen sheets I now enclose. Joseph, my dear boy, you must forgive me, and try to believe it is not altogether dilatoriness that has prevented me from keeping my promise. Camp life is full of unconsidered hindrances, and the business of this Expedition and our Mission are constant drains upon my time for working and thinking. I am very glad that as yet I am not cut off from Baptist Missionary Society correspondence, for, owing to the

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good service of couriers we have to maintain with the seat of Government, I am within comparatively easy communication with Underhill and the Mission generally.

'The "Goodwill" transport, after a long period of inactivity, I am glad to learn, is marching more satisfactorily, and the scores of loads that were abandoned along the route, in consequence of an intertribal fight, are being got together and gradually delivered at the Pool. The reports concerning health, and the progress of the work are encouraging. I therefore thank God, and go on "waiting" and hoping for my return to the upper river.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Panga Nlele (5° 50' S. lat., 16° 20' E. long.), September 6.

'Since writing you last we have made seven marches eastward, and are now occupying the new post that has been formed at this place, and waiting while our loads are being transported to the Kwango, four or five marches farther on. Our advance guard has already made a successful journey to the Kwango, and the second caravan is now halfway thither. Everything is tranquil, but progress is very slow. We scarcely expect to move forward till the end of the month. By that time, if all goes well, there will be three boats on the river, and we shall in that case make use of them for the next 200 miles of our journey.

'In a recent letter I told you of my having tendered my resignation to the Governor-General, and asked that when the authority to delegate my powers should arrive that he would indicate my successor on the Commission. As yet I have received no authority to delegate my powers, but I have received a request from the Governor-General that I should retain the Commission confided

to me by the King, notwithstanding the unfortunate delays that have occurred, and carry the work through to the hoped-for satisfactory conclusion. To this I have replied, stating that I took upon myself to promise to serve till the present difficulty on the Kwango was settled, but that apart from my Committee I could not promise to await the settlement of future difficulties that might possibly arise. When this present difficulty is settled, and everything seems fair for an early and satisfactory solution, I can scarcely imagine another serious delay; and yet in Africa so many things are possible, and the unexpected so often happens, that I cannot do more than very sincerely hope that we may be free to commence the work of delimitation in November. Once commenced, three or four months of hard work should complete the task, and leave me free to get back to Bolobo and my colleagues.

‘I am delighted to hear of the splendid Centennial meetings and to learn of the success of the “Fund.” It is very cheering to hear of Dr. Webb coming to the Congo—may others speedily follow.’

TO MISS HAWKES.

Panga Nlele, September 18.

‘The first of the tornadoes broke on us quite suddenly three day ago, blew down several of the tents in the camp, drove the cook out of his extemporized kitchen, and spoiled our dinner. The dry season is now at an end, and we shall have all the inconveniences of travelling in the rains. Happily, we are keeping well—knocking about agrees with us, apparently.’

‘When I wrote you last we were up in the Congo highlands; we are now down in the valley of the Kwango, and in the normal Congo climate. The

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minimum temperature of 70° is far more agreeable to my mind, than the 50° we had on the hills.

‘A day or two after our arrival at this place the natives in the neighbouring villages all ran away into the forest, and it was not till some three or four days later that we could so convince them of our kindly intentions as to induce them to come back. They are, however, friendly enough now, and are carrying our loads. But food is still dear; it costs more here than I have ever paid before for rationing our men—nearly 6*d.* a day for bread-stuffs alone, and that in Africa, and so far from the coast, is a very serious matter.

‘We are glad to get the news about the children’s holidays—they were so busy enjoying themselves they did not write us many particulars. We can well imagine “dear Auntie Lizzie” trotting along in the snow with a party of four, and the sympathy she would get when she fell down. We were very sorry you ventured out in such weather. With your throat and chest so sensitive, it was no small risk. Fortunately for you, the results were no worse.’

TO THE REV. J. J. FULLER.

Popocabaca, October 24.

‘Our last reports from the upper river speak of the “Goodwill” as being nearly all at the Pool, and of the prospect of its being at Bolobo during the present month; in that case she may be afloat by the time I return. Bungudi is at Bolobo preparing for the “Goodwill.” Francis Steane is with us on this journey, and as usual is my right-hand man. Just now we are in a very hungry country, no meat or fish (we have but very few tins with us), unless we catch it, and Francis is our great hunter and fisherman. This work is less dignified, perhaps, but is not less important than his help

with my observations. He gets my instruments ready, and takes time with the chronometer as I take the altitudes. Last week he was patching boats damaged by hippopotamus' teeth ; to-day he is mending his cast-net—so you see he has to turn his hand to all sorts of things. Luckily for me, he has both the ability and the will to do it.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Popocabaca, November 5.

'After waiting here for a month we have just received news of the complete submission of the Chief, Muene Puto Kasongo, and the declaration of peace. The 1200 armed men who attended the Chief manifested the most lively satisfaction when the rite of blood-brotherhood sealed the compact, and were evidently very glad of the prospect of quieter times than they have been having for the past eight months.

'After the Arab authority, but not a whit less cruel or despotic, that of Muene Puto Kasongo was the next most powerful within the limits of the Congo State ; and, if the terms of the present peace can only be maintained—and I am very sanguine of it—immense benefits will accrue to the population of an area of some 20,000 square miles, who hitherto have been subject to raids, systematically arranged at the capital, for the levying of blackmail and the capture of slaves.

'When I wrote you last it was intended that our Commission should join the expedition to Kasongo under the Commissaire of the district, but it was afterwards determined that we should wait at this point till the way was quite clear. The news to hand enabled us to send off more than 200 of our loads this morning, and on the 7th we follow in the three boats, with the remainder of our men and baggage. We propose to

join the land caravan at a point some 200 miles south, where the river ceases (practically) to be navigable.

'Unless other obstacles interpose we ought, even with a very moderate rate of progress, to finish the work of delimitation in February, and be back here in March. At one time we thought of returning by way of the Kasai river, but taking into consideration the uncertainty of meeting a steamer within a reasonable time, and the difficulty of travelling in canoes at high water, as it will be when we reach the Kasai, we have determined to make the return journey by land also—a programme which, if carried out, will involve a further eleven or twelve hundred miles.

'I trust, my dear Mr. Baynes, that the month of April will find us back at Bolobo, and I shall indeed be glad when the time comes for me to report my arrival there. You may depend upon my doing my utmost to avoid the further loss of a single day.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Franz Joseph Falls, Kwango River
(7° 35' 50" S. lat.), December 3.

'We have just finished our twenty days' boat journey, and are encamped close to the Falls preparatory to moving forward overland. The boats return in a day or two, and I take the opportunity of writing a note, for it is somewhat uncertain when we may get another chance.

'We are now twenty-five miles north of our meeting-place with the Portuguese. From the natives we learn the Commissioners spent some considerable time at Nguri a Nkama, twenty-five miles south of the rendezvous, but that they have now retired to Kapenda Camulemba, a degree farther away. By this time, however, they should be in receipt, *viâ* Boma and Loanda, of the news of our

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delay, and of the new appointment we made for a later date, an appointment that was accepted by the Loanda authorities. They could hardly do other than accept, seeing they kept us waiting so long in the early part of the year. The Commissioners should now be on their way to the frontier again, and in that case we may expect to meet them in a few days' time.

'Our land caravan is already at the frontier, having left us five days ago, and by this time will have messengers on their way to the Portuguese stations to the south, telling of our arrival. In a day or two I am expecting 150 of the carriers here to take us and the cargo brought in the boats to the frontier.

'We are over 350 altogether, and feeding so many has been a very serious task, especially in the desert country, which extends five days north of this place. Happily, we on the river have caught plenty of fish, and have killed two hippopotami, and thus been able to furnish the land party with "beef." Wild pineapples, palm-nuts, etc., have to take the place of "kwanga" (our breadstuff).

'We are in the thick of the rainy season, and every day brings its downpour. We are having lots of trouble in drying our soaked belongings in the interval of sunshine. These, however, are small matters. We are nearing the commencement of our work, and Bolobo looms much more vividly in view.'

Ultimately Grenfell joined forces with the Portuguese Expedition toward the end of December, 'at Kasongo Luamba, to the south of the Tungila,' and proceeded eastward upon the actual business which had involved such prolonged and perilous preliminary toils. Yet severer troubles awaited him, as following letters will reveal.

TO MR. JOSEPH HAWKES.

Luchiko River ($7^{\circ} 23'$ S. lat., 20° E. long.), March 12, 1893.

'Some of the Portuguese carriers, their loads having been used up *en route*, are being sent back to the coast, and so, by the same occasion, I send you a note, that you may know we are still pushing our way eastward. We have, however, been so delayed by hunger and sickness that our barter goods will not hold out for the return journey, and therefore, as soon as we have finished the delimitation, we shall strike for the nearest station on the Congo waterway, Luebo. To the Kasai, where the work of the Commission terminates, will involve some fifteen marches; thence to Luebo another fifteen, after that a week or ten days by steamer, to drop down to Stanley Pool—that is, if we are fortunate enough to light upon a steamer in reasonable time; if not, we may be driven to making our own canoes and paddling them into port.

'Our condition has been such that we have only been able to make eight marches since the 24th ult. Happily things are mending with us, and we are hopeful of being able to make much better progress during the coming month.

'We have been in the Lunda highlands, about the height of Snowdon, for some weeks past, and have just descended into the valley of Luchiko—a drop of about a thousand feet. The country is more fertile, and our men are greatly better for the change. These "highlands" are not like the "highlands" of Scotland, rocky and mountainous, but the very reverse, being wide sandy plains separated by wide shallow swampy valleys, not more than fifty or a hundred feet below the general level.

'The swamps have been a great trouble to us—one mile of swamp meaning a couple of hours of wading

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through mud and water, sometimes up to one's waist. One of the last was one of the worst. We managed to get across by shortly after noon, but six of the oxen and the three mules were still three hundred yards from *terra firma* when night fell, and torrents of rain also, and they had to be left till morning. We scarcely expected to find them all alive. The oxen kept up a very melancholy lowing all night, and by morning were so weak they submitted to being lifted out of the mud, and having their legs tied together, and to being dragged along bodily over the surface of the swamp. The mules were literally carried in a kind of hammock slung under their bodies. One of the oxen had found a sort of island, or patch of hard ground, and taken possession of it, and could not be persuaded to move. It came across the swamp, however, in the shape of beef, to the amenable condition of which it was reduced by the very emphatic argument of a rifle bullet. With this exception everything got safely across by 1 o'clock ; but a day was lost, for oxen, mules, and men were all too tired to think of an afternoon march.

Coming down into the valley here was made memorable by passing through one of those belts of fly-country where life becomes almost a burden. Happily, in a couple of hours we had it behind us, and could breathe freely and think of something else. The flies are miserable little black creatures only half the size of house flies, that go straight for one's eyes and ears and nose, and get among the roots of one's hair. With one hand brandishing a wisp of grass or bunch of leaves, you try to keep them clear of your face ; but they come in such swarms that some of them are sure to get past, and the other hand is kept busy searching for them in your ears, your eyes, or among your hair. They are stupid



A WRESTLING MATCH, BOPOTO.

Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



[Photo: G. Grenfell.

CROSSING KWILU RIVER, LUNDA EXPEDITION.

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creatures, and don't take the trouble to get out of the way, a single pat of one's hand or blow with the flapper will sometimes kill as many as twenty. They don't seem to mind being killed a bit, and are not at all like the cute specimens you get in civilized countries. I can sympathize with the Egyptians—a plague of flies is no joke.

'But, after all, flies and swamps are small matters, as you will realize one day, when I tell you the story of this journey. Happily, all has gone well with the natives, and the work of the Commission progresses, I trust, satisfactorily. Our poor carriers, however, are suffering very severely, starvation and smallpox having killed quite a number of them.

'If our work is carried out to a successful issue, it will be some small recompense; but I shall be very slow to undertake a similar commission.

'Patience joins me in affectionate greetings to you all.

'The fly experience and the swamp episode will do for the children's share of this letter. But there is no moral (as I think I have observed before) to my yarns; they won't mind that, however.'

TO MR. BAYNES,

Quilo River (19° 40' E. long., 7° 45' S. lat.), April 9.

'Since writing you last all our plans have been changed, and we are now on our way back by a route a little to the south of that by which we came.

'Though we failed to reach the Kasai by some ten marches, we have been able to carry the work of delimitation to such an issue as we hope will prove a satisfactory settlement to the Governments concerned.

'We have an epidemic of smallpox among our men, and have lost heavily. It is a terrible scourge when one

is well placed for combatting it, but in a big caravan like ours and *en route* it is infinitely worse.

'Our difficulties have been very great, but happily we have been able to keep clear of fighting. We have a long and trying march still to make (some seven hundred miles), and under more trying conditions than those which obtained when we set out—but God is good.'

The return journey was perilous and distressful. Grenfell's plans were again altered by native wars and famine. Having sent his Congo carriers and some sick men northwards along the Kwango to Stanley Pool, he himself started off with the Belgian and Portuguese officers for the Kwanza River and St. Paul de Loanda.

One incident related by Mrs. Grenfell will be of interest to the reader. At a certain point they struck the track of Livingstone, but could not follow it because of the hostility of natives. Calling his wife, Grenfell walked with her up and down, saying, 'I did not think I should ever tread the path Livingstone trod.'

The last reach of the great journey was covered in comfort by rail, the Portuguese Governor-General having sent a special train to Dondo, to convey Grenfell and his party to Loanda.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Loanda, June 23.

'We safely reached this point on the 16th, and hope to get the final delimitation documents into shape, and signed, so as to allow of our reaching Boma by the end of the month.

'During our stay here we are the guests of the Governor-General of Angola. . . .

'I am rather oppressed by being such a "distinguished" guest, and shall be very glad to get into the quieter atmosphere of Underhill. Though I suppose this is very ungrateful of me, considering the kindness of the Governor and the officials, who are doing everything possible to make us feel at home. . . .

'On my arrival here the Consul (Mr. Pickersgill, whom I believe you know) handed me a letter from Lawson Forfeitt, containing an outline of the present disposition of our Congo staff, and the news of the death of Mrs. Cameron. We sympathize very sincerely with Mr. Cameron, and realize very vividly the great loss the mission has sustained. . . .

TO MR. BAYNES.

Underhill, July 12.

'State affairs will keep me employed till the end of the month, so you will please draw the allowance the Brussels authorities make up till the end of July. . . .

'The Portuguese gave us a grand reception at Loanda. We had apartments in the palace of the Governor, who invited company almost every day to do us honour. We had a carriage and pair at our disposal, and when the time came for us to leave, the Governor himself took us on board a gun-boat in his state barge, and handed us over to the care of the Admiral, who in his turn handed us over to the captain of the gun-boat, with instructions to take us to Boma. I have never been made so much fuss of in my life, and never shall be again, I suppose. However, that is rather a relief, for I'm not to the "manner born." . . .

'I am glad to say that the delimitation arrangements commend themselves to Governor Wahis, who is more than content."

CHAPTER XV

BOLOBO AND YAKUSU—1893 to 1896

Disappointments—Material Progress at Bolobo—Spiritual Progress there—Reports of Misrule by the State—Death of Oram—Request for Clothes—Progress at San Salvador—Launch of the 'Goodwill'—Baptisms at Bolobo—Death of Mr. Balforn—The Aruwini—A Chapter of Accidents—Difficulties with the State Officers—Staff Changes—A School Treat—Girl Swimmers—Roast Beef and Plum Pudding—Wickedness of Bolobo People—Wreck of the 'Courbet'—A Slave Snatched from Death—Losses by Death—Sargent Station—Fataki and his Wife—Loleka Brickmaking and Building—French Treatment of Natives—Treatment of Natives by the State—Plans for the Future.

THE matters of outstanding interest in the period of Grenfell's life covered by this chapter are, the reconstruction of the 'Goodwill,' the signal development of the Mission at Bolobo, the founding of Sargent Station, Yakusu, and the rise of troubles with the State consequent upon flagrant misrule.

Bolobo was upon Grenfell's heart all through the Lunda Expedition, and he was eager to return to his new home, that he might devote himself to the patient, spiritual work which he yearned to accomplish, subject to such welcome interruptions as might be occasioned by expeditions for the founding of new stations and the furtherance of his far-reaching plans.

Disappointments awaited him. He arrived at Underhill early in July, but the winding up of delimitation matters, a brief but happy visit to San Salvador

in company with Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, and necessary Mission business, detained him down river, and it was not until September 25 that he reached Bolobo.

Here he hoped to find the 'Goodwill' afloat, but instead he was compelled to put in months of work, often nine hours a day, before the new steamer was ready for her trial trip. Later, the 'Peace,' which was so badly worn that the ferule of a walking-stick could easily be pushed through her hull, lay upon the slip for months, and was half rebuilt. Often the illness of colleagues, and consequent short-handedness, left him in charge of both steamers; and though he did no exploration work of moment, he was so continually going and coming, fetching and carrying, that for months together he spent only days at Bolobo.

Once he writes *en voyage*, that when he gets back to Bolobo he will have covered two thousand miles. It is obviously impossible within the limits of this chapter to follow these many voyages in detail. As regards the extension of the work, his disappointment was very bitter. The financial stress of the Society, and the consequent indisposition of many of its supporters to adopt a costly and adventurous policy, checked advance. During this period only one new station was established, viz. Sargent Station, Yakusu. But events have proved that this single step forward was a great one. The success at Yakusu has been perhaps unique; and the joy of it was a great alleviation of Grenfell's many griefs, as his life drew to its close.

The development of the work at Bolobo was also a great encouragement, though of necessity it added to the burden of his cares. Good houses were built there for the staff of missionaries, increased by the adoption of Bolobo as the steamer depot, and the transfer of the

printing-press from Lukolela. The building of these good houses for missionaries elicited some criticism from persons who have a pious dread of missionaries' comfort—criticism which Grenfell had no difficulty in rebutting. Workshops and school-buildings were also erected, and natives were instructed in various industrial crafts with so much success that it was no longer necessary to procure workmen from the coast.

And there was spiritual progress. The wickedness of the natives, with their petty wars, their witchcraft executions, their funeral orgies, and their less describable abominations, constituted a terrible environment. Yet the power of the Gospel was steadily, if slowly, revealed; there were baptisms from time to time, the school increased in numbers, and Grenfell and his colleagues had the joy of seeing men and women about them, who had been rescued from grossest depravity, living the Christian life, 'not slothful in business, diligent in spirit, serving the Lord,' while others not yet Christians were doing useful work and living decently and soberly. Vignettes of some of them will be given by Grenfell's pen later on.

The financial troubles of the Society weighed upon him. He was keen for all possible economy, and ready with expert advice as regards feasible improvements in the machinery of administration.

It was at this time that serious reports were first published concerning the gross ill-treatment of natives by agents of the State, or others to whom the State had delegated powers. In this chapter Grenfell will be permitted to speak for himself upon the subject. It may be sufficient to state here, that for a long time he conscientiously believed that the wrongs occurring were due to inadequacy of administration, and not to evil

intent, on the part of the Belgian authorities. The State had undertaken far more than it could manage with its paltry resources, and was unable to exercise due control of its representatives in remote regions.

There were many deaths between 1893 and 1896, and Grenfell's brotherly heart was sorely wrung by the loss of beloved colleagues. He was with Oram when he died at Bopoto, and wrote home a beautiful tribute to the character and worth and victorious faith of a missionary of exceptional promise.

A comparatively trivial matter may here be referred to. More than once in these years Grenfell writes to Mr. Hawkes, craving his assistance in replenishing a depleted wardrobe. The clothes of this pilgrim were not like those of the wandering Israelites: they waxed old. He professes impatience with the sartorial demands made by the increase of civilization on the Congo. He must have dress clothes to receive Governors, and so on, and often yearns for 'the freedom of the jungle,' where he could 'revel in pyjamas tied with a string.' It is open to question, however, whether this impatience was a deep or permanent emotion; for, as all his colleagues testify, Grenfell was habitually punctilious in his personal appointments. When he was engaged in steamer work or in brick-making he dressed for the part, but normally he was lavish of clean linen, and carefully attired.

In the letter to Mr. Hawkes, largely quoted at the close of this chapter, he gives a detailed inventory of his requirements in matters of ordinary dress, and also desires that his friend will procure for him some buttons and ribbons and rosettes for his decorations. His instructions are exact and minute, as usual, and having completed them, he writes: 'Am I getting "daft" in my old age? I think you will believe me

when I tell you that I care for these distinctions but very little, as mere distinctions, but seeing they are so highly prized by my neighbours, they may possibly be of service in securing a little extra consideration for myself, or for my views and communications.'

There is not the shadow of doubt that in these words Grenfell expressed truly and exactly his own feeling. He has been gravely criticized for accepting decorations from such a person as King Leopold. It is enough to say, in reply, that when Grenfell completed his Lunda Commission, the scandals of Congo misrule had not arisen; and that his acceptance of honours which he had nobly earned was endorsed by the Home Committee, who believed, as simply and sanely as he did, that his distinctions might be useful to the Mission.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Underhill, August 21, 1893.

'My visit to San Salvador was the source of very great pleasure—not only because of the intercourse I had with my brethren there, but also because of the encouraging change that has come over the place since my previous visit. My colleague, Lawson Forfeitt, the pleasure of whose company I enjoyed on this journey, though he could not contrast the work at San Salvador to-day with our earliest efforts at that place, greatly rejoiced at the manifest activity of our small Church, and the eagerness of the surrounding villages to receive the ministrations of the missionaries and evangelists.

'The Church members number forty-nine; the scholars in regular attendance about twice that number, the girls being more numerous than the boys, a fact largely due to the very marked influence of Mrs. Lewis, who is a splendid missionary. On Sundays there are twelve or thirteen services held in as many villages



CHRISTIAN GATHERING AT SAN SALVADOR.
Opening of the new Church, September 18, 1899.
Photo: Rev. Thomas Lewis.



GRENFELL AND LAWSON FORFEITT IN FRONT OF
MR. LEWIS'S HOUSE AT SAN SALVADOR, 1893
Photo: Rev. Thomas Lewis

within a radius of some six miles from San Salvador. At four places the natives have built meeting-houses, and at two of these the San Salvador Church supports native teachers, and hopes soon to set apart a third for the same work.

‘Mr. Crudgington’s old friend Buku inquired after her “Mwana Hali” (child Harry), and when she heard he was again in England begged me to send many “mavimpis” (greetings). The San Salvador Church members have recently come into contact with the Chinese labourers sent out for the Congo Railway, and are greatly interested in the work of our Society in China. They propose, Mr. Lewis tells me, to give very practical evidence of their sympathy, by sending some money to their old friend, Herbert Dixon, to help him in his work among these people. So you see, my dear Mr. Baynes, a great change has come over the San Salvador people since the early history of our work among them; such a change as sends us on our way with renewed courage; such a change as fills our hearts with thankfulness to Him in Whose Name we labour.’

I have met with no record of Grenfell having visited San Salvador again. But he took constant interest in the extension of the work at the first B.M.S. Congo station, and was frequently consulted by his friend, the Rev. Thomas Lewis, with whom he had much in common. They were both builders, mechanics, and explorers, as well as missionaries. Mr. Forfeitt recalls that during the visit to San Salvador, in 1893, Grenfell and Lewis spent much time after nightfall in watching the stars through the latter’s powerful telescope, by way of increasing their expertness in taking geographical observations.

Mr. Lewis had done important geographical work before leaving the Cameroons, where he commenced his missionary life. His subsequent explorations in the region of Angola secured the notice and approval of the Royal Geographical Society, before which he was invited to read important papers; and his achievements in this direction won for him Grenfell's warmest sympathy and heartiest congratulations. Mr. Lewis also gratefully acknowledged his indebtedness to Grenfell for valuable hints which aided him in his studies and researches.

Renewed intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis was one of Grenfell's chief pleasures at the Kinshasa Conference in January, 1906, when he was already a saddened, burdened man, who foresaw that his race was nearly run; and his friends, who had left San Salvador and founded the Mission in Kibokolo, will always count the memory of their converse with him upon this occasion among their dearest recollections.

TO MR. HAWKES.

Underhill, August 22.

'The purport of this is not to tell you news only, but to ask your help again. On my return from San Salvador I got letters from my bairns, saying their Bibles were old and shabby, and asking me for new ones. Kindly spend sixteen shillings or a pound on two Bibles, with Concordance, Maps and "Aids." I think they should be "Revised," and on India paper. I like limp binding. Please write in one:—

"For Pattie's thirteenth birthday, with Father's love, June 6, 1893."

'In the other:—"For Carrie's tenth birthday, with Father's love, October 22, 1893."

'Please, also, send them postal orders for five

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shillings each for pocket-money. The dates of their receiving these gifts won't be exactly right, but they will excuse that.'

TO MRS. GREENHOUGH.

Stanley Pool, April 23, 1894.

'I ought to have answered your kind letter long ago, but circumstances have been so against my letter-writing of late that I have to plead guilty of being sadly in arrears with my correspondence. The best excuse I can make, I think, will be found in an outline of doings and goings and comings since my return from the Lunda country, six months ago.

'When I found myself so long delayed with the work of the "Delimitation Commission," I hoped the "Goodwill" would be afloat by the time I reached Bolobo. In this, however, I was greatly disappointed, for both the transport and the reconstruction had gone very slowly; and when I reached Bolobo I found Mr. Jefferd ill in bed, and operations on board the "Goodwill" almost at a standstill. As Mr. Jefferd could not look forward to resuming the work, I felt I must do what I could towards getting it finished. A couple of months of continuous effort, involving the neglect of almost everything else, and we so far completed it as to be ready for the launch, though there still remained a considerable amount to be done to the boiler and engines, as well as to the cabins. We launched the "Goodwill" in the middle of December, but it was not till the close of January that we were ready to start on our first journey up river. Our work of reconstructing the steamer was all the heavier because we had to make several pieces of one of the engines, to replace those that had been lost in the transport overland between Underhill and Stanley Pool. The most important of

these missing parts was the high-pressure piston-rod, and as I did not feel equal to forging it myself, our Belgian neighbours at the Pool very kindly undertook to do that part of the work for us. But after the forging there was all the work of turning and fitting to be done—a task quite serious enough for the amateurs at Bolobo. However, we managed to make “a job” of it, and to get the boiler quite tight, though we had no other help than that of our Mission boys, and on January 30 we set out on our first journey up river.

‘Just before starting it was my happiness to baptize three of the youths who had for some time been under the instruction of our brethren Darby and Glennie, and to add them to our small Church at Bolobo. At some Stations on the Upper Congo much greater progress has been made than at the Stations of the Baptist Missionary Society—at least in the matter of numbers. I found on my way up river, however, that some of the brethren among our more progressive neighbours were already doubtful of the policy of hurrying members into the Church upon profession of faith. One Church of nearly forty members had been reduced to ten, and another out of almost as many had lost even a greater proportion. I do not say this by the way of criticism of other organizations; I just tell you so that you may not be discouraged by comparisons which I know have been made between our units and the tens at other Stations.

‘At a large centre like Bolobo it is more difficult to make a beginning than at a smaller place. The mutually sustaining forces of superstition arrayed against us seem to be greater, and the larger the mass the more difficult it is for a small section to take up an

antagonistic position. But the leaven of the Word is permeating the mass, and though its visible effects as yet are very, very slight, yet it is certainly at work, and in God's own good time it shall be manifested to His glory.

'When we got up river as far as Bopoto we found Mr. Oram seriously ill. Our coming brightened him up, and we could not realize that he was so bad as he really was. Poor fellow! He died the next day, just two days (as we learn by last mail) before his friend and colleague Balfern died at Madeira. These are serious losses for us, and the gaps thus made in our ranks cannot be filled by new men. Mr. Kirkland stayed at Bopoto to help Mr. William Forfeitt, but it will be long before he acquires a knowledge of the language and the personal influence of his predecessor. Personal influence is a great factor in the work among wild people. The message must not only be understandable, but the messenger must be a man the people know, and one whom they have learned to trust.

'Upon leaving Bopoto we proceeded in the direction of the Aruwimi, that we might carry out Mr. Arthington's wish that we should prospect along the banks of that river, and report as to the advantages it offered for the extension of mission work in that direction. Owing to the fact that it was the season of dead low water we had so much trouble with sand-banks that we had to return, after having ascended some thirty miles beyond Basoko. (Basoko is the fort at the confluence of the Aruwimi River with the Congo, which has played such an important part in stopping the progress of the Arabs westward.)

'At the last sandbank upon which the steamer stuck one of our men met with quite a serious accident. We

had all the men out in the water, trying to push the steamer off, and at the same time the engines were going astern. The man who was hurt found it fun to put his foot on the rapidly revolving shaft to feel it go round. Heedless of the warning to desist, in an unfortunate moment he carried his foot a little too far aft, and the propeller caught him by the leg and held him. Bungudi at once stopped the engine, and then jumped overboard, to feel how the poor fellow was mixed up with the propeller, and to determine which was the best way to turn the engine to get him clear. Then we gradually turned the engine by hand till he was released. At one moment I did not think we could get him out alive; in fact, he seemed to be dying in the arms of the man who was holding his head above the level of the water. But things were better than we feared, and we were able to get him on one of the gratings, and then to pass him on board, relieved to find it was not worse than a case of a broken leg and badly mangled leg and foot. After this we put out anchors bow and stern, and gradually warped the steamer off the bank with the help of the winch. But it was slow work, and all the while it was in progress the injured man was groaning from the pain caused by his wounds, and by the tourniquet we had applied to stop the bleeding.

‘Once clear of the sandbank, we determined to return forthwith to Basoko, and get the help of the doctor at the fort. But we had to spend two more hours on another sandbank, and it was not till sundown that we arrived. The doctor, good man that he is, spent three hours setting the bone, cutting off contused flesh, sewing up and getting the leg into shape. No surgical work could have been more thoroughly done, and we were

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not only grateful for the professional help, but also because we were relieved of a very painful task that we could only have performed in a very imperfect manner. It is not easy for amateurs to do even their best, when they have such distressing injuries to deal with. Three days later we left our patient at his home, Bopoto, under the care of Mr. Forfeitt and Mr. Kirkland; and I am quite hoping to see him far on his way to recovery, when next month I make another journey up river, and try once more to carry out Mr. Arthington's wish.

'On our way down river all went well till we were within four or five hours of Bolobo, and then began quite a chapter of accidents. First of all, as we were running across a shallow place we felt a severe shock throughout the whole boat. At the same time we felt her bows glide over the crest of the sandbank into deep water, and as there was no perceptible arrest to our progress, we thought the shock might have been produced by the propeller striking the sand. A few minutes later one of the men came to report a leak aft, and upon searching we found it to be due to the breaking of one of the bolts of the starboard propeller casing. The shock we had experienced accounted for this. It was severe enough to have done much more, and we were glad that it was not worse.

'Half an hour later the port engine began to spin round at a great pace. It was evidently relieved of its load. What had happened? Was the shaft uncoupled, or had it broken? The former could easily be put right; but as it proved to be the latter, we were in for a serious piece of work. A long flaw that had not been observed had developed into a crack, and had at last resulted in the shaft giving way. There was no help for it but to proceed with one engine. This fracture

occurred in that portion of the shaft which extends beyond the after part of the hull, and as we were investigating the matter we found that the shock of the morning had been more serious than we thought ; sixteen bolts had been broken, and the propeller-casing had gone. The efficiency of our remaining propeller was therefore reduced, but we were still able to go more than half speed. So, casting off from the bank where we had 'tied up' to see what had really happened, we continued our journey Bolobo-ward.

'We had covered half the distance, and had only a couple of hours or so to run, when a tornado overtook us. With our two engines in going order we should not have been in a bad way for meeting such an emergency, but with only one, and that not able to do its best, it was another matter. The weather was too thick to think of running before it ; the only thing to be done was to head up into it ; but with one engine she came round but slowly, and was caught broadside by the wind. The wind increasing kept her broadside on, and then, with a sudden gust, just lifted a hundred square feet of our sun deck, or awning, clear off the vessel, and blew it away down stream. We then tried to get the steamer's head round to the wind by means of an anchor and chain, but lost them in the attempt.

'Our second effort in the same direction was more successful ; but finding the force of the wind was dragging our anchor, we had to get out yet another. With two anchors down and head to wind, our vessel behaved capitally, and we rode out the storm in good style. Three hours later the wind had so eased down that we were able to proceed on our journey, and two hours later still, just as the sun was setting, we got into Bolobo, thankful indeed to close so adventurous a day in safety.

'It was needful to proceed to Stanley Pool, to despatch thence the news of Oram's death, and also to send for a new shaft for our disabled "Goodwill," so I continued the journey in the "Peace." It was indeed a contrast that was afforded by getting off our fine new steamer with its greater speed and accommodation, and getting on board the old one. Notwithstanding the fact that the "Peace" is very much smaller than the "Goodwill," and goes much more slowly, she burns much more fuel, and thus involves us in a heavier daily task of wood-cutting—a task of no mean order, when you consider that the "Peace" burns a ton and a half each day.

'Having reached the Pool, I managed to send off one or two small notes and letters to Mr. Baynes, and to the builders of the steamer respecting the broken shaft. But before I could attack my arrears of letter-writing I was down with fever, and before my temperature was normal I was on my way up river to Bolobo once more.

'A few hours after arriving at Bolobo the place was all in a ferment by reason of the arrival of the State authorities to settle the "palaver" arising out of the natives having killed a State soldier some months previously. The murderer had run away, with his wives and slaves, to some point where the steamers could not follow him. This being the case, the Commissaire demanded ten men to serve as soldiers for seven years, as a recognition of the authority of the State, and a pledge for future good behaviour.

'The palavers were so long and arduous that the poor Commissaire was thoroughly worn out. That he persisted in spite of fever and weakness was only due to his very exceptional energy and determination. It was

not unusual for him, after going to bed with ague and fever, to get up from it with temperature 100° or 101° to talk to the assembled chiefs, and then for him to "turn in" again.

'At one point in the negotiations it looked as though they were definitely ruptured, and that there would be more fighting. But the memories of the last war and the influence of the moderates prevailed, the palavers were resumed, a compromise of six men and a money payment agreed to, and the whole affair eventually settled. At Bolobo we had been living under the cloud of this unsettled difficulty for some months, and at one time, from what we saw of the temper of the people, we were seriously afraid the place would have to be burned out again before they would submit. Happily the cloud has lifted, and the horizon is clear once more.

'The night after the final settlement had been arrived at, the chiefs sent a big pig to Mrs. Grenfell, as a token of their thanks for the part she had played in the matter. Officially, of course, the missionary's wife could do nothing; but indirectly she did a great deal to strengthen the hands of the moderates, and to make the nasty pill, of submission to the "powers that be," palatable.

'With a sick officer on my hands, the town all in a hubbub, and, to make matters worse, with my colleague Glennie in bed with fever, the occasion was not a favourable one for getting through arrears of work. Matters, however, being so far settled, I might expect a quiet time, and an opportunity for doing something in that direction; but the Commissaire was so ill that I could not let him come down in an open boat; I brought him here to the Pool in the "Peace." As soon as he arrived the doctor ordered him to Europe, and a medical man

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has gone down country with him ; but it is very doubtful whether he will reach the coast alive.

‘ Having thus arrived at Arthington Station once more, I am utilizing the time, while I wait for the arrival of caravans with cargo to load the “Peace,” by writing one or two letters. Owing to war on the caravan route, transport has been practically stopped for the past four months, and our up-river stations are getting short of food stores. It is therefore all the more important that I should wait for the arrival of loads that are advised as being *en route*. The last contingent is now reported as being within a day’s march.

‘ It is a great pleasure for me to learn that Mr. White is to rejoin us at an early date. We are really very short-handed, and a man who has had some experience, and who is always ready to do the next thing, as Mr. White is, will be very helpful in the emergency in which we find ourselves just now. On the upper river, besides having lost our brethren Oram and Balfern, we have had to part with Darby, on account of his wife’s health, and with Ernest Hughes. Jefferd has had to go home on account of his health, Scrivener is at home on furlough, and Gordon is leaving in a few days ; so you can imagine how welcome help will be.

‘ It is a great disappointment, after the hopes raised by the Centenary celebrations and its programme for advance, to find ourselves reduced in numbers, and, for the present, with but little prospect of adequate reinforcement. We have the best of the land still before us to be possessed, we have laid down expensive lines of communication for entering upon its occupation, and now, instead of taking advantage of these means of communication, we have to maintain them at great cost, and to wait for the opportunity to turn them to account.

God grant that the time may soon come when we may act more worthily of our opportunities, and more faithfully discharge our responsibilities in these matters! . . .

‘My wife desires to thank you for the magazines you so kindly send; they are very interesting,—and the children share in the pleasure they afford, for they diligently “read the pictures.” I must not forget to say thank you also, for the *Leaders* with the sermons. I greatly enjoy reading them, and I recognize the turns of the sentences and call up the Cotham Grove tones with real pleasure. There is no man’s matter or manner that I remember better than Mr. Greenhough’s. Don’t forget the “Annual,” or to send other sermons when occasion offers. I should be very glad, of course, to get his promised letter, but I know he is very busy, and I sin so often myself in the matter of letter-writing that I am prepared to wait.

‘Please remember us very kindly to Ben and to Isabel, and to the other members of your little flock. Our girls, whom Mr. Cameron has just been visiting at Sevenoaks, are reported as being well and happy, and getting quite tall. Mr. Cameron says Pattie is up to his chin. You know Mr. Cameron, I dare say, and will recognize that that means quite a “length” for a girl, for he is over six feet.’

TO MISS HAWKES.

Bolobo, December 25.

‘We have been having “big times” to-day—school treat and work-people’s feast rolled into one, and just now, 6.30 p.m., the native women and girls are keeping it up by having a dance round our flag-staff. Our school children numbered nearly seventy, and so far as to-day is concerned I think they have nearly finished, for they have just dispersed (somewhat slowly), after eating a

couple of pigs. True, they were not very big pigs, hardly more than "porkers," in fact. Still, they were big enough to take the go out of the feasters, who would cut but sorry figures now as compared with earlier in the day, when they were running, jumping, swimming, diving, skipping and playing pitch-back and cricket, for prizes of knives, looking-glasses, and fathoms of cloth.

'Strange to say, our Mission girls are better swimmers and divers than the town's boys, for when they came to take their turn they fished up not only the brass rods (our money), thrown in for themselves, but also succeeded in securing several of those which the boys had abandoned as beyond their reach, in the previous contest. Seeing the boys are regular water-rats, it speaks well for the capacity of our girls as water-nymphs.

'One of the best bits of fun was the tug-of-war between the Mission folk and the town's folk. First two tugs, our side ran away with the visitors, the third was a most determined struggle. The rope broke! and then there was such a jumble of more than a hundred pairs of arms and legs as one rarely sees.

'Roast beef with you is quite the expected thing for Christmas, but seeing we have not had any for some months, we were very much surprised yesterday to get a leg of buffalo from one of our people, just in the nick of time. But we had no plum pudding! We had tinned plum pudding in our store, but, after all, it is only a poor imitation, and so we decided we would go without, rather than "make believe," as the children say.

'But though we have had roast beef, and our folk have had lots of fun, I've had anything but a Merry Christmas. . . . Besides these things I have other burdens—the most serious of them being those that arise out of the condition of the Bolobo people. They

are rapacious, superstitious, and lawless to a degree that is quite beyond me to explain. He that has money and influence, uses his power to take the money from, or make a slave of, his poorer neighbour. He lays a trap for him, very often calling in the aid of his wife ; and the trap proving successful, heavy payment is demanded and made, even if the making of it involves the unwary one in selling himself. Two or three cases of fine young men, free men, having thus to sell themselves into slavery have occurred of late.

‘ Then, again, there has been an epidemic of accusations of witchcraft. Some have bought themselves off by paying heavy fines, and thus escaped the drinking of the poisonous ordeal waters, but several have been killed quite near us during the past month. One poor fellow, in whose case I interfered only last Sunday, was killed in the night, and this notwithstanding the assurance of his chief that nothing should be done till we had talked the “palaver” in the morning. . . .

‘ It is impossible for me to tell you the wickedness and lawlessness of these folk. Our nearest neighbours, not a hundred yards away, celebrated New Year’s Day by having a fight over fourpence. After they had so chopped each other with their long slashing knives that they could not continue the fight any longer, their respective friends took to their guns, and went out into the bush and began blazing at each other. Happily, it was pouring with rain, and the “fizzing” and “popping” of their old flint-lock guns was more than usually ridiculous.

‘ During this gun-firing the cry was raised that one of the combatants was dead, and the women commenced their wailing. Mamma rushed round, found the man had only fainted from loss of blood, and soon roused him again, to the great joy of the womenkind. This

Losere is a very wild, wicked fellow, and when I first heard the wailing I fear I felt little sorrow at the prospect of losing our nearest neighbour. But I soon got over the feeling, and followed Patience, to help her and Mr. Glennie in bringing him round; for, bad as these folk are, one does not like to see them playing the fool and killing each other off for pots of beer.

‘How it is these people have escaped the fate of the Kilkenny cats, I can’t imagine. It can only be explained by the fact that they are always buying slaves, and that they have not always been so bloodthirsty as they are just now. Poor Bolobo! I wish I could see more readiness to accept what they know and feel to be the Truth which we try to explain to them. My heart is very, very sad at times, as I think of them heaping up judgment against themselves.

‘But, dear Lizzie, I must not run on preaching. You’ll be tired. I’ll wind up by again saying how sorry I am that I’ve not written before, and that it is so long since we heard from you. We often wonder how you are all getting on, and wish it were possible to have a look at you. God bless you, and bless you all!’

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, July 12.

‘By the time this reaches Underhill I quite expect that you will be on the spot, and have gladdened the place by bringing your wife with you. You do not need to be told that you have the prayers and good wishes of your colleagues, or that they accord you both a hearty welcome. We do indeed wish you every good wish, and pray that God may help you to help each other to serve Himself. God be very gracious to you both, my dear Lawson, and give you grace to serve Him well, and health and strength, that you may serve Him long.

‘I have just come down river from a visit to the Loika and Aruwimi rivers, and a run round Lake Mantumba, with Joseph Clark and his wife. Health of all the friends along the line was most encouraging. Your brother and his wife were in splendid trim. My wife has accompanied me, otherwise I have had the “Peace” all to myself. She joins me in the heartiest of welcomes to you both.’

TO MISS HAWKES.

Bolobo, October 21.

‘You will be glad to hear that the “Goodwill” is in going order again. We started out on the 27th of last month for a short trial trip to Bwemba (Mr. and Mrs. Billington’s Station, thirty miles down river), intending to come back the following day. But judge of our consternation when we reached Bwemba, to find that the steamer which had left our beach only three hours before ourselves, had been wrecked, and the survivors had just been landed, and were then getting into dry clothes.

‘The steamer was the “Courbet,” and was conveying the Governor of the French Congo, Count de Brazza, down river on his way to Europe. He stayed with us the night, and had breakfasted with us before setting out. You may judge, therefore, of our surprise to find him in so sorry a plight, and how glad we were he was among the survivors.

‘It seems they were just approaching Bwemba, but on the other side of the river, when they struck a rock. The rent in the bottom must have been a terrible one, for the steamer went down in four minutes, sinking in twelve fathoms of water. The engineer was drowned, as were also two Algerians, three Loangos, and three Senegalese. The Governor was in the water some twenty minutes, and only narrowly escaped with his

life. Though we had set out from Bolobo with the idea of returning the following day, and were but poorly provided for the longer journey to the Pool, we felt we could not do other than go on with the shipwrecked Frenchmen, and take them to their destination. Thus it came about that the "Goodwill" first visited the Pool; for previously she had only journeyed up river from Bolobo, and her mission on this occasion was one that accorded very well with her name. . . .

'I think I told you of our neighbour Wolo having died—the old man who had persisted time after time in burying living slaves with the corpses of his dead people. We have reason to fear that several lives were sacrificed at his funeral, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we saved one poor woman. She had been bought a mile or two to the north of us, and as the buyers thought we might interfere if they brought her through our place, they decided to bring her down by canoe.

'Just as they came opposite to our Station the woman began to shout, "They are going to kill me! come and take me, they are going to kill me!" Before they could gag her, our boys (school-boys and 'prentice lads) had caught the alarm, and divided into two parties. One took paddles and followed the canoe, and the other followed unseen along the path behind the trees on the river-bank. The people in the canoe (they were only two men besides the woman), finding themselves chased, pulled for the shore. But when they landed they found themselves between those who had followed close behind and those who had taken the path along the shore. Some of the townsmen, however, took their part, pointed their guns, and defied our boys to lay hands on the woman. Our youngsters, though they were quite unarmed, were strong in numbers (they were

nearly forty) and in the courage of a good cause, and lifted the poor bound slave into the boat, and returned to our beach, not a little elated with their success.

‘I must confess that it was with considerable misgiving I saw the boat set out. I was too far off to stop it, even if I had been so inclined, and I was relieved to find our boys return without having come to blows, and was surprised, and naturally enough very well pleased, to find they had brought the poor woman with them.

‘Among the young people growing up round us we have some really very fine, brave lads (some of them are fast getting too big to be boys, but they are not yet big enough to be men), and I am not a little proud of the way they have behaved on several occasions when they have been placed in very trying circumstances. They have their failings, like other lads, and often try me by their crooked ways and weaknesses; but they have the makings of brave-hearted, honest men, and I am full of hope that God will make use of them in producing a new order of things among their down-trodden and much suffering countrymen.’

TO MISS HARTLAND.

Bolobo, January 7, 1895.

‘I am proposing to make an itinerating tour in the neighbourhood of the junction of the Aruwimi with the Congo, during March and April. Two of the members of our Church are from that district. They were stolen away by the Arabs some ten years ago, and when I was up river last they saw their people for the first time since their towns had been raided and burned. These youths will serve as interpreters, though I fear they have lost a good deal of their native language during their long stay with us. One of them found, on our visiting his home, that his mother was dead. The mother of the

other youth refused for some time to believe her long-lost son had really come back again.

‘We have some young people among us who have come from the neighbourhood of Stanley Falls and beyond, and I hope some day that they may become messengers to their countrymen, as Mafuta and Disasi are to theirs. God grant that out of the scourging inflicted by the Arabs on this poor country some good may yet arise to those who have suffered so much! We know we have your sympathy and prayers in the long up-hill struggle in which we are engaged. Our discouragements are very many, but God’s Kingdom is surely coming, even in this dark, dark land.’

TO MISS HAWKES.

Near Bangala, April 26.

‘Mr. Baynes must feel greatly worried with these big debts year after year. I hate them; and, so far as I am concerned, I am prepared to spend only such money as we have in hand, and to stop as soon as the Churches stop the supplies. Our share of last year’s debt is over £3000, and how we are to cut down to that extent I don’t see. But if the money does not come in, we shall have to cut down expenses somehow.

‘But money matters are far from being our only cares. These last few months have been very trying times, and I have been not a little worried. A big Mission like ours, with thirty men and a good many women, does not run along like a truck on rails. My share in keeping things going has been harder than ever of late—though He Who is over all knows I am far from being satisfied with that share. Happily, I have the sympathy of Mr. Baynes, and you won’t think I’m “vaunting” myself if I send you an extract from his last letter! He writes :—“Rest assured of my brotherly

sympathy with you, amid the many and constant anxieties and burdens which fall upon you, and please also remember that my one great desire is to help you to the utmost limit of my power ; and never forget that my most implicit confidence is always placed in you, and that I am devoutly thankful to our Heavenly Father for giving us such a wise and tried counsellor and such a brave and intrepid leader."

'So you see, my dear Lizzie, if you do not read much about me in the *Herald*, it is not because I am doing nothing. Like "Brer Rabbit," I lie low. Just now I can do more that way, and by helping others to work, than if I tried to do anything striking myself.

'Bangala is in sight, and I must close. Put the "shaky" handwriting down to the vibration of the steamer (to reduce which within writing limits, I have my paper on my knees), and not to my having become a shaky old man—though I feel that way inclined at times. But you won't mind a shaky letter, and will forgive me, I hope, for having kept you waiting so long.'

On June 3 Grenfell writes to Mr. Hawkes from Stanley Pool, reporting that since his return from his recent voyage he has been on his back most of the time, and in three or four days will be starting in a hammock, to attend the Committee meeting at Wathen.

'June 21. The new school, a large iron building given by the late Sir Charles Wathen, was opened last Sunday ; nearly three hundred people present. Our new school at Bolobo was progressing in a very promising way when I left, and I am hoping I shall find the roof fixed when I get back.'

TO MRS. GREENHOUGH.

Bolobo, November 13.

'This last voyage from which I have just returned, has been a very interesting one, being my first to the district occupied by the Arabs since their submission to the State. I think I told you in my last letter of the hope at some future date of leaving two of our Christian youths among their people, in the district of the Aruwimi. This intention I realized on this journey, and I am very hopeful that the "Kingdom" may be advanced in some small measure thereby.

'I am sorry to lose the help of the lads in the work more immediately under my care, for they are among our most intelligent helpers, and were with me all through the Lunda journey. They were stolen from their homes by the Arabs about the time of our first journey in the "Peace," and never saw their people again till I took them up river, a little more than a year ago. I am hoping to pay them a visit early in the coming year, and shall be very glad if I am able to send you a good report of their life in the midst of their old surroundings, after an absence of ten years or so.

'This voyage has also been very interesting to me, because we were able to arrange for Mr. White to provisionally occupy a point ten miles this side of Stanley Falls. We left him with a boat and a crew of a dozen Bopoto boys, so that after spending a few weeks prospecting he might follow the steamer down river. I have since had a letter from Mr. White, telling me he is getting on capitally with his new friends, and that there is every prospect of finding a magnificent field for mission work. He also tells me that his boat's crew have run away, and that instead of carrying out his plan of coming down river in the boat, he will take

passage in some returning steamer; for we had arranged to meet early in the year, to return, if the report was a favourable one, with the small frame house Mr. White had been preparing for going forward.

‘Before starting I had written to Mr. Baynes, proposing that we should be allowed to occupy in a very temporary manner some point of observation at the front, so that we might leisurely determine upon the most promising field. This would allow of our making a move, and in a measure fulfilling the long outstanding promise of a new station—a station that has figured as “Monjembo” in the last three reports, I think. It would at the same time be a move that would involve us in but very little additional expense.’

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, December 23.

‘Yours of November 22 to hand two days since. Also the sad news of the death of our brother Davies. We are very, very downhearted about all these losses at Wathen. I am indeed sorry for his parents. The loss after loss the Wathen staff have had of late must make them feel very, very lonely. Dr. Webb and Philip Davies dead; Cameron at the gates of death, and Bentley very sick, within one short year, is a series that brings a train of most serious thoughts.’

TO MR. JOSEPH HAWKES.

Arthington Station, Stanley Pool, January 23, 1896.

‘The sad story of the Stokes execution has prepared the public mind for the serious consideration of Congo State affairs. Without the very emphatic introduction afforded by Lothaire’s high-handedness, it is likely, I think, that mere missionary’s tales might have fallen very flat. We have long believed that the chief points

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in the indictment were true—the difficulty is in the matter of *proof*, and even now it will be hard to substantiate many of the accusations, notwithstanding the moral certainty of their being true. . . .

‘The State is trying to do too much. It cannot administer its million of square miles in a proper manner for the mere bagatelle represented by its budget. . . .

‘It is their first attempt at colonization. If they knew as well as the Britisher how hard it is to shave a tender chin with a cross-cut saw, they would have adopted other methods for lightening their fiscal responsibilities—or, they would have been content to allow things to go more slowly.

‘I leave on the 27th for Stanley Falls.’

TO MISS HARTLAND.

Sargent Station, Yakusu, near Stanley Falls, March 10.

‘I am so often journeying to and fro that my opportunities for letter-writing are less than the average, and my correspondence, consequently, is in a chronic state of arrears. However, while we are lying off the beach of our new station waiting for Mr. White to get things into some sort of shape before we leave him, I hope to write to a few of my friends, and, if possible, save the remnants of my reputation, and prove I am not altogether forgetful of old associations. This is the first attempt in this direction—in fact, is my first letter headed Sargent Station.

‘We are some twelve miles west of Stanley Falls, and just at the confluence of the Lindi with the Congo. The Lindi is the river we knew at first as the Mbura, and that about which Mr. Arthington used to write in the early days of the Mission. Yakusu, though only a small place compared with many others open to us,

containing as it does but some four hundred people or so, is, in my estimation, the most promising of them all. The people appear to be in a transition stage, and trying to get out of the old order of things. I am hoping we have arrived at the opportune moment for directing them into the new.

‘Yakusu, without having come directly under the influence of the Arabs, being situated about half way between the important settlements at Romé and Stanley Falls (where Arab schools are found), has indirectly been subjected to very considerable influences in favour of civilization and education. It is true these influences are not always favourable to the main purpose of our work ; but, having regard to the awful debasement of the people, we hail any upward tendency on their part as a reason for hoping they may have their eyes opened to their highest and spiritual good. When, as at this place, they begin to build clay houses instead of the old-time huts of mats and palm fronds, and to wear clothes instead of going naked, or practically so, and when they are anxious to be taught the mysteries of a book, as these people are, the times are beginning to change. May our gracious God speedily usher in a new era for them, for they have sore need !

‘You may have heard, perhaps, that the “ Goodwill ” left Mr. White at Yakusu in October last, and that he stayed till Christmas, when he went down river again, to bring up the material prepared for his first dwelling-house. As he could not take his few belongings down river with him, he handed over his doorless hut and its contents to the care of the Chief, telling him that if everything was found all right on his return he would take it as evidence of the sincerity of the people when they invited him to stay in their town ; and, on the



DEPARTURE OF THE S.S. 'GOODWILL' FROM BOPOTO
TO FOUND YAKUSU STATION.

Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



MR. AND MRS. GRENFELL ON THE S.S. 'PEACE,' ARUWIMI RIVER.

Photo: Rev. H. Sutton Smith.

contrary, if his things were stolen, he would take it as a sign they did not want him, and would go elsewhere.

'After staying nearly two months at Monsembe, we picked him up again in the "Goodwill," and brought him here, together with his building material, four days ago. He found everything as it had been left—the unfinished tin of sugar, the few fathoms of cloth, and the small supply of brass wire, all untouched. This being the case, our crew soon disembarrassed the "Goodwill" of the timber and planks, and the natives, after dancing and singing a most emphatic welcome, were soon busy carrying them up the steps cut in the face of the thirty-foot cliff, on the edge of which their village stands. . . .

'Stanley Falls Station is within easy reach, and as White is on good terms with the seven or eight officers there, he will not be far from help—in fact, in a recent case of serious illness they sent to him for aid. We are hoping the "Goodwill" will take Mrs. White up river to join her husband in July. The Whiteheads, too, I trust, will be free to join them then.'

TO MR. JOSEPH HAWKES.

Bolobo, April 20.

'Among the negatives I sent you in the box I despatched at the same time as my unfortunate letter, was one of the wedding-breakfast group at Bolobo, on Christmas morning. The bride and bridegroom are seated on chairs on board the "Peace." The latter was taken from his home in the Manyema country by the Arabs some ten years ago. The name of Fataki was given to him by his captors, but he is mostly known among us as Mbala, Mbala being the name of a native chief whose village is some three miles to the south of us, and to whom Fataki used to pay a visit each week, to tell him and his people something of the good things he

himself had learned. So intimate did Fataki become with Mbala that he came to be known by his name, and names on the Congo are often acquired in this complimentary way. As a result of Fataki's influence, Mbala came to us the other day, asking that we would send him a teacher to reside in his town. Our Mbala is a good, faithful fellow, and we are full of hopes for his future. His wife comes from the Kasai, and is a wonderfully busy, helpful woman. I know of no better answer to the "unutterable laziness" of the negro than she furnishes. She was chief laundress among our girls, and went to her husband with quite a nice little portion in the shape of "brass rods" that she had earned. She is not a member of our Church, but is a real good girl—in her heart she is all right, but, like lots of good folk at home, is not able to say very much about "faith" and "regeneration," and other mysteries of Christianity. . . .

'Loleka is now my chief carpenter; he came into my hands as a very little bit of a boy some nine years ago. If he were as good as he is intelligent and strong, I should be much happier on his account. I have had not a little difficulty in keeping him out of the native fights among our neighbours. He is as strong as an ox, and when he gets angry makes a weapon of a stick other men find it troublesome to lift. While I was away a short time ago he fought some five or six State soldiers, and I thought he would have to go to prison, but after tendering his apologies and promises for the future, I managed to get him off. (I'm not quite sure of his opponents.) Big as he is, he is, happily, willing to listen to Patience, who manages him, all things considered, wonderfully well. If he comes to good, it will be largely by her influence. . . .

‘On looking over the preceding sheets, I find them so full of crudities that I do not like, my dear Joseph, the idea of sending them in their present form. However, I feel sure, if you could only look down on Bolobo, and see how many and varied are the cares that fall to a missionary’s lot, you would forgive me for excusing myself from putting them into better form.

‘I think I told you that we were removing our printing-press from Lukolela to this place. It is now installed in part of the basement of my new house, and is there in full swing, under Mr. Scrivener’s care—four native comps. Mr. Scrivener has just completed the new printing-office, but he is going to make a residence of it for the present, and leave the press in its temporary quarters. During his stay here he has hitherto occupied the house built for myself. Miss de Hailes is living there till I can get the house recently occupied by the Glennies ready for her. It has to be considerably modified, and re-roofed. I am also engaged in making bricks for the new house to be erected for our lady-workers, of whom a second, I believe, is on the point of being sent out. Our brick press (we press all our bricks the second day after they have been moulded) having gone wrong, I have taken the opportunity furnished by the moulders being busy cutting fuel and burning a kiln, to have the press renovated ; we are also making seven new moulds (only fancy, we use rosewood for the purpose). All our brick clay has to come by boat from a point a mile and a half down stream.

‘In addition to brickmaking and building, I have the steamer men to look after. They are busy just now fitting the new propeller-shaft and propellers for the “Peace”—work that calls for a considerable amount of supervision. We have also five pairs of pit sawyers

at work, and getting in timber for these men and looking after them is another of our tasks.

‘Bolobo has not only its own special staff to provide for, but also the steamer and press-workers, and is thus fast becoming quite a big Station—that is, as Congo Stations go. Did I tell you that last year we earned over £500 by carrying freight for other Missions by our steamer? Even this meant work—freights are not so plentiful this year, so we shall not do so well.

‘We have services in our school house every evening—a day school of between fifty and sixty scholars. Miss de Hailes also carries on night-school work, and visits the villages most days. We were over twenty who sat down to the Lord’s Table on the first Sunday of the month. God grant us grace to let our light shine very brightly in this dark place!’

TO MR. HAWKES.

Bolobo, April 24.

‘I must not run on farther without telling you of the event of the month—the arrival of my youngest daughter on the 14th inst. All going well. . . .

‘For worry and vexation of spirit commend me to the maintenance of a steamer; the running of it is a mere bagatelle. I speak the things that I know.’

During the ensuing months Grenfell made several journeys to Stanley Pool. At the beginning of July he met the Governor-General there, who was proposing to visit Bolobo in a fortnight; and Grenfell hastened home in order to arrange a suitable reception, in which the school-children would take important part. In August he again went down to the Pool to meet Bentley, who accompanied him in a voyage to Stanley Falls, inspecting the up-river stations. This voyage, to which references are made below, carried him well on into the autumn.

TO MR. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, November 9.

'I heard with gravest concern of your going down with fever. I was glad, however, that the serious news was quickly followed by word of the crisis being safely past, and of your preparing for home-going. By this time I trust you are more like your former self again, and feeling equal to going on board the "Albertville."

'I am greatly indebted to Mrs. Forfeitt for having written so fully on the various items of business calling for attention. That she should have had time for it all, and for nursing you also, is a marvel. I shall be relieved to hear that she has stood the exceptional strain without breaking down as soon as the pressure was relieved. Women seem to have a way all their own of holding on through a period of stress, and of putting off "giving way" till there is time for it. . . .

'I am writing Mr. Baynes, sending plans of Mundungu and Yakusu (Sargent Station) sites, and asking him to concert with you for continuing the negotiations with Brussels. . . .

'Here at Bolobo I am trying to get things forward in readiness for commencing a house for Clark as soon as the dry weather commences—the rains, however, are exceptionally heavy, stopping all timber-getting and spoiling many bricks. Field also is talking of building, but I imagine Howell's case is more pressing. Just how it will be arranged is not clear. . . . I have never reconciled myself to the idea of your living in one end of a store.'

On page 170 of *George Grenfell and the Congo*, Sir Harry Johnston writes: 'Much of Grenfell's preliminary geographical work had been published by the Royal Geographical Society in October, 1886, accompanied by

his notes. In 1887 they published his chart of the Congo basin, and very appropriately awarded to him in that year the Founder's medal.'

Thereafter, his work was watched with the closest interest by the first geographers in Europe. In a notable tribute written for *The Missionary Herald*, Dr. Scott Keltie affirms that but for his extreme modesty Grenfell might have been one of the best known of British travellers. To Dr. Keltie's interest in Africa, and his respect for Grenfell's judgment, the reader is indebted for the following important letter :—

TO J. S. KELTIE, ESQ.,

Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.

Bolobo, Congo State, November 25, 1896.

'Yours of July 13 reached this place just after I had started on a two months' journey to Stanley Falls, or it would have been replied to ere this; but even now that the occasion serves for a reply, I am sorry I cannot give you the details for which you ask. The fact is, Bolobo is two hundred miles from the district where the reported cruelties have taken place, and all the information I have is indirect, and is mainly such as I see has already been published in the newspapers at home.

'In this neighbourhood it is impossible for the State even to lightly tax the people, much less can they seriously coerce them, for at the very first appearance of restraint they seek refuge on the French side of the river. A few years ago there was scarcely a village of importance on the French side for upwards of four hundred miles beyond Stanley Pool, now there are several, and mainly formed by people who have fled from State administration. As the French do not attempt to

"administer," and as the natives do not like to have their old-time "liberties" curbed in even the slightest degree, they simply cross the river, and rejoice in absolute "freedom."

'The policy of letting the people alone is a very wise one for the French, for it is resulting in their securing a considerable population for their comparatively unpeopled bank of the river. When the topic has been referred to in conversation with officers of the State, the reply has been, "We might just as well be without people as with them if they will do nothing for us." The position is a very difficult one; but, although the people may not be worth a great deal to the State to-day, prospectively they are of immense importance, and a wise policy might stop the steady migration to the other side.

'Beyond the confluence of the Mubangi with the main stream, where the active collection of rubber and imposition of taxes commences, there is no safe "other side." The natives of Irebo and of places near the Equator, however, drop down stream in their canoes, and then cross over. Below the Mubangi the Administration is by no means oppressive, and the real grievances of the people are very few; but as soon as one reaches the point where both banks of the river are in the hands of the State, one enters upon the district whence come all the recent reports of cruelty—reports that may be slightly exaggerated here and there, but in the main, I fear, only too true. In fact, with the system of commissions on revenue collected and a practically uncontrolled soldiery as tax-gatherers, it would be strange if brutal excesses were not resorted to for the extraction of the last possible penny. A million square miles cannot be equitably administered and made to pay its way by means of a mere handful of officials (I don't think they

average one for every two thousand square miles), with the help of a very superficially civilized soldiery.

‘In my estimation, there is another question not one whit less important than that I have just touched upon—I mean that of slavery, for there can be no doubt as to the encouragement of slave-raiding by the State system of purchase and liberation. I suppose that technically the State can avoid the charge of “slavery,” but it is morally responsible for a long chain of evils which the system drags in its trail over a very wide district.

‘If both the purchasing of slaves and the giving of commissions on revenue collected could become things of the past, I should be able to look forward with hope to the future of the Congo State. I know that revenue must be raised, and that a conscription is often a necessity; but I believe both men and money could be obtained without involving such terrible evils as I now deprecate—not perhaps sufficient for the carrying out of the Congo programme at the present apparent rate of progress, but certainly in a manner that would be immensely more for the ultimate benefit of the country.

‘Going up river on the journey to which I referred at the head of this letter (Consul Pickersgill, C.B., of Loanda, was on board, and made copious notes), we followed for some fourteen hundred miles in the wake of the Governor-General, who is still up river on a tour of inspection. It is, I think, very evident, from the fact that two Belgians have been sentenced to considerable terms of imprisonment, and the powers of individual agents very generally curtailed, as well as from the fact that very considerable reductions in the rubber-tax have been made at several points we visited, that the evils which have been attracting so much attention of

late have already moved the authorities to take action. It remains to be seen if the action will prove to be adequate.

‘After all we had seen of the trend towards a better state of affairs in general, and of the good results of the policy of Baron Dhanis in the neighbourhood of Stanley Falls, we were greatly disappointed to find, on our return to the Equator, that only a week before our arrival there one of the missionaries, on visiting a native village shortly after the passage of a body of soldiers, counted more than twenty hands they had cut off as many victims—some of them evidently children. If this thing is going on while the Governor General is still up river on a journey of inspection, and at places comparatively close to a mission station, who can say what is going on in the wide districts whence no reports can possibly come?’

‘The French seem to be paying very little attention to those parts of their territory that come under our observation, but they seem to be increasingly active in their northern and north-eastern territories. Apparently they are only developing their Congo province just so much as may be needful for making it of use as a means for pushing farther.

‘I heard a month ago of Lieutenant Livtard having reached Tambora (about 5° 25' north latitude, and 27° 45' longitude), but scarcely gave it credence. I have just heard, however, from an officer recently down from that neighbourhood, that the French are undoubtedly on one of the Nile tributaries, though not in any great force. Lieutenant Livtard, after pushing his way to Tambora, seems to have established himself, and sat down to wait for reinforcements, just as the State seems to have done at Dongu; only the State seems to have settled down very seriously, and

made a really strong position. Two or three hundred Senegalis passed up river some four months ago, forming part of a French expedition against the Dervishes, it was said; but whether they have yet come into contact with them is very doubtful. I am told there are several officers and quite an accumulation of stores at Brazzaville, waiting for a steamer to take them up the Mubangi.

‘To revert to State news. I suppose you have heard of the further revolt of the Batetelas, on the Upper Sankuru. Report says there are Arabs mixed up in this affair, and that Governor Wahis, instead of coming down in the steamer sent up for him, has taken command of the operations for quelling the revolt. While we were at the Falls the Governor was on his way south to Nyangwe and Kasongo. We learned that Baron Dhanis intended shortly to follow the fifteen hundred soldiers he had sent northwards, but we have since heard that plans have been changed.

‘I fear you will be wishing, when you read all this, as you did when you read my last, that I wrote more definitely. It is most difficult, I can assure you, to get exact news; however, the foregoing may give you a general idea of the trend of things that may not be without some interest, especially to one whose interest in things African is so keen as your own.’

TO THE REV. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

Bolobo, December 7.

‘Yours of a month ago reached me on the 5th. I had heard a few days previously of the death of one of the boys accompanying you. I know you will have felt it keenly to have to bury him on his way home.

‘I note what you say about the Commission.¹ I’m

¹ The Commission for the Protection of the Natives.

sorry I cannot get up much enthusiasm about it. Who is to pay travelling expenses? I fear it is an unworkable machine. There is not one of the Commissioners who is not hundreds of miles away from the district whence all the trouble is reported, and by the time we could set foot in it to make inquiries we should find ourselves face to face with interested officials prepared to block our way at every turn. Seeing that most of the charges in the papers could be substantiated, it was needful to do something. What better to allay the excitement than the appointment of a Commission of Missionaries? And what steps could have been taken that would interfere less with the powers that be out here?

‘If the State is in earnest about reforming these abuses, it can do it; if it is not in earnest, no mere commission of impotent missionaries can make it. I see a new “Inspector” has been appointed; but there is not much to be hoped for from a man who can’t speak the native language. I have heard interpreters tell the most astounding things to interlocutors. The State is largely handicapped in its work in outlying districts by rascally interpreters and lawless soldiers, and a new system will have to be inaugurated before things are mended.

‘As yet I have heard nothing more than yourself; in fact, know of nothing excepting what has reached me through the papers. It may be that we shall be invested with more possibilities than appear; if so, so much the worse for our personal comfort.

‘We have been expecting the Governor down for some ten days or more, but have just heard that he is staying up country, to take command of the operations against the Batetelas. I shall certainly broach the subject of the recent Equatorville killing and mutilation,

if I only get the chance. Till one has received some sort of authorization and had some sort of a conference with his colleagues, he can hardly act officially. If things move smartly it might, perhaps, be managed in three months! We are practically very much farther apart than if we had been scattered over the capitals of Europe before the days of the telegraph! My dear Bentley, I shan't say all I think, even to you; if I were to say all I think, I might be called rude.

'Stephens left ten days ago in the "Goodwill" for Bopoto. I have just had a letter from White—he has been poorly again. I am glad to learn Lawson Forfeitt is so much better; also to find the health report from Wathen satisfactory. Greetings from wife and self for you all.

'P.S.—Baptismal service yesterday. Mora and Nsamo added to the Church. Day-school average over 120. Sunday-school yesterday 150. We are greatly encouraged.'

TO MR. HAWKES.

Bolobo, December 14, 1896.

'The Governor-General is still up river, and not a word of news trickles down. We shall all be relieved to know that things are going well in the south-east. What the country needs is a policy strong enough to keep the Arabs and the unruly in check; and one that is more ready to wait for the natural development of the country than the recent one has been—a policy more ready to "make haste slowly."

'Your cover containing pages of *Spectator* reached me on November 20; the *Spectator* itself came yesterday, and is as yet our most recent news. Many thanks for the sending of these special sheets in advance. Bolobo is unitedly grateful, and Bolobo is quite a community

now. As you may well imagine, we are impatiently waiting for the next instalment of news—October 2 leaving us, apparently, on the eve of important developments.

‘I spoke to Mr. Howell about your “St. John on Haiti”—he left the book behind, with instructions for it to be sent to you, but instead it has been sent after him here. It is already packed ready for going back to England. He is very sorry for the mischance. I am glad you like Howell; I find him a real help. He is away just now at Bopoto, and I expect he will be bringing Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Forfeitt down when he returns with the “Goodwill,” say in a week’s time. Mr. Field is away on the “Peace” to the Pool, but should be here for Christmas, on his way up the Mubangi. I’m fagging away at accounts, correspondence and general drudgery, and have more than I shall overtake by February, when I expect to leave once more for Sargent Station. These journeys of mine so break up the years that they slip by at an alarming pace. Here we are on the threshold of 1897, and I have yet scarcely become accustomed to writing 1896!

‘Unhappily, the times are moving faster than we are. Between 1887 and 1890 (my previous term), we managed to open three new stations. Six more years have gone, and we have only opened one! True, we have had a series of “hard times,” but we have also had the Centennial. However, if we have not been marching to the front very vigorously we have been strengthening our position all along the line, and securing better conditions of life.

‘Already, it seems to me, the better conditions are resulting in more work being done. In the early days of a mission in a country like this a good deal of

"roughing it" is necessary ; but it is not economical to go on "roughing it" when it is possible to secure a modicum of comfort. Our friends of the Congo Balolo Mission, after as brave an attempt as has ever been made to live and work on so-called "economical" lines, decided some two years and a half ago to build substantial and commodious houses, in the hope of being able to mend their health-rate and conserve their power for work, finding it next to impossible to go on as they were. They have now two fine buildings, much more ambitious than anything of ours on the upper river, fast approaching completion. The heavy losses they have suffered this year very markedly accentuate, in my estimation, the need for better conditions of life—they have lost seven of their number during the past twelve months!

'God has indeed been gracious to us in the matter of health ; humanly speaking, it is largely due, I believe, to our having secured more comfortable circumstances for ourselves. All this has a tinge of worldliness and selfishness, I fear ; still, you will allow, I think, there is a substratum of common sense for the position I maintain. Have you noticed Sir H. Johnston's criticisms of the missionaries' mode of life in his district? He says plainly they suffer needlessly because of the voluntary hardships they undergo.

'That I might give our Committee an idea of our improved houses, I have prepared a series of photographs on the same scale, showing the residences on each of our Stations from the Pool to the Falls. I enclose one or two waste and spoiled prints (I have not a scrap of paper left, or I would send something better), by way of giving you an idea as to how we are housed.

'Since I have been in my new house, the photograph of which I think I sent you some months ago, I am



GRENFELL'S EARLY HOME AT BOLOBO.
Photo: G. Grenfell.



GRENFELL'S HOME AT BOLOBO.
Photo: Rev. Frank Oldrieve.

able to speak more emphatically as to the advantages of better accommodation. I feel sure my new house is a paying investment for the Mission, seeing I am better, and can do more. On the Congo I've never had more than a three-roomed house up till now, and now, with the bath-room, we have six !

'Besides the photos of dwellings I send you two of the school (interior and exterior). My poor prints make our little folk look atrociously ugly. I don't like sending the pictures, for I feel I am libelling them.

'I imagine the group of youths and young men will be as interesting as any of the pictures—to me it is the most interesting, being even fuller of immediate promise than the school group. More than one-third of those composing this picture are members of our Church, and some of them are active and capable workers in the Master's service as well as that of the Mission. The best workers at their trades are the best and most consistent in serving the Lord.

'The picture of the "Goodwill" on the beach at Sargent Station explains itself—excepting perhaps the "bricklayer out for a holiday." He wanted "a change," so agreed to work his passage on the "Goodwill," that he might see the Falls. He figures in the group of young men as the fifth on the central row from the left edge of the picture. He is just now roofing in our kiln, in which we are stacking fifty thousand bricks and tiles. We are having exceptional rains, and much of our work is at a standstill. Can't even burn our bricks without a house for the kiln ; and the roads are so heavy we can barely get timber enough to keep our three pit-saws going. The saw-pit is just under my study window, so that I can keep my eye on the sawyers without going out of doors !

‘We had a baptismal service last week, adding two young women to our Church. People are showing much more interest in our services, and our school building is crowded every Sunday, and often fairly filled for the daily evening service. Day scholars average over 120. Sunday School, on the adoption of a regular class system, has gone up to 150. Our hearts are glad because of God’s goodness to us in these things, and for the signs of the coming of His Kingdom. Oh that it might come more quickly!

‘Our friends of the American Evangelical Missionary Alliance (Dr. Simpson’s organization), who are already some thirty strong on the lower river, sent a party eastward from Matadi, to make a “bee line,” so far as might be, for Lake Tanganyika, some six months ago, but after going about two hundred miles found themselves compelled to return. I am glad to learn they intend to make another try next season. They won’t reach Tanganyika for some time, but there’s nothing like aiming high. I wish to goodness I could get our folk fervid enough to embark on some more or less “madcap” scheme (of course, all the “sober-sides” out here say the Tanganyika scheme is “madness”), such, for instance, as the redemption of the promises we made some eighteen or nineteen years ago, when we talked of Lake Albert and the Nile! I feel terribly mean when I think of these things, and the way we are settling down in comfortable homes and stations and dropping the pioneering. Comfortable homes and stations are essentials for persistent work—they are stepping-stones from which it is easier to move forward to-day than it was for us to leave Banana when we first landed there nineteen years ago. But folk at home seem horrified at the thought of pushing ahead, for fear of being compelled to follow on.

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‘Don’t think I’ve dropped “pioneering” because I’m tired of it. I never think of it but my soul burns to be up and off again. The only inducement that would be strong enough to take me to the old country (in my present state of mind and body), would be the hope of being able to start a new campaign.

‘To complete our chain of stations on the Upper Congo, it seems to me, we need one near the Aruwimi. Each of the important languages would then have its centre of Christian work, where the seed would be sown, and in God’s own good time evangelists trained. If we set down two or three stations among people speaking one language, we should have two or three sets of missionaries hammering away at the same time at the difficulties involved in reducing a language to writing, whereas they might just as well be doing foundation work among distinctly separate people. At present each of our up-river stations is placed among people speaking their own particular language, and by that fact very largely separated from their neighbours. I am a great believer in the effectual working of the “leaven of the Kingdom,” and I want to see the leaven set working in separate districts rather than at several separate points in the same district. It involves a little longer waiting, perhaps, for results, but the total result, after a considerable period, will be infinitely greater.

‘We have one more important district on the banks of the main stream yet to occupy, and, in my esteem, when Messrs. Weeks and Glennie return we shall be strong enough to take it up. This being done, and the centre of the continent being accessible by railway and steamer, the time will have come for us to push through once more. It will be as easy to start inland from any point on the river as it was from the coast when we

began our work, though perhaps a little more costly. I am told the Churches will not listen to any such wild and costly scheme as would be involved by an overland transport towards the further interior. What they faced in 1878 and 1879 they won't shrink from in 1897, I feel sure.

'The American Presbyterians are facing inland transport difficulties towards the Upper Kasai, and the Alliance people are not afraid of a bee-line project towards Tanganyika. American missions also are on Lake Mantumba and on the Juapa river, and are thus occupying south and east of the great bend. The Congo Balolo Mission and ourselves occupy the first two degrees north of the line at seven different points ; but, what about the two thousand miles lying between the Congo and the Mediterranean, the largest unevangelized district in the world? Is nothing to be done for it? The work on the southern line of this immense tract lies nearer to our hands than to the hands of any one else—it is the work over against our "own house," and we ought to see to it.

'I've told you all this, I know, times and again, but it haunts me, and I must tell somebody once more, and just now, to relieve the pressure.

'But I must "dry up," or you'll be calling me to account for wasting money on postage, if I've nothing better to say. Never mind, my dear Joseph, it "relieves my feelings," and you've always a remedy at hand in the shape of an open fire.'

CHAPTER XVI

MISSIONS AND SOCIAL RESULTS

Extent of Grenfell's Travels—Sierra Leone Missions—Place of Education—The Labour-market—Results of Mission Work at Cameroons—Increase of Trade—Benefit of Missions—Punishment of Death—Waste of Human Life—Rise of an Artisan Class—Influence of Language—Results of Mission Work—Comments on Romish Missions—Polygamy—Habits of Industry Inculcated—Evil Conditions of Native Life—Missions the Only Hope.

AMONG the papers which were handed to me by Mrs. Grenfell was a weather-stained, barely legible document, which proved to be the rough draft of a letter written by Grenfell to the Rev. J. S. Dennis, D.D., the well-known American writer on Christian Missions. In preparing his comprehensive work, subsequently issued in three volumes, entitled *Christian Missions and Social Progress*, Dr. Dennis wrote to Grenfell early in 1895, requesting answers to a schedule of pertinent questions, which might be useful to him in his work. Grenfell's reply, which was in effect a small treatise on missions and social results, constitutes the present chapter.

And, happily, the reader is in possession, not of the rough draft, but of the finished essay, a press copy of which was enclosed in a letter to Mr. Hawkes, dated Stanley Pool, June 3, 1895, in which Grenfell speaks of Dr. Dennis as inquiring concerning his views 'on the

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sociological results of missions, apart from the distinctly religious ones, which constitute our chief aim ;' and as 'trying to compile a *résumé* of Mission results which shall constitute an argument in favour of Missions with those who do not lay stress upon the conversion of the heathen.'

Dr. Dennis gave due weight to the writer's opinions, and incorporated some portions of the treatise in his book ; but as the subject is of no less vital interest to-day than it was in 1895, and as the treatment is so personal and characteristic, it seems fitting to include this long letter in the present volume.

TO DR. DENNIS.

Bolobo, Upper Congo, March 28, 1895.

'I sincerely regret that it is not possible for me to reply to your letter and circular at the length I should like, or in a manner worthy of the important topics you suggest. Nor can I furnish you with categorical replies to the questions you propose, or state definitely that such and such results are the outcome of missionary efforts, seeing that for the greater part of my twenty years in Africa Missions have not been the only modifying force in those parts of the country that have come within my observation. However, possibly you will be able to glean from the following statement of my experience one or two ideas that may go to strengthen the position you propose to maintain with regard to the sociological value of Christian Missions.

'During my African experience I have had occasion to visit many of the centres of Christian activity on the west coast, from Sierra Leone to St. Paul de Loanda and the river Quanza, but the fields in which I have myself worked have been those on the banks of the Cameroons and the Congo rivers, the former falling into

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the sea near the fourth parallel of north latitude, and the latter near the sixth parallel south. Towards the interior, the more distant mission stations visited have been those on the Congo and Quanza rivers, respectively, about a thousand miles and three hundred miles eastward from the coast.

‘ Though my visits to Sierra Leone have always been brief, yet I have had considerable experience of employees trained by the Missions there, and my experience justifies me, I think, in attributing much of the odium that has fallen upon Sierra Leone Missions for having produced sociological results that are the reverse of desirable, to the mistake that has been made in laying so much stress upon scholastic education, and so little upon technical training. To give a considerable education to young people who have none of the restraints of Christianity to regulate their conduct, and who despise labour rather than recognize any dignity in it, is regarded by all those who have had experience of the African character as a very unsatisfactory policy.

‘ However, notwithstanding much that is unsatisfactory, and that has made Sierra Leone a byword with many, there can be no doubt that it is mainly as a result of the labour of Christian Missions that there is to be found to-day an intelligent and well-trained class of officials, who do the greater part of the administrative work of the Colony, and a class of commercial men, who, almost to the exclusion of white men, carry on an export trade that amounts annually to some two and a half millions of dollars. The home demands of the Colony for educated men being more than supplied, Sierra Leone clerks and teachers are found along the greater part of the West Coast, and often far in the interior; many of them honourably filling useful and

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important positions, others replacing Europeans, and doing harder and more continuous work.

‘At the same time, it cannot be said that the educated Sierra Leone man is always appreciated; in fact, his education is frequently a source of difficulty, when he has to labour, for a third or a fourth of the wages, alongside of a craftsman who has received a technical training, but who, it may be, can neither read nor write so well as himself. To the African, if he is to rise above the old condition of things, habits of industry are even more important than the ability to read and write, and the education that is not accompanied by systematic work (if it does not involve habits of industry in its acquisition), is very often little better than a snare.

‘The skilled labour-market of the West Coast is mainly supplied by men trained by the Basle missionaries at Accra: and although those trained are British subjects, there are as many of them who find employment in the German, French, Spanish, and Portuguese Colonies as under their own flag. The mission-trained mason, carpenter, cooper, blacksmith or engineer is found in the employ of nearly every business house along two thousand miles of coast: and, while pursuing his handicraft, he demonstrates to the untutored natives, with whom at hundreds of different points he is brought into contact, what they themselves might do in the way of utilizing their long-neglected resources. He also accustoms them to the use of mysterious tools and mechanical forces, and also, at many points, to the use and control of the more mysterious power of steam.

‘While I cannot speak of the results of Mission training at Sierra Leone and Accra except as I have seen them exemplified at considerable distances from those places, I am able to speak of the results of the

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work at Cameroons from experience gained while living for some years among the people in their own country. Ten years after I first went to Cameroons, and after forty years' work on the part of the Baptist Missionary Society, the operations of our missionaries were in 1884 brought to a close by reason of the German occupation.

'Apart from the changes that had resulted from religious teaching, very considerable advance by that time had been made in the social condition of the people. Many of them had learned the use of tools, and had profited by the experience gained in building the chapel, the school and the mission house, to the extent of being able to embellish hundreds of their habitations with carpenter-made doors and windows, and simpler items of furniture, and, in several cases, to the extent of being able to replace the usual structure of palm fronds, woven cane and a few posts stuck in the ground by brick houses, three of them being ambitious two-storied erections.

'The ambition to possess better houses and furniture had been accompanied by the desire to adopt more and more the ways of civilized life, with the result that a very considerable stimulus in favour of the development of commerce had been afforded. Increasing needs could not be met out of old resources, and to meet them new districts were opened up; longer journeys were made interior-wards for the purposes of trade, and an energy and perseverance shown in the collection of the natural products of the country which were altogether unknown under the old *régime*.

'In the early days of the Mission the invoice of a whole ship's load of cargo could be made out on a sheet or two of paper—the whole list of articles required by

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the people being comparatively few ; but in later years the invoice of a ship's cargo formed quite a volume. With the advance of the people, their wants were no longer supplied by the very few items that included but little beyond two kinds of spirits, sundry hogsheads of tobacco, cases of guns, barrels of powder, a supply of cutlasses, salt, soap, and earthenware, and, say, half a dozen different kinds of beads, and a dozen different patterns of cotton goods, which formed the staple articles of barter. To-day the changes of fashion in the articles of commerce, like those in the old country, are so rapid that merchants dare not load up a ship with even a varied assortment of goods, lest they should be out of date before they could be sold. To meet the wants of people, traders have to watch the markets, and to take advantage of the rapid communication afforded by the several lines of steamers that have practically ousted the sailing ships from the West Coast trade.

‘Commerce might say, “These are largely our victories ;” but how is it that at points along the coast where trade has been carried on as long as it has been at Cameroons and other centres of mission enterprise, there has been no similar development? How is it that the old list of barter goods still meets the requirements of the natives? The reply is not far to seek—they do not buy tools because no one has taught them their use, and they therefore live in the old-style temporary hut, where it would be absurd to introduce the furniture and appointments of civilization. Having developed no energy beyond that needful for the supply of their more immediate and pressing wants, they have not been able to indulge in comparative luxuries till they have become almost necessities of life—to the great benefit of commerce. Possibly their sum-total of

happiness is not much less, because they have not learned how to wear clothes or boots, or because they have not become accustomed to sit at table, or take tea and sugar, or to make use of canned provisions and patent medicines; but certainly trade has not been benefited by the impetus in favour of civilization that has resulted at other places from the presence and teaching of the missionary.

‘But more important than the development of trade has been the influence of the missionary’s teaching against the sad waste of life that resulted from the maintenance of cruel customs and superstitions, and against the readiness with which, in every case of difficulty, the appeal was made to the force of arms.

‘In a rude state of society, such as that which obtains at Cameroons, where a few chiefs and free men claimed to hold the rest of the people as slaves, and where there were no prisons, the only punishments were fines or death. The free paid even for murder, and went free, the slave had nothing to pay with (all that he had was his master’s), and so had to die. Then, again, the only means by which the minority could hold the majority in hand was by a liberal recourse to the extreme penalty. But even in this it was needful to act warily, for even slaves become influential, and secure a following among their fellows that is not easily dealt with. In case a slave failed to be duly amenable to his master, when he showed a disposition to retain too large a share of the profits of a trading expedition, or when he presumed to copy too freely the manners of a free man, a charge of witchcraft and an extra strong decoction of the poisonous ordeal bark were the readiest and surest means of dealing with him. The man, conscious of his innocence, had no fear; the man’s friends, even his wives

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and children, were all afraid of one lying under such a charge ; and seeing that he died, the accusation must have been true, and they were more than resigned, since they were rid of his malign influence.

‘Where nine out of every ten wives were just as much the property of their husbands as the great proportion of the people were of their masters, and where the greatest restraint in favour of both wives and slaves was the loss of money value that would result if they were killed or married, it does not need to be told that this mere loss of money was no sufficient curb on the angry passions of men, to prevent great and continuous loss of life.

‘It was only by persistently inculcating the sanctity of human life, by showing the absurdity of fighting and losing several lives over a mere dispute, by demonstrating from time to time the folly of charges of witchcraft, and by saving lives without incurring the dreaded results, that the missionaries succeeded in creating a sentiment that resulted in the sparing of many lives that would otherwise have been sacrificed. It cannot, however, be claimed that the missionaries succeeded in putting anything like a stop to the cruel waste of life incident upon savage rule ; but to have saved some lives, and to have so guided public opinion that things which used to be done openly came to be done comparatively in secret, were results of no mean value, and well worth striving for.

‘Considering the ease with which life is supported, and the bounty with which Nature responds to the labour of her children, it may be fairly argued that but for the reckless waste of life Central Africa would be wonderfully more populous than we find it to be. But population is checked not only by the death of so many poor victims of savage and superstitious rule, but also

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by the terrible laxity of morals that obtains. Bearing upon this question is the very noticeable feature of a greatly improved birth-rate among those communities that have come under the influence of mission training. "How is it," many a native has asked the missionary, "that your people, who have only one wife apiece, have so many more children than I have, with my six or ten wives?"

'Under the old *régime* society was divided into two well-defined classes—the masters, who did the trading, mostly very smart business men, and the slave who did the work. Under the training of the missionaries, a third, and, as it has proved, a very important class, has been developed—that of the wage-earning craftsman. Though for the most part this third class consisted of men born of slave parents, it was a class that, in response to training, furnished men who were able to build two-storied brick houses, work a Denny printing-press, run a small steam saw-mill, or a small sea-going steamboat, and it can easily be imagined that though it did not constitute numerically a very important community, it was a very different one to be reckoned with as compared with that which furnished the paddlers for their master's canoes.

'In addition to developing the self-reliance and resourcefulness of a more or less skilled body of artisans, the missionaries, by teaching them a civilized language and bringing them into contact with the literature and civilization of the world, have placed them in a position of great advantage, as compared with those among whom mission work has been carried on exclusively in the language of the country. From a distinctly religious point of view, it may be debateable as to whether it is advantageous or not to teach a new language, but

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from a social point of view the gain is very distinct. If work is done through the medium of the native tongue, it is long before even the rudiments of literature can be translated or rendered available. On the other hand, every intelligent scholar is able to help himself, and those around him also, from the immense stores at his disposal, when he has once mastered English, or any one of the European languages, and, possibly, the sociological impulse is even greater from contact with the world through the medium of its periodical press than it is from contact with the treasures of its literature.

‘Where the native tongue is alone the vehicle for instruction and communication, the maintenance of the old trading monopolies of the head men, of the wide-embracing institution of slavery, and the despotic cruelty of the chiefs, is secured for a much longer period than is possible where the people are enlightened through the medium of a civilized language, and thereby enabled to realize that they constitute part of the civilized world.

‘Possibly the most noticeable sociological result of the missionary’s teaching is found in the capacity developed for co-operating persistently for a common purpose—a result all the more remarkable when it is remembered how foreign such a characteristic is to a state of society similar to that in which the missionary found the Cameroons people. When the missionaries were withdrawn, this capacity was exemplified by the mission-trained people taking in hand the work of providing meeting-places for themselves, and schools and teaching for their children. Of the several buildings erected by this community, one is capable of accommodating some fifteen hundred people ; a work calling for both organizing and technical ability of no mean order,

and proving the very considerable capacity of a much-despised people, and the effectiveness of the influences that had been brought to bear upon them.

‘It cannot be claimed that forty years of mission work, of the efforts of a few missionaries spread over little more than a single generation, have resulted in the upsetting of a social system as old as the civilization of Egypt ; it may, however, be maintained, I believe, that—

‘(a) Considering the conservative character of the native institutions at Cameroons, and the self-interest of the privileged few, the results are such as incontrovertibly prove the value of missions as a force for the uplifting of a degraded people.

‘(b) To the missionary may be attributed the introduction of a measure of civilization that has been greatly to the advantage of commerce.

‘(c) The missionary, by constantly enunciating the doctrine of the sanctity of human life, has contributed to the formation of a sentiment that has prevented much infanticide, and saved the lives of many who but for that sentiment would have been sacrificed by the cruel customs and superstitions of the country.

‘(d) The inculcation of better morals has resulted in an increased birth-rate, and in the better condition and higher esteem of women among the mission communities.

‘(e) The training of artisans, and the creation of a large wage-earning class, have been important factors in modifying the relationships of the two sections (masters and slaves) into which society had been previously divided.

‘(f) The spirit of self-reliance and resourcefulness have been so developed in those who have come under the influence of the missionaries, that when left without

their teachers they were able to combine and arrange for the construction of several meeting-places, and also to organize schools for the instruction of their children.

‘It is not maintained that all the results in these directions are the outcome of the missionaries’ unaided efforts. The influence of wise-minded and kind-hearted business men has often been lent with no small effect for the furtherance of the good of the people.

‘It is also only right to say, that, notwithstanding much that savours of harshness, the progress of the people at Cameroons towards a better condition of things has been much more rapid under the German administration of the past ten years than was possible under native rule.

‘Proceeding southwards from Cameroons some seven hundred miles, where as yet missions have barely half a century behind them, we arrive at the Congo and the province of Angola, where they were commenced four centuries ago. For more than two hundred years these missions were sustained by a succession of Portuguese, Italian and French priests; but the native Christians were eventually left to their own ministrations.

‘Considerable advances had been made, native priests had been educated and ordained, and in San Salvador and the neighbourhood seven stone-built churches and a cathedral had been erected, and the ruins of these churches are incontrovertible evidence as to the substantial character of the original structures, and to the great advance that had been made by the people some three or four centuries ago. But, notwithstanding the fact that Roman Catholicism was at one time a great power in the country—its elaborate rituals always appeal very forcibly to the native mind—it has left little

result beyond the custom of giving Christian names to boys, and, in the district of Ambaca, such an appreciation of the art of writing as to secure its being passed on from father to son through several generations.

‘It seems as though the lack of self-sustaining power of the work initiated by the Roman Catholic Church in the Congo, as compared with the self-sustaining power of the enterprises of the Evangelical Churches in other portions of the continent, might be referred to the essential difference in their respective teaching. In the one case the priest assumes the burden of his flock, and in a great measure relieves them of responsibility for their future well-being. In the other, the burden of the weightiest affairs, those of the future and of the soul of man, are thrown upon the individual, and in dealing with these there is a development of character and capacity for which there is no stimulus afforded under a *régime* where the burdens are transferred to other shoulders.

‘Besides the difficulty in distinguishing the respective results of Mission work and of civilized government in the matter of social advance on the Congo, there is the fact that these forces have as yet been in operation but for some sixteen years or so—a period too short, seeing the conditions are such as are found to obtain, to allow of much more than results in individual cases. There are, however, very plainly in progress changes that have an all-important bearing upon the future of the country. The Government has issued laws against slave-raiding, against killing for witchcraft, and against the burying of slaves alive as part of the funeral ceremonies of free men, and, so far as its powers go, prevents the continuance of these devastating practices.

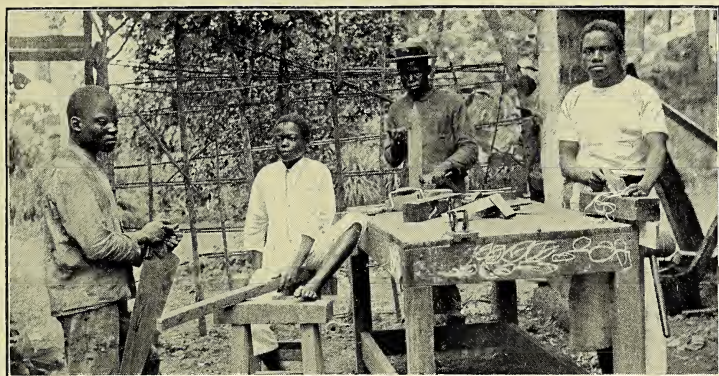
‘In places beyond the eye of the law the missionary

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is gaining an influence, and convincing the people, in a certain measure, in favour of observing the law, and is thus becoming year by year more successful in saving the lives of poor victims who would otherwise be sacrificed. The missionary, by the employment of free labour, and by securing good results therefrom, demonstrates the advantage of the system he pursues as compared with that of slavery.

‘The advantages of monogamy as compared with polygamy are also being demonstrated in the lives of mission people—a much-needed lesson, for polygamy is one of the great evils from which the country suffers. Extra wives and slaves are practically the only investments for money gained by trading, and as a man’s status is determined by the number of his wives, he goes on buying them, even when he has already far more than conduce to his comfort. By this system the old men get the great proportion of young women into their hands, and the young men have thus to be content with somebody’s widow, who may happen to be for sale cheap. Under such conditions promiscuity is greatly fostered, and small families, or no families at all, result. In fact, in the chief trading centres, where most money is made, the children born are not equal to the death-rate, and the population is only maintained by the purchase of slaves. It may, however, be hoped that when the people have been trained to build better houses, and to appreciate the advantages of civilization, they will be induced on the Congo, as elsewhere, to spend money in other directions than in slaves or superfluous wives.

‘Missions, by means of the technical training they are furnishing, and by reason of the habits of industry they are inculcating, are also contributing in no small



NATIVE CARPENTERS AT SAN SALVADOR.
Photo: Rev. J. S. Bowskill.



BRICKMAKING AT BOPOTO.



NATIVE BLACKSMITHS TRAINED BY THE BAPTIST MISSION,
 UPPER CONGO.

measure to the future development of the people. The Mission steamer "Goodwill," a vessel eighty-four feet in length, is engineered and manned entirely by Congo people; printing-presses at San Salvador, Wathen, and Lukolela are being worked by Congo people; and they have made and laid the bricks for school houses at Stanley Pool and Bolobo. It is as important for the missionary's chief purpose as it is for the country that habits of industry should be formed. It cannot be conceived that Christianity should really influence the heart of the uncivilized negro, and leave him content in the midst of his old circumstances—his old unclean and immoral surroundings. In countries where food is plentiful, and where the labour involved in getting it is furnished by the women, and where, as compared with civilized countries, there is little or no need for houses, fuel or clothing, the greater proportion of the male population may be described as slothful and idle; and, consequently, increasingly vicious as they grow older.

'Those who have had experience of mission work in Africa recognize how difficult it is for Church members to maintain consistent lives, unless the old idleness is exchanged for habits of industry, and have felt themselves justified in predicting a speedy downfall for those who after a period of activity relapse into the idle ways of their countrymen. Happily, while the combat with idleness on the part of those who are just emerging out of the old barbarism involves a most arduous struggle, it is evident, from observations among children and grandchildren of those who in older fields have profited by mission training, that the struggle, in their case, is less serious. In fact, the increasing ability and aptitude for the ways of civilized life manifested in the second and third generations of those who have been subjected

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to the educational influences of a mission station, make it difficult to realize that they are of the same race as their untrained compatriots.

‘With respect to the inquiry concerning the conspicuous evils of the field with which I am acquainted, I must say it is very difficult for me to specify the elements which go to make up the great festering sore which afflicts the whole body social, and that at many points threatens its very existence. Polygamy, attended as it is, in a country where there are no Zenanas, by most flagrant immoralities, together with slavery and witchcraft, and the entire lack of protection for life and property apart from one’s own right hand, are so intimately intertwined with and related to each other as to make it difficult to define their sequence or comparative importance.

‘The country where there is little or no feeling of right and wrong—where practically everything is “right” that is not immediately attended by prohibitive consequences, and where of necessity every man goes armed—the resulting chaos is not to be described, hardly to be conceived. The restraints of law and civilization are beginning to be felt within the administrative range of the Government; but it will be long before these restraints can do more than touch the edge of the sore—they cannot, in the nature of things (history proves the point), work the moral change needful for the regeneration of the country and the perpetuation of the race. Polygamy and slavery, and their attendant evils, lead to death—and life is not of the law, but of the Gospel.

‘Happily for the Upper Congo the importation of spirituous liquors (for the present at least) is prohibited, though on the lower river it is unrestrained, with the

result that gin and rum are there working their usual course of demoralization and crime. A native who acquires the habit of drinking spirits will work to satisfy his craving, and for this reason some traders maintain that they, as well as the missionaries, are making the natives work. But the drink appetite kills every other desire, and soon stultifies itself by destroying the power to work, whereas the taste for better surroundings, more healthy houses and suitable clothes, increases rather than diminishes a man's ability to satisfy his growing desires.

‘But on the Upper and Lower Congo alike the people have been debased by long centuries of immorality, slavery, cruel superstitions, and by practically unceasing internecine wars ; natural affections have been largely destroyed, mere children learn early to delight in blood, and later have no compunction about abandoning their helpless parents, parents sell their children, and brothers their own brethren. However, upon these things I need not dilate. Every traveller's story and every missionary's record tell of them till the heart sickens, and one almost despairs of the possibility of a brighter future for a country where such evils abound. Those who have not realized the power of Christianity are not slow to say there is no hope for these poor people ; but those who have lived longest among them, and have laboured most arduously for their uplifting, say there is hope—but from one source alone.

‘The only work which can possibly succeed in regenerating a people so degraded is that which has the foundations of Christianity for its basis ; for, apart from the regeneration that is quite outside the range of mere civilization, there is no prospect that the tracts devastated by slavery and depopulated by immorality

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will ever be repeopled, that the fertility of thousands of abandoned valleys will ever be renewed, or that the remnants of the people will ever be freed from the bonds of superstitions even more cruel than those of slavery, ere the race has brought upon itself the doom that inevitably follows such evils as those from which it suffers, and disappears from the face of the earth.'

CHAPTER XVII

‘IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN’

Death of Grenfell's Daughter Pattie—A ‘Bolt from the Blue’—Notice to quit Sargent Station—Changes and Death—A Soldiers' Revolt—Progress of the Railway—Death of Mrs. Scrivener—Proposed Prospecting Tour—Visit of M. Buls—Natives sing ‘Lo, He comes’—Breakdown of the ‘Leon XIII.’ and other Steamers—Interview with Vice-Governor Wangermée—Arrival at the Lindi Falls—Posts attacked by Arabs—Miss Grenfell's Last Journey—Dangers of the River Channel—Progress at Sargent Station—Salamo, a Native Christian Girl—Translation Work.

‘JOURNEYINGS’ are characteristic of almost every chapter of Grenfell's missionary life ; but the well-known apostolic phrase is specially appropriate to the last years of his longest stay in Africa. Of many ‘journeyings’ only two can be spoken of as ‘pioneering’—his progress up the Lindi with Stapleton, in 1898, and his extended voyage up the Aruwimi, in 1899, of which he wrote a careful and elaborate account intended for the press, but now published for the first time. His longings were divided between the development of spiritual work at Bolobo, and forward marches in the direction of fulfilling Mr. Arthington's plans. But the material necessities of the Mission, the illnesses and deaths of colleagues, held him to the drudgery of transport service ; and he accepted manfully the will of God, and did the present duty with self-effacing fidelity. This business travelling was not all drudgery, as he

cheerfully confessed. There were quiet days upon the dear old 'Peace' when his boys were engineers, his wife 'chief mate,' and no passengers present, to withdraw him from his books, or divert his long, long thoughts.

It was during this period, and in the course of a down-river voyage, that one of Grenfell's greatest sorrows overtook him. He had looked forward with keenest interest to the outcoming of his daughter Pattie, who had finished her education, and was destined to join her parents in their Mission work in Africa. She reached Bolobo in July, 1897, spent some months there, and then went up with her father and mother to Yakusu, where she remained a year, helping Mrs. Stapleton in school-work, and displaying grace and aptitude which gave large promise of future usefulness. Early in March, 1899, while returning with her father from Yakusu to Bolobo, Pattie developed a dangerous fever, and it became a grave question whether she would arrive at home alive.

And just when Grenfell, sick himself, was more than ever anxious that the 'Peace' should do her best, her engines failed, and he had to tear himself away from the cabin to effect repairs. Then she grounded on a sand-bank: then a night-storm broke upon her, threatening wreck and death. At last the lame steamer, bearing the distracted father and the dying girl, crept into Bolobo, just in time. Pattie felt her mother's arms about her, gave one loving smile of recognition, and sank into the arms of God.

The reader who shrinks from tears will be well-advised to skip the letter in which Grenfell tells in detail this intensely pathetic story. The loss of his dear daughter, in whom so many fond and holy hopes were centred, was a paralyzing blow; but he quickly

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braced himself for service, left the binding-up of his broken heart to Him who fails not in this ministry, and laboured on to make the comfort of God accessible to those who knew it not.

'There's no room for tears of weakness, in the blind eyes of
a Phemius,
Into work the poet kneads them, and he does not die till
then.'

Grenfell kneaded his tears into work, and though he made no verses he achieved that higher poetry, the music of which arises, not from the linking of melodious words, but from the doing of deeds harmonious with the will of God.

Early in 1897 'a bolt from the blue' fell upon the Mission, in the form of a notice from the State to quit Sargent Station, Yakusu. The Rev. G. R. Pople, Acting Secretary (in the absence of the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt), secured six months' grace, to enable him to refer the question to Mr. Baynes and the Home Committee.

On February 16 Grenfell writes to Mr. Hawkes from Stanley Pool, stating that he has come down from Bolobo to get mails and the latest news, and is going up river to bring Messrs. White and Stephens from Yakusu. Anent the notice to quit he says: 'I am utterly astounded at the State following such a "line of policy," after their declaration in favour of strict investigation. Some people say it is because the Administration is afraid of the light that Protestant missionaries let in upon their proceedings. It looks like it, though I cannot accept this yet, for at heart I have always regarded the Administration as sound; but, if it is rotten enough to ask for light, and to bar the window at the same time, I shall say there is no hope for it. . . . What about Article VI of the General

Act of the Berlin Conference? Or is it a dead-letter, so far as Britishers are concerned? . . . I have written to Mr. Baynes, and I am hoping he will bring such pressure to bear as will result in our being free to move forward. Boma throws the responsibility on Brussels, so it is no use our trying to do anything out here.’

At this time Mr. Lawson Forfeitt was at home, and in close consultation with Mr. Baynes on this matter. In the end Mr. Baynes was able to cable to Mr. Pople at Matadi, ‘Brussels instructs Governor Mission keeps Yakusu.’

In this letter Grenfell is also much concerned with the preparations for his daughter’s coming out to the Congo, upon leaving school at Sevenoaks.

TO MR. HAWKES.

s.s. ‘Goodwill,’ Stanley Pool, May 29.

‘It is three months since I wrote you! ‘I’ve been *en route* ever since, and shall not finish till the first half of the year is nearly through. Out of the first six months of 1897 I expect I shall have spent only some six weeks at home, so if my letter-writing is all in arrears it won’t be very wonderful.’

Enclosing a copy of his reply to Mr. Arthington, concerning proposals for extension towards Lake Albert, Grenfell says, referring to the difficulties in the way, ‘The Roman Catholic Administrations of foreign countries are not favourable to Protestant progress. The Pope pulls lots of strings, and I have reason to believe he is very busy with Central African affairs. The “Goodwill” lies moored within sight of the residences of two Roman Catholic Bishops! . . .

‘I told you in my February letter that I was going up river, to bring Mr. and Mrs. White down; but I found Mr. Stephens also needed to recruit, in fact so ill

that I could not leave him there. So I hurried down to Bopoto, and brought up Dodds to stay with Beedham, and Field has since gone up in the "Peace" to stay with Smith. On my way down river I heard of Mr. Roger having been compelled to go home by reason of sickness, and while at Bolobo I got news of Pople's death! So you see we have been in the midst of changes and very anxious times. Poor Mrs. Pople was confined three weeks after her husband's death; her little son seems to be getting on all right, but our latest news concerning the mother is most grave, continued high fever and weakness allowing but little hope for her recovery.'

Shortly after, both mother and child passed away.

TO MISS HAWKES.

Stanley Pool, May 29.

'We had rather an exciting time of it at Stanley Falls, for while we were there we got word of the revolt of part of the soldiers forming Dhanis's expedition to the Nile. At first it was thought that some fifteen hundred men were marching on the Falls Station to take it; so the officer in charge sent word to Sargent Station (Yakusu), for the missionaries to hold themselves in readiness to abandon the place, should they be attacked, as he had not sufficient men even to defend his own Station. Those available were set to work at once to make it as strong a place as possible; but I feel sure they could not have long held out against fifteen hundred men. The steamer "Ville de Bruxelles" was at the Falls at the time, and she was protected by extemporized armour-plating and kept under steam, ready for the worst if it should happen.

'We got the first news of the trouble as we were going down to Bopoto from Sargent Station to fetch up Mr. Dodds; but by the time we got back (we hurried

our best, you may imagine), the strain was lessening, for there appeared to be indications that the revolted soldiers were marching southwards towards Kasongo and Nyangwe, and leaving the Falls on their right. Three days later, scouts having come in with news that this was really the case, the "Ville de Bruxelles" steamed off down river, and we followed a few hours later. There have been several lives lost, but how many is not made known yet. Baron Dhanis's brother is among the dead.'

On June 10 Grenfell wrote to the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, who was still in England, congratulating him on his progress towards health, and giving much affectionate and fatherly counsel, culminating in the strictly orthodox injunction that he should be reasonable, and take his wife's advice. He was also much gratified by a bit of extra service which Mr. Forfeitt was permitted to put in on his voyage home. The ship's doctor was seriously ill from the time of leaving Banana, and at the captain's request Mr. Forfeitt undertook the medical service, which was exceptionally heavy that voyage. For this he received a special letter of thanks from the captain, and also one from the passengers and crew, signed, 'your grateful patients,' the doctor's signature heading the list.

TO MR. HAWKES.

S.S. 'Goodwill,' Stanley Pool, July 3.

'Pattie duly arrived on the 1st, and all being well we start on the 5th for Bolobo, and hope to reach home on the 8th. She has had a capital voyage, and come out 'in good order and condition,' as the bills of lading say. We are delighted to see her, and are very hopeful that she may be quite a help and comfort to us. She has already commenced to pick up the language, and seems

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in earnest about it . . . Concerning Congo affairs I imagine you are better informed than we are. There are two Congos, one with all the paraphernalia of civilization, ports, magistrates, judges, etc. ; and the other in the pangs of evolution, and still in the dark. We are in the former, and know very little of the latter. The question is how to get order out of chaos, and how to let in the light !'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, October 9.

'Enclosed you will find my reply to Mr. Arthington's last letter (suggesting a journey to Lake Albert). My lazy, selfish self says, "Have nothing to do with schemes for pushing farther afield. Leave them to younger men." However, the more I think about them, less and less does it become possible for me to refuse, should I be called to take part in them. . . . If the Committee give their consent, I certainly dare not say "No." . . . You will have heard of the four baptisms we had here last Sunday. We were over forty who sat down at the Lord's Table ! Our hearts were greatly cheered. God continues to be good to us also in the matter of health.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

s.s. 'Peace,' Stanley Pool, November 21.

'You will see from the heading of this that I am travelling again in the good old "Peace." I'm all by myself, for I left Patience at Bolobo with the child, and Pattie was away in the "Henry Reed" for a visit to friends on Lake Mantumba and at the Equator. We had a letter from her the morning I left, and learned therefrom that she had been sea-sick (can one be sea-sick on fresh water?) both on going into and on coming out of the Lake.

'With the losses and sicknesses of the last year, you will easily understand that my anxieties have neither been few nor light, for the burden of making the needful arrangements falls largely on my shoulders. . . . This past year has been terribly trying for Europeans on the Congo. The Government and traders have lost very heavily, as well as Missions. The Baptist Missionary Society has had no such series of breakdowns since our "Black Year" 1887, when we lost six of our number in seven months! Of God's goodness it is not yet so bad as that, and we pray that the present total of four losses may not be increased. . . .

'We are expecting to have three or four weddings among our young people at Christmas, so we shall have exciting times, for the townsfolk turn up in great numbers to see how the "Bambote" (as we are called) manage these things. Getting married (and unmarried, too, for the matter of that), are comparatively simple and easy, after prices have been arranged, among the natives, for they have nothing like the elaborate ceremonies that characterize their funerals. . . .

'When one looks back, as I can, and remembers what Bolobo was ten years ago, when we first commenced our work here, one cannot but be encouraged. Of course we wish progress had been greater, but still it is no small thing that we have a Christian Church witnessing for Christ in the midst of the terrible darkness that prevails. Christ is being uplifted, and there are undoubted signs of many being drawn to Him. Of course we have our disappointments; but that so many stand firm, when one considers how hard it is in such circumstances, makes me thank God very, very sincerely, and fills my heart with courage. . . . The Catholics are putting forth great efforts. They have now two Bishops

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and lots of missionaries and sisters. Their Stations are much larger than ours. Staffs of two or three they would count very small. They are most devoted people, though, from our point of view, mistaken in their efforts. They do but very little among the townsfolk, confining themselves mainly to working among the orphans and slaves that fall into their hands.'

TO MR. HAWKES.

S.S. 'Peace,' Stanley Pool, November 28.

'I came down river nine days ago to attend the recent session of the Commission for the protection of the natives. The proceedings have terminated, and I am only waiting for signatures to enable us to get away. . . . I expect there will be considerable influence brought to bear against the renewal of the Commission after its first term of two years, for which our powers were signed ; for there can be little doubt that it is felt to be a very awkward restraint upon many who were at one time practically autocrats.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

Bolobo, February 5, 1898.

'I expected to be away up river again by this time ; but first of all Bungudi was sick, and my "Peace" engineer was needed for the "Goodwill," for I quite intended going in the "Peace," and then again Patience has been far from well. It is now six weeks since she went down to the Pool for the sake of a change, and that she might secure the advantage of Dr. Sims' advice. I had a letter from the doctor a few days ago ; he says he cannot understand the fever that comes on every evening. As soon as the "Goodwill" comes down river I shall go down to the Pool. Grace is with her mother.

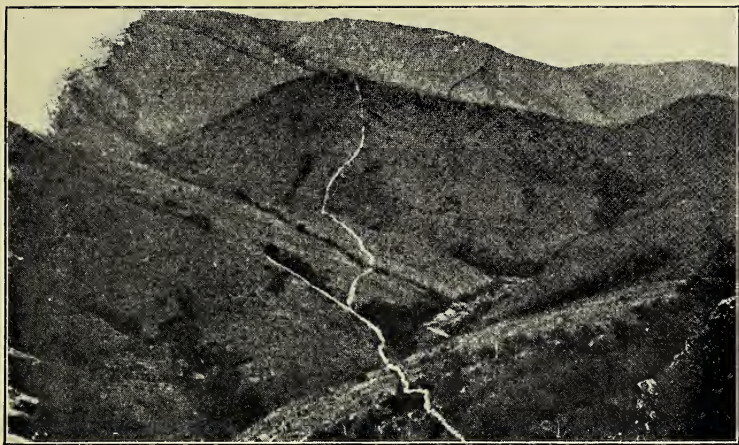
'Pattie is here keeping house for me. Happily, Pattie is keeping very well ; she had a rather sharp

experience to commence with, but has been capital ever since. She is picking up the native language very quickly, and will soon speak fluently ; she is seldom stuck for a word even now. She is quite an important member of our teaching staff already, though, of course, only in an honorary capacity at present.

'I must have told you of Bungudi being the father of a boy—he is now six months old. His poor wife knows nothing of our fears of Bungudi having become affected by the sleeping sickness, which has killed so many, and for which nothing seems to be of any use. Doctor says the symptoms for the present have disappeared ; but our experience teaches us that they may recur at any time.

'We had two weddings the week before Christmas, and are expecting two others very shortly, and we are getting quite a little village round our station. Some of the natives (besides the poor witch folk who live with us as refugees) want to come and build near us, so that they may be free from the town life and its oppressions—for Congo heathenism is very cruel. It is something to be grateful for that our neighbours are having their eyes opened even thus far. The Governor-General has given me permission to appropriate Government land for any of the people who want to join our more or less civilized community. I have already measured off twenty-five lots, and thirteen of these are now occupied by nice clay-built houses that are quite a contrast to the usual grass and mat shanties which the natives content themselves with.

'I learn that the railway workmen are already at the Pool, and that they expect the trains to begin to arrive in a couple of months or so—and then for changes ! We are wondering as to how they may affect us.'



CARAVAN ROAD, CATARACT REGION, LOWER CONGO.



CONGO RAILWAY AND RIVER CONGO, NEAR MATADI,
Photos : Mr. L. Goffin, Brussels.

A Joyous going Hence 409

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, March 16.

‘The blow we feared has fallen—our dear sister, Mrs. Scrivener, is no more! Day by day for the past week we have been alternately buoyed up with the hope of life, and cast down by approach of death, and now the end has come! God was very good to our sister, and strengthened her very graciously for the going hence, by the manifestation, in a very blessed manner, of His presence and love; and we, too, were all comforted by the sweet assurance of peace with which she left us to go to be with her “Dear Lord Jesus.” “I have no pain;” “Every doubt is gone;” and, “All my old trust has returned, for underneath are the Everlasting Arms;” and, “I am very happy,” were among the last words of the last moments of her life, and they yield very blessed memories for the sorrow-stricken husband, as well as for us who were assembled for the last sad scene.

‘Our hearts are heavy for the loss we have sustained, and also because our work is losing much-needed help; but we all rejoice at the blessed manifestation we have had that our Lord is King—that He is conqueror over death and the grave; and, though we weep, we praise Him for the joyous going hence of our sister, to share in His Kingdom and victory, as well as for the soul-sustaining vision that has been vouchsafed us of His love and all-conquering might.’

TO MR. HAWKES.

s.s. ‘Goodwill,’ Yakusu, May 10.

‘You will observe from the heading of this that I am “from home”—have been here for a fortnight, and expect to stay three weeks more. For one thing, I am staying till Field comes up in the “Peace,” to replace Beedham, who has just gone down country, homeward-

bound. In the meantime I am serving as Stapleton's colleague, and taking the opportunity for visiting the villages in the vicinity, with a view to finding out the best "jumping-off place" for the Nile. You know, I imagine, that Mr. Arthington is anxious I should start off on a prospecting tour almost at once. He says he has £17,000 to devote to his scheme, which includes a steamer for Lake Albert. I'm not at all pushing the matter—it seems to be pushing me. I've just completed estimates and order sheets for the equipment, so that the Committee may put the matters in hand without further delay, should they decide upon pushing eastwards.

'If I thought any one else stood in as good a position for making a success of the prospective journey as myself, I would gladly back out in his favour, for my poor old body is weak enough to be quite content to be occupied with a less arduous enterprise. However, I am glad to say the spirit will be more than willing, if God but points the way. . . . You say you would have liked to have had a chat with me at times—not more than I should have liked a chat with your own good self, I assure you. But, so far as one can see, there is not much prospect of it at present. God has been very, very good in sparing me so long, and as one gets older even the near future becomes increasingly uncertain, especially on the Congo. When the necessity for my going to England arises, I shall pack up at once—it would not take me long ; but I feel my place is here for the time being. As long as I can help things forward on the Congo, I feel I must not turn my back on it. When I'm played out, I shall start for the old country (if I may). I know, as you say, it would do me good—it would do me good more ways than one ; but still, the time is not yet.'

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TO THE REV. J. HOWELL.

Yakusu, June 5.

'I am glad you have been able to visit the people at the back, and only wish I felt we were strong enough to commence a campaign among the people to the east of Bolobo.

'Here the country seems to be opening up most promisingly. Stapleton and I have been up the Lindi to beyond the third cataract. Lots of people!

'We have just finished roofing in a new house of the same size as White's, by way of making some provision for the Stephens and my daughter in the meantime.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, September 3.

'The Burgomaster of Brussels, M. Buls, called here, a few days ago, on his return from the Falls. He is a wonderfully keen observer, and I expect will make a "few remarks" when he reaches home. At Bolobo he took the greatest interest in our work, and put some wonderfully discriminating questions as to our results. He wanted to know where the Bangala people were, when he saw the miserable towns which to-day are the homes of this one-time important section of the population. He spoke enthusiastically of the Falls district and its prospects. He recognizes that the Congo fleet is not big enough to supply the needful traffic for keeping the railway employed. To us and our work he seemed very sympathetic and appreciative, and allowed that "perhaps, after all, your methods are right." This, when I was referring to the essential difference of the modes adopted by the Belgian missionaries and ourselves, and especially to the fact that while they secured a large number of children, and tried to transform the whole lot into a new and separate community, we

brought our influence to bear on a wide circle, and chose therefrom the promising ones, and those who had really come under the influence of the truths we tried to teach.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

Bolobo, October 21.

'I confess I should be glad to hear I had to go away for awhile on this new expedition. It would almost be as good as a holiday for me, for I should be out of reach of the post-bags up and down river, and they generally bring me something to think seriously about. Just now I have heard that Mr. Jeffery, who was on his way up to Yakusu, was so sick by the time he reached Bopoto that Mr. Millman had to take his place, and go on in his stead. I also hear from Mr. Stapleton that he is no better—that we must make arrangements for relieving him early next year. And also I have had news from Mr. Howell, who is running the steamer just now, that the boiler tubes are so bad that it will be a marvel if he is able to reach the Falls! I've just written out an order for a complete new set of tubes, to go off at once—and so on, and so on, till I'm quite dumpy. Still, God is good! and I know He reigns. I'll have a good sleep, and light always comes in the morning!'

TO MR. BAYNES.

s.s. 'Peace,' Stanley Pool, December 5.

'I am greatly distressed that during the year so nearly spent no single communication of mine, apart from those concerning money or goods, has elicited any response from the Mission House. It has been a year peculiarly full of anxieties, and my heart is very heavy, and now, to add to my sorrow, I am told of Dr. Biss's very pessimistic report concerning Bentley's health. The good Lord spare us all the grief that would come of Bentley's non-return to the Congo!'

TO MR. HAWKES.

Bolobo, December 12.

'Thank you very much for the coming Bible—it is the sort of thing I have wanted to order for some time. It was due at the Pool a few days after I left on the 6th, and will come up by next "Goodwill," early in February. By that time I shall be at Stanley Falls, I expect—am going in the "Peace," in which steamer I made the journey to the Pool to which I have referred. She is getting quite an old craft now, but she goes as well as ever she did, and I like her better than the "Goodwill" for some things.

'Dr. Glover said a very true thing in one of his recent speeches (referring to missionary effort): "Remember you cannot pull people up without being pulled down." I'm afraid I've been pulled down a very long way, and quite unfitted for the amenities and restraints of civilized life. However, I'm still so far above these poor folk that I can keep on pulling for some time to come (if God only helps me), without being dragged down to the Central African level. So I am not giving up hope of being useful in some degree for some time yet. . . .

'Our Committee have sent me no further word concerning the proposal to push north-eastwards. It seems to me the Church Missionary Society may be counted as occupying the Lake Albert and the Nile.

'The work to our hands is that immediately to the north of our Bopoto and Yakusu Stations, that is, in the Bahr-el-Ghazel. If I had not been tied to Bolobo by our shorthandedness, I should have been pushing in that direction by this time. Our up-river staff at the present moment counts but eleven on the field, out of a nominal nineteen! You good folk had better set to work and pray for me, if I'm to be saved from despair.

You who know me, and would like to see me again, do you think I'm likely to leave, so long as my going would make the ninth gap in our narrow ranks?

'However, I won't get into the dumps—how can I when as I am writing this there are over forty young folk squatting round on the floor of the next room singing a translation of "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," to the tune "Calcutta," with a swing that makes my poor old heart beat fast again with the assurance of our blessed hope!

'It is a fortnight since I wrote the earlier part of this letter, and now it is New Year's Day, and I feel I must not let it pass without closing your letter, and sending you and yours, on behalf of Patience and myself, the sincerest of good wishes for 1899. The Lord be very gracious to you, and bless you all!

'We have commenced the year by a baptismal service, whereby five have been added to our Church. God be thanked for this, and for blessings too many to count! . . . Christmas Day was somewhat dismal, for we spent the greater part of it extemporizing a smallpox hospital for the four cases that had declared themselves the evening previous, and for the others threatening. Happily, after two more went down we had no further cases—though we are by no means out of the wood yet.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, January 10, 1899.

'I have most of my things on board the "Goodwill," in readiness for a start up river early to-morrow. . . . Mr. Howell has left us this afternoon in the "Peace," to go to the assistance of the "Leon XIII." (the new stern-wheel steamer of the French Mission), which has broken down for the second time at a point about ten miles up stream from Bolobo. The shaft broke right in two just

a week ago, and we brought her down alongside the "Goodwill," and helped them make what we all felt was a good repair. They left our beach this morning at daylight, and at noon we were surprised to see one of the Fathers reappear in a canoe, with the news that the week's hard work had proved in vain.

'The Bishop Augouard (one of my earliest Congo friends) had worked three days consecutively at our lathe, and the Father and the two Brothers associated with the Bishop in the steamer work (the Bishop is captain) had all worked from daylight to dark with scarcely a break during the whole of the time, and it has been a terrible disappointment to them to have to forego the voyage they had about half finished. They were on their way to found a new station up the Alima. The "Leon XIII." cannot move of herself again till a new shaft arrives from Europe ; it is possible the "Peace" may tow her down to Brazzaville. . . .

'Two days ago the "Roi des Belges," a steamer about twice the size of the "Goodwill," passed Bolobo, being towed by the "Brabant"—hopelessly broken down. Early last month the "Ville de Paris"—till July last the largest steamer on the river—broke down two days out from the Pool, though she had only just come out of the repairing yard, after being two months in hand. She is still "tied up" alongside the forest, waiting for new pieces from Leopoldville to enable her to move ! Two months ago one of the finest steamers of the State fleet was hopelessly lost on the Kasai, having struck a reef and foundered. This gruesome list of accidents may not be of particular interest, but it will give you some idea of the risks and difficulty of steamer work on the Upper Congo, and of the strain involved on the part of those who undertake it, and at

the same time emphasize the need that exists for the re-enforcement of our steamer staff.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

s.s. 'Goodwill,' Monsembe, January 23.

'Yours of November 30 overtook me at Irebo, and as I am staying here to-day to plug some more boiler tubes that have given way, I take the opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for all the trouble you have taken in the matter of my proposed journey. I was hopeful the Government would have seen no objection, or, at any rate, have been unwilling to formulate an objection, and that the way might have been clear.

'Under the circumstances, and especially now that you have endorsed the policy of doing the journey a "bit at a time," I shall look forward to beginning at the earliest possible opportunity. Whether I can do anything this voyage is not at all clear, for, having come up in the "Goodwill" instead of the "Peace," the interests of the work in general will not allow of my delaying the larger steamer, as I should have been more or less free to have done, had I come in the smaller one. Then, again, there is the question of leaving all the steamer work at Bolobo to Mr. Howell, who is still very busy with his house. . . .

'I must again thank you for kind references to my home-coming; but I am not thinking at all of paying a visit to the old country till the need is much more pressing than just now. I should, however, be greatly cheered if the Committee were able to make such arrangements as would release me from my present active participation in steamer work, say for a year, or a year and a half, and thus set me free for "forward work" for that time. No furlough would be more agreeable than would be afforded by such a change, if the money

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for a small caravan and travelling expenses could be found. . . .

‘Vice-Governor Wangermée, who is here in the “Princess Clementine,” has just asked me whether or not I had finished the survey upon which I was engaged, and I have told him that I was sending the sheets to you, and that I thought you would place them at the disposal of the State. They might be prepared to make some sort of a reproduction, with a view to exhibition at Paris next year, perhaps. . . .

‘The Governor, with whom I have just had an interview, opened the question of my proposed journey—he has evidently been informed from Brussels. In support of the position maintained by the Central Government in communications with yourself, he instanced the troubles to the south, which I told him were well off my proposed line, also that Mr. Lloyd, of the Church Missionary Society, had come through from Uganda in the most peaceful way. “Well,” said the Governor, “address yourself to your friend the Commissaire of the District—he will do all he can for you, and help you forward, if the state of the country will only permit him so to do.”

‘I sincerely hope I may soon be free to make a serious attempt. As yet, as you can see, it is impossible for me to leave for anything like a prolonged absence. . . . The Governor inquired very kindly for the latest news of Mr. Bentley’s health, and is most sympathetic. I trust things may prove not to be so bad as we feared. Bentley wrote me quite hopefully soon after his going to Bournemouth. The good Lord graciously preserve him to us! for we sadly need his presence. Recent events at Wathen seem to especially call for his experience and guiding tact.’

TO MR. BAYNES.

Sargent Station, Yakusu, February 13.

'You will be glad to know that Mr. Jeffery is much better, and that he is improving every day. Mr. Millman is in capital health. My daughter also is well and happy, and, I am glad to believe, is rendering useful service here at the front. The school work is most encouraging, and capable of a development that should have a most important bearing upon the future of the coming capital of Central Africa.

'The way is all clear for our making a journey to a point some five marches in advance of the point reached by Mr. Stapleton and myself last year, and all being well we start in the morning. . . . I forget whether I told you that William Forfeitt was quite content at the prospect of working without a colleague for awhile. He feels it would be better not to call in mere temporary help, to the upsetting of some one else's plans, if it is possible to do without. It did my heart good to find him facing the emergency so bravely, and with so true an appreciation of the best course for the work as a whole! He runs no risks, for he has friends on all sides. All the same, the Kirklands should come out as early as the doctor will allow. . . . I have nothing in the way of personal "apprehensions," for, whatever happens, both Arabs and natives know us for peaceful friends, and I feel sure we have nothing to fear.'

TO ROBERT ARTHINGTON, ESQ., Falmouth.

Sargent Station, Lindi Mouth, near Stanley Falls, February 25, 1899.

'I am glad to report having been able, in company with Mr. Stapleton, to make another journey in the direction to which our attention has so long been turned. We reached the Lindi Falls, where Lieut.

Verstraeten lost his canoe and some of his men in descending the river in May last. To reach this point, where we found navigation quite barred, we did six hours' marching overland, and forty-two hours by water in canoes. I estimate the distance covered as about 130 miles, but that the furthest point eastwards was not much more than $26^{\circ} 5' \text{ E. long.}$ By observation our latitude was a few seconds further North than $1^{\circ} 28'.$ Roughly speaking, it may be said that we covered one-fourth of the distance from this place to Lake Albert.

'The route is as follows :—

10 hours by canoe to foot of rapids,

6 hours by land to beyond rapids,

32 hours by canoe to the commencement of the
Lindi Falls.

'It is hoped that a portage of four hours will enable loads to pass the Falls and reach another navigable stretch, extending to a point say half-way between the Congo and the Nile waterways.

'Just now it would appear as though the State were going too fast for its power, and a crop of difficulties, in addition to the big difficulties of the Batetela revolt, is springing up over quite a wide area.

'On January 26 Lieut. Vanderschick, stationed on the Lindi, at a point about eighty miles beyond the Falls which we reached, was killed by the Arabs, and his Station looted. On the 17th of this month, and two days before we reached the Falls, another party attacked the Station of Bafwaboli, some twenty-five miles south of the place where we turned back. Rumours, that seemed to be well authenticated, reported successful attacks on posts on the Aruwimi, but as yet they have not been confirmed. Happily, the attack on Bafwaboli

was repulsed, though the Arabs secured several women and children as prisoners. They lost ten, at least, of their fighting men.

'On coming up river a month ago, I made arrangements to go up the Aruwimi as far as Yambuya, if the water was high enough to allow of my doing so; and then to proceed by canoe as far as Banalya, to which place communication seemed to be fairly well assured. If I am unable to carry out this plan, I am hoping to make another journey in the "Peace" in a few months' time, and you may rely upon my sending you an early account, if I may have any success to report.

'The only route not known to be barred is that by the Aruwimi. If the present unrest continues to grow, I shall feel that, although it is the Lord's will that these countries should be opened up for the messengers of the Gospel of Peace, the time is not yet. Our hearts have been refreshed and our spirits greatly encouraged by the fact that during this journey we have been able to speak the Glorious Name and message where they have never before been heard. The joy of this more than pays for the time and trouble spent in searching for a way north-eastwards. May I have more grace and ability for taking advantage of these opportunities, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all things.

'P.S.—My heart was greatly cheered by your gift for the school at this place; it was most opportune. We have already three of the Arab children here for training, and can have a big school of them as soon as we are ready. This in addition to the hundred and more young people who come daily from the village.'

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TO MR. HAWKES.

Bolobo, April 16.

'It is just a month since we buried our dear Pattie, and, it has been a sad day. It has been a blow, this loss of ours, that has hit us very hard. So far as we could judge, she was entering upon a career of great usefulness, with no small promise of being happy in it, and of making others happy, too; and yet she has been called hence! My heart is very heavy, but I dare not complain, much as I miss her presence and help.

'We left Sargent Station, Pattie and I, in the "Goodwill" on the last day of February, and though for a day or two she was not very well, we were not at all alarmed. On March 13 we met the "Peace" at Lulanga, with four passengers aboard, and there changed into the smaller steamer, so as to give our friends (Lawson Forfeitt and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Roger, and Howell as captain) the advantage of the bigger craft. On the 15th we went into Lake Mantumba, and spent a very happy day with our friends the Clarks (of the American Mission), Pattie sleeping on shore. I was not feeling very well, so went on board and to bed before sundown, leaving Pattie, with the arrangement that she was to be brought off soon after sunrise. Soon after six we were under way, Pattie to all appearance being quite well. However, we were not more than an hour on our way towards the other side of the lake before she began to shake, with all the symptoms of malarial fever; but I had no fear that it was more serious than the attacks to which we are all liable from time to time, blacks as well as whites, on the Congo. We got hot-water bottles, blankets and physic, and went through the usual routine, but, instead of its being a case of the ordinary malarial type, it

had declared itself most pronouncedly by noon as hæmaturic fever.

'Pattie then knew how grave the case was, but she said, "Don't trouble, dear father ; I'm not afraid," and bore up most bravely through all the distressing symptoms with which this fever is accompanied. Naturally, my one idea was to get her to her mother as early as possible ; and under ordinary circumstances we might hope to reach Bolobo the following day. But do what I would I failed to get the "Peace" along at anything like her normal speed ; however, I felt it was better to keep on going as long as it was daylight, rather than lose time by stopping to overhaul the engines.

'As soon as the sun had set and we had "tied up," I set to work and took the slide valve out of one engine and reset it, and put new piston-rings in the other, in the hope that things would go better on the morrow.

'After a few hours of troubled rest the morning came ; but we were hardly under way before we had run on a sandbank, and you can imagine something of what a miserable hour it was that I spent in directing the efforts of our crew in the water, in pushing the "Peace" into the channel again ; also, how bad I felt, when I realized that after all she was steaming no better. We pushed on as well as we could and as late as we dared, and then anchored in what I felt was an exposed position ; but as it was too late to search for better we hoped for good weather, and started the men off to cut firewood by the light of the moon.

'Pattie was so ill by this time that I did not think of going to bed, and did my best to wait upon her through the night. Happily, she had two good faithful girls, who did their best, and upon whom she had to rely

when I was looking after the "Peace." About 3 a.m. on the 18th, the thunder that had been rumbling more or less through the night became pretty continuous, and by four o'clock a regular storm burst upon us.

'After a lull, and by the time day began to break, the storm was upon us again with renewed and even greater force, blowing a lot of things overboard, and knocking us about so severely that one stanchion was broken and several badly bent. I feared at one time that the cabin might be carried away, but it held on, and after awhile the wind fell and the sky cleared. We spent some time in putting things straight a bit, and in attempting to save some of the things blown overboard, but were too eager to get on to allow of more than the absolutely needful delay. By eight o'clock we were under steam again, but going, oh, so slowly! We ought to have been at Bolobo by this, but it was not till two hours after sunset that we sighted the lights on the beach.

'As the news of "Mashiko's" (Pattie's) return had preceded us, there was a most enthusiastic crowd waiting our arrival, and the welcome was literally a deafening one. But the fact that Mashiko was sick soon spread, and then in the face of such a crowd the stillness became almost as trying as their shouts had been.

'Patience was soon on board, but poor Pattie was too weak to more than smile in recognition of her mother; but we were full of hope that she yet might rally. We carried her up to the house on the bed upon which she was lying, and got her into a hot pack (as recommended by most recent experience of specialists), but neither pack nor restoratives were of any use, and the end came a couple of hours later, and left Patience and myself with untellably heavy hearts. Still, we

thank God for the memories we have of our dear child, and for the assurance we have that she has safely reached the haven to which we have so long been bending our course.

'It is a month now since it all took place, and yet this is but the third time I've tried to write of it. I shall try to tell something of the same tenor to Lizzie, and then quit the task.

'Yesterday I returned from Stanley Pool, having taken Patience with me a fortnight ago on my journey there, to arrange some business matters with the State that had cropped up during my absence. While at the Pool the Bible (five volumes) came to hand. It is just what I wanted, and I am yours very gratefully. The book Lily so kindly sent for Pattie I am sending to Carrie.'

TO MR. HAWKES.

s.s. 'Peace,' Arthington Station, Stanley Pool, July 11.

'I came down from Bolobo to meet our reinforcements, the Kirklands, Adams and Sutton Smith, who duly arrived on the 8th, and am now on the point of starting up river again, the fires having been lighted on the "Peace." . . . Pattie's death has indeed been a sorrow for us, and Patience, who was ailing before, is, I fear, seriously affected for the worse by it! She has been compelled to keep to her bed several times of late, for short spells of a week or so together. The news of Gertrude's illness has also added to her distress. Her cry was, "Pattie only came home just in time for me to see her die, and now Gertrude will die without my even seeing her!" Had the news of Gertrude's illness reached us a few days before the Stapletons left instead of after, Patience would have accompanied them to

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England, taking Grace with her. Happily, recent letters have removed the great anxiety on Gertrude's account. It is impossible for me to think of leaving Congo till further help arrives ; but Mr. Baynes is really in earnest about my coming home, and is trying to get help, and the probabilities are that you may see me next spring. Patience knows it is risky for her to go (she must not attempt to face English cold), but is prepared to face almost anything, that she may see Gertrude again, and if she is at all well enough, you may expect to see her also.

'I am going up river with Sutton Smith, to induct him at Yakusu, and expect to make one more run before finishing my going to and fro for this time. Of course I've lots of routine work to do, and many things to bring to a focus before I can leave.'

TO MRS. GREENHOUGH.

s.s. 'Peace,' Sargent Station, Yakusu, September 13.

'Just now I am practically imprisoned by the unusual fall of the river, and I am taking advantage of the fact by getting some letter-writing done that I have long had in view. We very narrowly escaped being kept below the reef that nearly bars the channel of the river some four miles west of this Station. It cost us more than an hour's very careful steaming, and no small amount of anxiety, to thread our way between the mile or so of jagged rocks which at one time must have made an impassable cataract at this point. Now, having got safely through, I am going to wait for the river to rise two or three feet before trying to return ; for it is not nearly so easy to pick one's way when going down stream as when running against it. Normally the current is not much more than two or three miles an

hour, but where the rocks block so much of the water-way the rate is increased to five or six, and the danger is so much the greater. The last State steamer that passed down tore quite a big hole in her hull at this place, and had to discharge all her cargo before she could effect the needful repairs on a sandbank, a little below.

'Coming back to this place, where our daughter spent the happiest year of her life, naturally awakens sad memories, and none of them more sad than the fact that for two out of her three last days she was counting the hours that must elapse before seeing her mother, and that, do what we would, we could only get the steamer to go a little more than half-speed, and so only managed to get home when it was too late for her to do more than give her mother one little smile of loving recognition—not a single word! Poor mother was simply overwhelmed, and had far from recovered from the shock when I left her early last month to come up here. In fact, the whole sorrow had been opened up afresh by the news of our second daughter's illness in England, which I had just previously brought up from the Pool. . . .

'Sargent Station is slowly developing. A really good dwelling-house is now practically finished, and we are engaged in getting out the foundations of a school 70 feet by 30, and of a second dwelling-house 50 by 20. These are to be of brick, and if the better grade of clay required only holds out, they will be roofed with tiles. Mr. Roger, who came here to tide us over the emergency caused by the home-going of Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton and Mr. Jeffery, is devoting himself very largely to this work, and under his care the school-boys have already made some 40,000 bricks. They go



A FLEET OF CANOE DWELLINGS, Isangi, Lomami River, 1891.
Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



Photo]

STANLEY FALLS.

[Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.

to school part of the day and work the rest, and seem to be quite proud of the part they are playing in the replacing of their present clay-walled school by a much more imposing edifice in brick.

‘The scholars in attendance average nearly ninety, two-thirds are boys and one-third girls. At the service last Sunday about 150 were present. One of Mr. Stapleton’s Monsembe helpers having married Salamo, who is a native of these parts, and both being Christians, we have now a native Christian household on the place—an object-lesson of the first importance. Salamo was stolen from her home some years ago by the Arabs, when they were masters of the country, and later came into the hands of the State, and through them to us. Under Mrs. Stapleton’s care Salamo has grown up to be one of the most promising Congo Christians in our ranks, a most interesting and original character. A year and a half or so ago I took her some fifty miles down river, for her first visit to her home since she had been stolen thence by the Arabs. It was only upon coming up here with Mrs. Stapleton, some few months before, that she discovered her people. Not having forgotten her language, she is quite an important personage on the Station, being the principal interpreter, and in that capacity takes part as yet in all the services. But, what is better still, she interprets Christianity by her daily life among the people in a manner that is more eloquent than words. The Lord bless Salamo, and send us more Christians like her!

‘Working through interpreters is slow work, but our brethren here are pushing forward the collection of a vocabulary and the outlines of the grammar. Mr. Stapleton has already made considerable advance in this direction, and Mr. Millman has commenced some

tentative translation work for use in the school. Mr. Sutton Smith—whose journey hither has been the principal reason for my present visit—having on the way up river secured the help of one of our Bolobo work-boys who speaks the language of this place, has already made some progress, and is now bending very seriously to it on the spot.

'The proposed railway towards Lake Albert, for which the engineers are already surveying, opens up wide possibilities in the near future. It seems to me our Society ought to push on and occupy a point about half-way, say two hundred miles from here, at a point where it is proposed for the railway to cross the Ituri, and thence, as occasion may offer, move northward towards the Bahr-el-Ghazal. With the coming £100,000 per annum this should certainly be possible. Would not such an item in our programme be a powerful argument towards getting the money ?

'I dare say you have heard that it is likely I shall visit the old country next year. As soon as the way is clear I shall pack up. The Committee wanted me to come this year, but it has been impossible. I shall be very glad of a holiday, when the time comes for my getting one, for I am beginning to feel that I need both a rest and a change.'

Before returning down river, Grenfell found the opportunity, which had been denied him in 1898, of ascending the Aruwimi, and his letter to Mr. Baynes describing this journey, dated Stanley Pool, November 25, will constitute the next chapter. Three days later he wrote to Mr. Hawkes: 'By the end of the week I hope to be at Bolobo once more, and to finish a voyage which practically commenced on July 5 ; for since that time I've been going to and fro almost continually, and

with never more than a few days' rest here and there. The consequence is that my letter-writing is all behind-hand, and that I am almost a stranger on my own Station. Patience and Gracie had not seen home for more than three months. . . .'

CHAPTER XVIII

UP THE ARUWIMI

Lack of Rain causes Low Water in the Congo—Scarcity of Food—A Slave Ransomed—Coffee Plantations—Population of River District—Arab Raids—The Chief Pitika receives a 'Rating'—Strategic Position of Villages—Canoes on the Aruwimi—Mode of Poling—The Rapids—Paint and Water—The Current—Baluti's Home-coming—Major Barttelot's Grave—Banalya Station—A Native Blacksmith's Shop—Native Bellows—Carpenters and their Tools—Basket-weaving—Game—Houses—A Blind Youth—The Chief Pangani—Iron-smelting—Popoie—Crocodiles—An Aged Chief—The Return Journey—The Character of the Natives.

GRENFELL'S account of his journey up the Aruwimi was addressed to Mr. Baynes from the s.s. 'Goodwill,' Arthington Station, Stanley Pool, on November 25, 1899.

'I have' the letter ran, 'already informed you of my having made a journey for some distance up the Aruwimi River during the course of the past month. The water was exceptionally low, but I was able to pass the rapids in face of the camp made by Stanley when he went to the relief of Emin Pasha in 1887; though, seeing the "Peace" was definitely stopped by the next rapids, a mile or so beyond, the advantage gained was barely worth the risk and the anxiety involved in piloting our craft between the rocks.

'I have never seen the Congo so low as during this past season, and this, together with the unprecedentedly low Nile announced by our last mails, must be taken as

evidence of the lack of rain over the basins of both rivers—no small share of the centre of the continent. I fear it means hard times for us, as well as for the Egyptians, for already, as far down the Congo as Bolobo, and also this place (Stanley Pool), food is dear and scarce. At Bolobo it would have gone hard with us but for the rice we had in store ; and while here we have been compelled to resort to some extent to rice imported *viâ* Europe. The difficulty is accentuated by the coming of a score or so of new commercial enterprises to this neighbourhood, and, so far as one can judge, the difficulties before us are more serious than any we have yet encountered from scarcity of food supplies. But this is quite apart from the Aruwimi journey, of which I set out to tell you ; and I may at once say that so far as food was concerned we had not the slightest trouble while we were in that region. Neither had we trouble from any other cause, for everything was arranged for us in the most complete and satisfactory manner by the officers and agents of the State with whom we were brought into contact during a journey of some 270 miles up stream, as also on our return.

‘ The first ninety miles or so we covered in the “Peace” without incident, unless one counts a tornado which compelled us to “lie to” for three hours, and the shooting of a wild boar as it was crossing the river, at the cost of another half-hour’s delay, for which we were well repaid by some capital meat.

‘ I ought, possibly, to count as an “incident” the fact that near the mouth of the river our engineer found one of his cousins in the hands of a chief who is hostile to his tribe, but who was willing to release the said cousin upon payment of her market value as a wife or slave. After considerable negotiations the ransom was fixed, and

the young woman being brought on board the following morning, the needful calico and brass wire was duly paid; and towards evening of the same day, to her great delight, and the surprise of her friends, she found herself among her people again, after having been practically a prisoner for nearly a year.

‘On the Lower Aruwimi, that is, the section navigable by light-draught steamers, I found the people much more settled and tranquil than on my previous visit of five years ago. I judge they number some twenty thousand in the villages lining the river-bank. The four large coffee plantations in course of development by the Government furnish employment for a great many of these; the raising of food stuffs and furnishing of paddlers for transport canoes keep the others more or less busy.

‘The india rubber is mostly collected in the forests at some distance from the river by people of the interior; but the Aruwimi district does not appear to be populous enough, however rich the forests may be, to seriously contribute to the rubber harvest of the Congo.

‘The Upper Aruwimi, up to the point from which I turned back, is not so populous as the river below Yambuya. I think ten thousand people would be a liberal estimate for the villages along the 180 miles or so I traversed in canoes. Here and there were paths leading to villages at some distance from the river-banks, but these villages were not larger or more important than those on the river itself. It is very evident, however, that the population is much less than it was some ten years ago, before the advent of the Arabs. The ruins of the old Arab posts or stations are still traceable at many points, as were the evidences of very considerable

native villages having at one time existed in the neighbourhood of these posts.

‘However, if the people are not now very numerous, they are exceptionally vigorous and capable, and so in these respects in some measure make up for their fewness. It is evidently a case of the “survival of the fittest,” and the fittest having survived the Arab devastation, which in some seven years reduced this once populous country to a mere wilderness, have now commenced to re-occupy their old villages and plantations.

‘It was in 1893 that the Arabs received their first great blow on the Western Aruwimi, when they were driven out of Popoie. After this followed a time of great unsettlement; but during the past two or three years the work of restoration has been going on apace. Some of the native chiefs, after having been brought into subjection by the Arabs, became their allies (as the Manyema in the south-east, before them), and joined with them in raiding their neighbours.

‘The State has had a difficult task at times in dissociating some of them from their Arab masters; but everywhere I went I found them now loyal and obedient, though some of them went so far as to regret the good old times, when ivory was paid for in women, and not in cloth! I heard one of the principal of these allies say that if ever the Arabs came back, he and his people would take to the bush and die there, before they would again submit; and I believe this is the very general feeling.

‘I am very hopeful that the recovery of this part of the country will now progress with great strides. The Government, recognizing that the most pressing need of the people was the protection of their lives, has taken

the power of life and death out of the hands of the chiefs, and has issued the most stringent orders with regard to the ordeals for witchcraft that have been such a terrible drain upon the population.

‘It seems to me that the conditions for rapid progress were never so favourable among these villages as I found them at this time. One old chief said to me that things were very different from what they used to be. Now he and his people could go anywhere, whereas before, if they ventured to cross the path of stronger neighbours they were always liable to be enslaved or killed—more probably the latter, seeing the ever-pressing demand for “meat” in cannibal countries.

‘The old predatory instinct is not, however, altogether a thing of the past, for at Mupé, the chief Pitika (who was once the owner of a big canoe named the “Leopard,” because it went about catching people), had just previous to our arrival made a prisoner of a youth belonging to a neighbouring village. Upon seeing this the State officer, Lieutenant Thornton (an American citizen), with whom I had the privilege of travelling, demanded that the prisoner should be set free, and gave me permission to do the cutting of the ropes, while he gave Pitika “the length of his tongue”—an emphatic operation, and effectual, though the offender raved and protested most eloquently before he gave in.

‘An evidence of the previous insecurity of the country I found in the position of the villages, for they all occupied strategic positions on elbows at the bends of the river, or in the midst of a chain of rapids, and as often as possible in the vicinity of islands. On an elbow at a bend in the course of a river, a village was not liable to be surprised by hostile canoes creeping along inshore and out of sight, both banks being visible

for a greater or less distance up stream as well as down. Night attacks are not popular in native warfare, and seem only to be resorted to when a war of extermination is being waged.

'The proximity of rapids is a protection, because they are only passed by the use of punting-poles, which make a great noise, and give warnings of approach much sooner than paddles. Also, as progress through rapids is always a more or less delicate operation, enemies are at a disadvantage, as compared with those who are "at home" among their rocks.

'The proximity of islands is an important matter, as furnishing a safe retreat in case of attack on the part of the bushmen, who are often on bad terms with the riverine and fisherfolk. A retreat to an island, taking all the canoes with them, is a very effectual piece of strategy against the forest people. These are precautions that are not now so necessary as under the old *régime*, yet the people are naturally occupying their old sites, rather than establishing at new ones. I can only hope that the Arab yoke has been effectually broken, and that these people may never again know its bitterness, and also that the administration of the country, having been taken in hand by the Congo State, the promise of security and prosperity which I recognized in the new order of things may be very abundantly realized.

'Communication by water will always be a difficulty along the course of a river broken by so many rapids as the Aruwimi, and the opening up and development of the country of which I have been telling will be all the slower because of this difficulty. Still, if it had been insuperable, or anything approaching thereto, the river would not have already become the regular route for

large quantities of goods for Lake Albert and the Nile, nor should I have been able to make the journey I did by canoe over so considerable portion of its course.

‘ True, it was not always agreeable travelling, but, thanks to the officer of the State at Yambuya, who arranged everything, and who accompanied me during the first four days of the journey, I had none of the worry involved in carrying out the details inevitably connected with a canoe journey. He had been over the ground before, and knew all the people, and everything went most smoothly.

‘ As evidence of the thoroughness of the transport system established, I may instance that it was not unusual for us to arrive at a village and to change our twenty-five or thirty paddlers for a fresh crew and be off again within six or seven minutes. Of course it was not like travelling in the big flat-bottomed canoes of the Congo, where the unbroken course allows of the use of craft four times the size of those adapted for navigating the rapids of the Aruwimi. Our canoes were not only more unsteady because they were smaller than those on the main river, but also suffered in this respect because they were built with round bottoms—I ought rather to say, perhaps, they are “dug out and shaped ;” for even the biggest canoes—those requiring sixty or eighty paddlers—are hewn out of single trees.

‘ Round-bottomed canoes are much safer among the rocks of the rapids than flat ones, for when they strike a rock the tendency is to slip off, whereas the flat ones, if they strike anywhere near the middle, are very apt to stick hard and fast ; and if they strike somewhat on one side they have a dangerous tendency to capsize.

‘ For considerable stretches the Aruwimi is often too shallow to allow of the use of the long-bladed paddles

of the district, so each man is provided with a punting-pole, some fifteen or sixteen feet long, as well as his paddle, which often measures ten feet over all, the blade being half the length. In our canoe we had sixteen poles ; half of these being firmly planted, sufficed to keep us in position, while the other half made a kind of step forward, and these having found good holding-places would suffice for pushing us ahead a little, and for maintaining the slightly advanced position, while the others repeated the process. The movement was somewhat suggestive of what one might expect from a spider with a double allowance of legs. When the rapid happened to be a mile or so in length, or even less, this process of "walking up" became wearisome ; and if a step happened to miss, as it sometimes did, and we lost in a few seconds what it had taken us half an hour to gain, the passage would become exciting, and the possibilities of a capsize loom large.

‘ Sometimes a rapid would consist of a series of short perpendicular drops of one or two feet, and ascending it would be suggestive of climbing up stairs. In such places progress only became possible by disembarking our men and getting the help of the crew of our second canoe ; then, by dint of combined pulling and pushing and lifting, we should get through a step at a time, and having got through, we should have to wait while canoe number two was being brought along.

‘ Almost every rapid had its prey in the shape of a broken canoe, in evidence, sometimes wedged between the masses of rock, sometimes caught in the branches of overhanging trees ; and several were pointed out as the resting-places of cargoes of beads or cloth, and one as having quite recently swallowed up £3000 worth of ivory. In the 180 miles beyond Yambuya we passed

thirteen rapids of sufficient importance to have secured special names, as well as several minor ones, so the journey was anything but tame.

'Happily, we got safely through them all, though not always at the first attempt. The passengers got a good shaking from time to time, and sometimes a pretty emphatic sprinkling. The crew, however, had a decidedly wet time of it, for they had often to work in the water for considerable spells. The polemen, too, would make a false stroke now and then, and fall overboard, taking an involuntary "header," to the damage of their paint and feathers.

'It was especially the paint that suffered at such time, for it won't stand washing. That the paint was not waterproof was very often made evident after half an hour's work by the rolling perspiration converting a suit of white or red pigment into a series of stripes. At first the effect would be suggestive of a striped "blazer," but an hour's paddling, to say nothing of a fall overboard, would be usually sufficient to wash a coat of paint down to the region of the paddlers' feet and ankles, in the form of a little coloured mud.

'I found that in still water our sixteen men could paddle us at a rate of about four and a half miles per hour. With poles over shallow ground, or when our two canoes were racing, we could creep up more than five miles an hour for short bursts. In going up stream we found we had a current of one and a half or two miles an hour against us. This would be in the smooth reaches between the various rapids. In the rapids we had a current of six or eight, or even ten miles an hour to contend with, but, happily, only for very short distances.

'During our first day's journey after leaving Yambuya we came to no village, though we passed the sites

of several abandoned posts once occupied by the Arabs, as well as evidences of the country having been at one time very populous. After a night in the forest two hours' paddling the next morning brought us to Bakanga, a small village of some three hundred people. From this point on, native villages and State posts were close enough to furnish very convenient camping-places till we finished our voyage, which, going and returning, lasted just a fortnight.

'The second day we got along much better than the first; there were fewer rapids, and the river having widened out to half a mile, the current was much easier. However, as we approached the picturesque village of Bobwote, where the river narrowed down again to two hundred or three hundred yards, and found its way between masses of rock, progress became slower, and by the time we reached the track of the village it was time to camp.

'At this place, Baluti, one of the members of our Bolobo Church who had accompanied me on this voyage, in the hope of finding the home from which he had been stolen by the Arabs some eight years ago, found one of his step-sisters, and learned that after the destruction of the village of his chief it had been rebuilt on a new site about an hour to the south. His mother had died when he was quite a little fellow, and now he learned that his father had been killed shortly after he himself had been stolen away. There was now but one of his three sisters left to welcome him home, though there were other members of the family; but their influence was not equal to persuading him to come back and settle among them.

'He is quite hoping, however, as we are also, that from time to time the way may be clear for him to revisit his old home, and to continue the telling of the

"Good News" of which he took the occasion to speak during the two days he spent among the people. Happily, he has not forgotten his mother tongue, the "Liaboro;" and as it appears to be understood over quite a wide stretch of country, he will be able to render us most important help when the time may come for our commencing work there.

'Early in the afternoon of the following day we entered the Banalya district, and I was enabled to visit the site of the famous Emin Pasha rear-guard camp at that place, where Major Barttelot was murdered. I also went a short distance into the forest, to see the big tree which has been identified as that at the foot of which the Major was buried, eleven years ago.

'The present Banalya is some five miles beyond the old camp, and here the State has an important link in the transport system, in charge of Mr. Thornton (an American) into whose good care I was passed by the official who had so kindly made all the needful arrangements for me at Yambuya, and who had journeyed thus far with me. Banalya is an important administrative centre, and is also an important link in the transport system; it has also some hundreds of acres of coffee and cocoa plantations. Two lines of transport converge at this point, one by water from Basoko, along the course of the Aruwimi, the other from Stanley Falls, *viâ* the Lindi River (which falls into the Congo close to Sargent Station), and a short overland stage.

'While at Banalya some Lindi people came in with loads, and recognized me as having paid them a visit, in company with Mr. Stapleton, early in the year. They evidently retained very kindly memories of our visit. The transport beyond also divides into two lines, one going north-east towards the Nile, the other eastwards

towards Lake Albert—the line along which two travellers have recently passed from Uganda to the Congo.

‘The native village of Banalya is one of the finest we saw on the Upper Aruwimi, though I cannot claim that it contains more than some fifteen hundred people. Lupu, the chief, is known as one of the ugliest men on the river. The officials say he more than makes up for this by being one of the best subjects of the State ; he is certainly very intelligent, and I was surprised to find he knew something of God and a future state, having learned from the Arabs with whom he was allied, or to whom he was subject for some years.

‘At this place I saw one of the best native blacksmith shops I have met with. There were eight workers, but half of them were required for blowing the fire, by means of four small bellows arranged along one side of it. These bellows are of the immemorial pattern depicted in the ancient Egyptian sculpture pictures, and of the kind met with by travellers over the greater part of the continent. They are something similar to saucepans in shape, the wind being produced by rapidly working up and down baggy coverings of skin securely tied in the place of their covers, and finding its way to the fire through nozzles protruding from one side, just as saucepan handles do.

‘The anvils are blocks of close-grained sandstone set on edge, and the hammers are pieces of iron in the shape of sharp pyramids, being about three times as high as they are wide on the face. The hammer handles are cleft sticks, through which the tapering hammer is inserted and made fast with split cane—a very insecure arrangement at first sight ; but it appears to work well, the hammer being tightened up by the force of each successive blow.

Each of the two smiths had two or three pieces of iron in the fire at the same time, and the one who was doing the heavier work—making an anklet—had two hammer men to help him; and as he had his own hammer as well, there were sometimes three of them going at the same time upon one piece of work; and wonderfully well they did it. Many of the pairs of anklets weigh seven pounds, those Lupu had on appeared to be considerably heavier than those I weighed.

‘The blacksmiths had no tongs for taking hold of their work, but each piece of work had its own handle of green wood, by means of which it was held while being wrought. Very intricate patterns in fluting and chasing work were produced on knives and spears by means of a tool like a cold chisel set in a block of wood, over the point or edge of which the work was gradually moved, receiving a blow with a hammer on the reverse side at each movement, the pattern being provided on what is for the moment the underside of the work.

‘As the people have no files, they very carefully hammer out their work to the exact size; the smoothing is then done with sand and water, and the polishing by carefully hammering with smooth-faced hammers. It did one good to see the industry of the people, for theirs was a day’s work so much nearer the fair thing than is usual on the Congo, that it was really encouraging.

‘There were also several carpenters at work in the village making bedsteads and pillows, the pillows being carved out of wood as well as the bedsteads. They were also engaged upon stools with any number of legs from five downwards, as well as upon dishes and upon mortars, in which food is pounded sometimes before and sometimes after it is cooked. As the carpenters have no saws, they split the trees, by means of hard-wood

wedges, into suitable pieces for the work they have in hand. These pieces are then dressed roughly into shape by means of small axes, and then more smoothly dressed by that most useful of all their tools, a small single-headed adze, which seems to be as universal in Africa as the blacksmith's bellows, and as ancient. The cutting edge suggests a three-quarter inch chisel set in the shorter arm of a V-shaped piece of wood cut from a tree where two branches join, this shorter arm being say five inches long, and the other, which serves as handle, about twice the length. These are greatly used in hollowing out canoes from solid logs of wood after the rough work has been done by axes, and also for hollowing out dishes, as well as for dressing all but the smoothed surfaces of all kinds of wood work.

'The small gouge, with a semicircular groove of about the eighth of an inch, is also a very largely used tool for producing the finely-grooved surfaces given to paddle-blades and other articles. Planing is done by means of long sharp knives, or broad flat chisels, but it is paring rather than planing. A good deal of smoothing is done by means of a heated piece of flat iron carefully worked over the surface to be smoothed. Carved work is generally finished off in this way, and patterns of considerable intricacy are also traced on pillows, stools, dishes and such things by means of heated irons of different shapes, the result being a kind of "poker" work.

'Basket-weaving is also quite an industry, including as it does head coverings of various kinds as well as all the substitutes for boxes. There is also some little grass-cloth weaving; but the principal "cloth" is made from the inner bark of a species of fig tree, which, after it has been stripped off, is soaked and beaten into a kind

of felt, and then serves as raiment for nine out of every ten of the men we met.

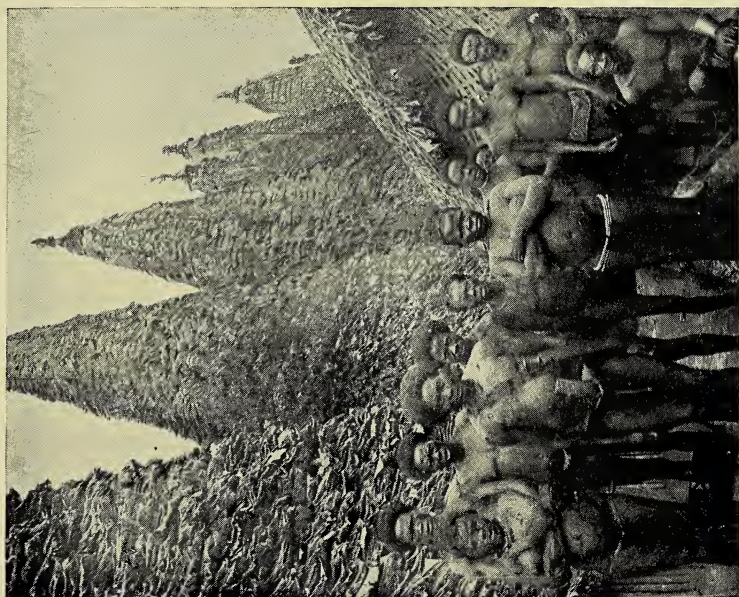
‘Being thinly peopled, the country abounds with game, and hunting is a regular pursuit on the part of a considerable number of men and boys. Antelopes driven, with the help of trained dogs, into large-meshed nets were our principal resource in the way of meat during our journey. Some days we saw as many as three brought in alive.

‘The Congo people’s houses are of the usual gable-ended type, with a ridge sloping to each side, and of any size from that of an earthenware crate or big packing-case to that of a railway truck—this last would be especially commodious. Here on the Aruwimi as well as on the Lindi, the tall pyramid form seems to have displaced every other, the reason for it being that every one in this district sleeps with a fire “in his room,” and as no Congo house has a chimney, this tall form is the best adapted for relieving the sleeper from the attacks of the acrid smoke upon his eyes, the smoke rising into the long shaft-like roof and filtering through the leaves with which it is covered.

‘These houses range from fifteen to thirty feet in height, and are built of a bundle of long palm-frond stems tied together at the top, and spread out at the bottom, after the fashion of a partially-opened umbrella, but without “the stick,” so as to extend beyond the foundation prepared for the house. These long stems are connected with each other by a series of gradually widening rings of cane, upon which the leaves are tied, and are so braced together that so long as the framework encircles the raised foundation the structure is rigid and stable. In the eyes of the natives it has the great advantage of being portable, for as soon as any reason



BONDONGA STYLE OF WEARING THE HAIR.
Photo : G. Grenfell.



BANALYA PEOPLE, ON THE MIDDLE ARUWIMIRIVER.
Photo : G. Grenfell.

The Blind and the Dumb 445

may suggest the removal of a village, these pyramids have only to be raised, by poles pushed through from side to side above the foundation, and they are quite collapsible, and can be put on board canoes and carried away. Of course new foundations have to be made.

‘I was glad to see, however, that clay-walled houses with windows and doors were coming into fashion at some places; and as these are by no means portable, it means that the people are being convinced of the power of the State to protect them, and that they are gradually losing the old nomad instinct. In any case, the permanent house is a distinct advance towards civilization.

‘The next considerable group of villages beyond Banalya we found at the end of another day’s journey eastward. It was just beyond a point where the half-mile-wide stream suddenly narrowed itself to some one hundred and fifty yards or so, and where in consequence the current was especially swift and dangerous for laden canoes.

‘Here we found one of the very few blind youths we have come across in our journeyings; he was evidently quite intimate with one of our crew, who was dumb, and it was wonderful to see how well these people got on, notwithstanding their disabilities. With his hand on the shoulder of an attendant the blind youth ran about at a great pace, the narrow paths of the village and the neighbouring forest presenting, apparently, but very few difficulties in the way of his making good his flight, should the need arise. When he had no attendant he felt his way with a split cane, which served him much as whiskers do a cat in the dark. The dumb youth never seemed to be at a loss to make his wants known, and evidently carried on quite a conversation at times.

‘The following day, after traversing the reach where

we saw the first hippopotami we encountered since leaving the Congo, we arrived at Bululu, the port of the iron-mining district under the chief Pangani, some two days' march overland to the north. Pangani is the only chief in the district who never submitted to the Arabs; but this, possibly, is as much due to the fact that the Arabs recognized the value of the iron produced as it is to the resistance of the producers, for wherever the raiders went they recognized it was needful to leave a certain proportion of the people, to cultivate food, to carry loads, and to paddle transport canoes.

'The iron-stone, which is especially rich, is smelted in small ant-hill-like cupolas, in which it is placed together with a certain quantity of charcoal. Fire being applied, a strong blast is maintained by means of bellows similar to those used by the native blacksmiths, till the melting iron flows through a blowhole, and takes the form of a rough ingot in a groove in the earth prepared for it. Each ingot or "pig" weighs about twenty-five or thirty pounds, and is worth four yards of strong calico.

'These ingots are "puddled" or hammered into bars about one inch wide and half an inch thick, and these are again worked up into blanks for knives, spears, axes, hoes and such-like things. These blanks or "forms" have a recognized value as currency, and are distributed over a very wide area, to be eventually transformed into finished articles, according to the skill and taste of the village blacksmiths and the fashions which obtain in different parts of the country. This iron is very soft, and very tough, and can be worked up into the most intricate shapes, and is capable of taking a high polish, but the natives know nothing about converting it into steel; their only process of hardening

is that of much hammering, but their thin-bladed razors shave with wonderful ease and clearness.

‘Another day’s journey brought us to Mumbomboli, which is the point of departure for Popoie, lying about five miles to the south, whither we wended our way the day following. Popoie was originally an important Arab centre of operations over a wide district ; but the Arabs were driven from it by the Congo State some six years ago, and since then some five hundred acres of land in the neighbourhood has been planted with coffee and cocoa. It is on an affluent of the Aruwimi, and one can go right up to the station compound by canoe at high water. This fact will be of great importance, when the crops have to be sent down river.

‘This affluent is notorious for the number of crocodiles that swarm there, as well as for their boldness. They are so bold that they have ventured up into the station yard, and carried off sleepers who, according to native custom on hot nights, were sleeping outside their rooms.

‘On returning to Mumbomboli we had an interview with the chief, a very, very old man, as natives go, but probably not more than eighty. He was very weak and feeble, but mentally was quite alert, and I could not help being struck with the resemblance he bore to the mummy of Rameses the Second. His face, with its clean-cut features, the colour of the skin, and the prominence of the bones, made up a picture that was a startling likeness of the ancient Pharaoh. If faces go for anything, this old chief must have been a wonderfully energetic and capable man, but he was now only a ruin.

‘Yet another day’s journey and we reached Mukupi, the northernmost point in the course of the Aruwimi, and the end of our voyage. At no place had we covered the

second parallel of North latitude, though we had been within a mile or two of it. The valley of the Aruwimi is practically a continuation of the great northern bend of the Congo towards the east.

‘The following day we set out on our return, and, coming down stream at a greater distance from the shore than when ascending, I was more than ever impressed by the flatness of the country. During the whole two hundred and seventy miles there were very few hills of a hundred feet, and none that exceeded a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river. It was very plain from the water-marks on the trees that when the Aruwimi is in flood the river is ten or twelve feet higher than at the time of our journey, and that a very considerable tract of country must be inundated. From the presence of so many rapids one would expect to find the river flowing through a hilly if not a mountainous district; but we found it to be low and flat, and covered everywhere, excepting on the plantation ground and sides of villages, by the dense forest Stanley so graphically describes. It is a country of great natural resources, but lacks people to develop them.

‘I cannot claim that this journey has been an important one, but it has certainly been very interesting. At the same time I could not help being very, very sad, as I realized the sorrows of these poor people, and all the more sad, when I remembered that as these are, so are they that remain of all the tribes between this and the Bahr-el-Ghazal on the north, and the Nile on the east.

‘My heart aches for these poor survivors of the Arab sway. Theirs must be a vigorous and resourceful race, or so many of them would not have survived the terrible cruelty and nameless horrors to which they have been so

long subjected. I cannot urge that their numbers are such as to promise a great and immediately prosperous field for mission effort, but they certainly belong to no decadent race, and it seems to me they are just at that stage when they would be readily susceptible to the influence of wise-minded and sympathetic followers of the Master, who would have a grand opportunity to help in the moulding of a people evidently destined to play no small part in the future of the country, and a part that would be immeasurably the happier if they could be brought under the influence of Christian teaching, and the Kingdom of our Lord be established in their midst.'

CHAPTER XIX

ILLNESS AND LAST FURLOUGH

Plans Frustrated—Grenfell's Serious Illness—Discussion about a Sheep—Storms and Wrecks—Grace Grenfell on her Travels—A Revolt at Boma—The Voyage Home—Proposed Appeal to Principals of Colleges—Passage about Newspaper Men—Grenfell at Brussels—Illness of Himself and Colleagues—His Welcome to Mr. Lawson Forfeitt—Another Breakdown—Letter of Mr. Howell—Farewells.

ON February 5, 1898, in writing to Miss Hawkes, Grenfell remarked : ' People are beginning to talk of my going home, but I see no prospect of it ; for so long as I keep as well as I am, and am wanted so much out here, I shall not think it right to go holiday-making : though for many reasons I should enjoy it immensely.'

Kindly and well-advised people continued to talk of his going home, but he remained at work, believing himself to be wanted and able. Two years after writing the sentence here quoted, at the end of January, 1900, we find him starting out upon a long voyage from Stanley Pool to Yakusu. He had gone down to the Pool to meet the Stonelakes, whom he purposed to ' show the round of the up-river stations,' and when that bit of work was accomplished, he would ' return to Bolobo and pack up for home.'

In forecasting this project he writes : ' But these are plans, and on the Congo they are exceeding likely to be

broken in upon by the unexpected, which so often happens. I shall be very glad of a period of rest and change ; but I am wondering if rest and change will ever set me up as I feel I need. That I am feeling a great deal older than when I saw you last, I suppose is not wonderful when one counts the time that has passed.'

The plans were 'broken in upon,' according to his own word ; but whether the happening was 'the unexpected' to any other than himself, it would be rash to affirm. On reaching Monsembe he was overtaken by illness, which he himself describes as perhaps the most serious which he had suffered in Africa. The brothers Stonelake, whom he was intending to take as far as Yakusu, brought him back to Bolobo, on March 12. On the 15th the 'Goodwill' started again on her up-river voyage, in charge of Mr. Howell. The fever was obstinate this time, and his prostration was very great ; but in his weakness he took the keenest interest in Mission matters, and taxed his sorely-wearied hand and brain to render what service was possible in the form of counsel and sympathy.

Writing on April 1 to Mr. William Forfeitt, of Bopoto, he says : 'You will have heard of my having had to turn back at Monsembe, and at the same time to abandon the hope I had of seeing you all once more before starting for the old country. I was very much "set" on the journey ; but the Lord evidently thought it much less important that I should make it than I did myself. You will be glad to know that the improvement the "Goodwill" was able to report has been followed by further progress, though I am still very weak. I have a daily range of temperature of about three degrees, finishing the day usually as much above normal as I commenced it below. Can't yet take solid food,

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and am longing for your tomatoes with a great longing. If I could only get up sufficient energy to do the little packing required, I think I should venture upon the railway journey, though it will be no small ordeal for me to do the needful "sitting up." I am hoping, however, to make more rapid progress during the coming week, and to be ready for starting the week after.'

A week later, writing to Mr. Joseph Hawkes, Grenfell mentions the change of plans brought about by his illness, tells of his return to Bolobo from Monsembe, and continues: 'This was a month ago. Thank God, since then I have been gradually getting better, and am now comparatively strong again. Up till five days ago I have been living on milk, soup, and such-like things; I then began on a little fish. Yesterday I took some fowl, and so am pulling myself together at a good pace. I suppose this has been my most serious illness for many years, and I imagine it came very near to leaving me at Monsembe for good. However, it seems as though the Lord has still something for me to do: I had therefore better get away home, and pick up the strength for doing it. All being well, we leave here on the 12th in the "Peace"—I'm not going all the way in the "Peace"—and ought to be in England by the close of May.'

Two months later, on April 10, he writes again to Mr. Howell, reporting progress that is slower than was hoped for, and continued fluctuations of temperature. The letter proves that, in spite of illness, he has been attending to Mission business, and contains many and minute details concerning the engagements and payment of sundry work-people. He is busy with steamer accounts, but his illness has prevented him from making them complete. An inserted postscript, dated April 11, runs: 'Have had a try to make out expenses for the

journey, and the result is 5738 (brass rods), but I can't guarantee the figures.' There follows a quaint item of news, illustrating the diversity and subtlety of the cares that may burden the attention of a sick missionary.

'Just now there is a big discussion on between your boys and ours about a certain sheep with a brown-spotted face. We intended taking it to the Pool, but as the matter stands we leave it for you to see. It seems quite at home among our sheep, and the evidence is strongly in our favour, so we conceive. But if you have a mark or any certain knowledge, that will settle the matter.'

Anxiety about the 'Goodwill,' which Mr. Howell is navigating, is also a perceptible addition to his care. 'We have had very bad weather, and have often been with you in thought. The big barge [of the State] at anchor one night parted her chain in a tornado, and drifted on to the rocks below Chumbiri. This was a fortnight ago, and as yet she has not reached Bolobo. Costermans has been up looking after the lifting and repairing ; her stern went down under water again. The "Deliverance" has been on the rocks just below Kwa. It is only the bad weather that makes me anxious about the "Goodwill," and I shall indeed be glad to know that all has gone well with you. One of the storms we have had was very like that April tornado that did such damage at Dr. Sims' place. We only put the "Peace" in the water yesterday, so have escaped the wearing of bad weather on our beach. It is only during the last two or three days that the river has begun to rise. It is still very low.'

Of the railway journey from Stanley Pool to Matadi, which Grenfell had looked forward to with some personal apprehension, only two details can be

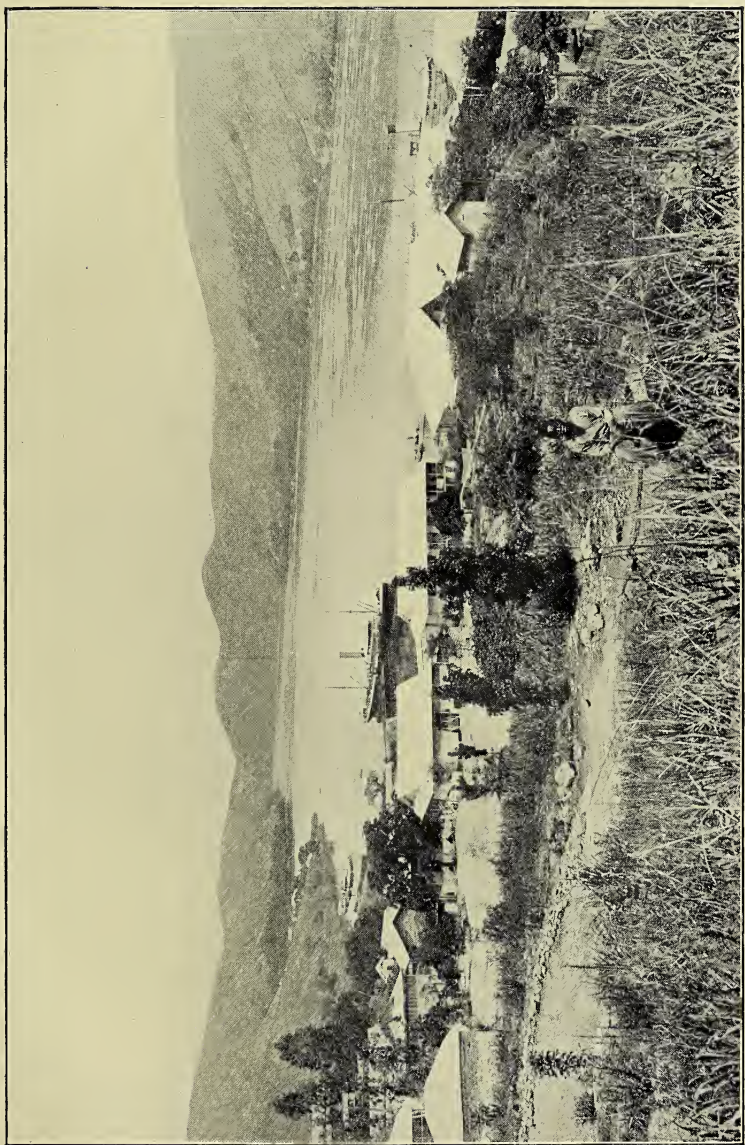
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recorded. The first is that it was made without cost to the Mission. The Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, having apprised the Director of the Congo Railway Company of Mr. Grenfell's intended journey, that official very kindly granted free passes to Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell, and secured for them every possible courtesy and consideration on the way.

The second detail is given by Grenfell in a subsequent letter. His little daughter Grace, who was blithe as a bird during the big ocean voyage, was sick every half-hour in the train. Perhaps her steamer life on the Congo had prepared her for the bigger experience. Writing at sea, her father says: 'She does not seem to feel the steamer rolling, but when the gunwale goes over toward the horizon she says: "Keka, ebali ekobata!" [Look, the river is climbing up!] She is puzzled by the quantity of "blue" and "soap-suds" in the water, and by the absence of sandbanks.'

At Matadi the travellers were affectionately received and tenderly cared for by their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Forfeitt. As the home-going steamer 'Albertville' was timed to lie some days at Boma, Grenfell determined to prolong his stay at Matadi till the last possible moment, and then to drop down river in the railway company's steamer, catching the 'Albertville' at her Boma moorings.

But the 'Albertville' had to shift her moorings more than once at Boma, for a revolt had broken out, and 'two hundred soldiers held possession of the Chinka Fort for some forty-eight hours, and bombarded the town and shipping.' The 'Albertville,' which had some narrow escapes, was constrained to move beyond range. The last news Grenfell got of the revolt was that the rebels had vacated the fort, and were making



VUE DOWN RIVER FROM MATADI. NEW UNDERHILL (B.M.S. Base Station) on the point to the left of picture.
Photo : G. Grenfell.

their way eastward and homeward. There was also rumour of their having sacked a mission station, which ultimately proved to be unfounded.

At one moment this revolt seriously jeopardized his plans. Just before the hour of starting, a message was received that in consequence of the revolt the railway company's steamer must not leave Matadi. The *impasse* was relieved by the signal courtesy of the Vice-Governor-General, who, a day or two later, sent his yacht to bring Grenfell down to Boma, his friend, Lawson Forfeitt, accompanying him thus far on the way.

Writing to the Rev. J. Howell, and dating s.s. 'Albertville,' near Sierra Leone, April 30, 1900, Grenfell says: 'We passed the "Philippeville" yesterday, with Governor Wahis on board. Our captain signalled: "All goes well with the revolt," or to that effect. And the Governor asked, "What revolt?" Before our flags "Boma" could be hoisted, I fear we were out of sight. So the poor Governor will be scratching his head till he gets to Banana, as to the meaning of it all. I wonder he did not stop to ask for more details.'

In this letter Grenfell gives a cheering account of himself and his voyage. Creature comforts are adequate. The doctor and stewardess are attentive—important matters for Mrs. Grenfell, who has been suffering with influenza ever since leaving Boma. 'I'm getting on capitally,' he says. 'In fact, I was so well by the time I got down river, that I felt I should have been justified in turning back, if I had not been out so long. I am already wanting to be back again. My heart is in the Congo, and with you all. Happily for my wife, we shall be arriving in England in the best possible season, and I am hoping she will be quite rid of the influenza long before we land.'

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Then he turns to the Mission business arising from his observations on the journey down river, and finally in a long passage discusses the future of two girls in whom Mrs. Grenfell is interested, and for whom Mrs. Howell's good offices are solicited. Apparently it is an intricate feminine business, complicated in one case by a projected marriage which may not come off. He apologizes for meddling in matters which he imperfectly understands, on the ground that his wife is in bed and cannot write, but has no doubt that Mrs. Howell will act for the best in this and all cases.

The concluding sentence is characteristic. 'I pray that neither our girls nor our boys may become a source of trouble and anxiety to you. But, seeing that the care of young folks and anxiety go so often together, I shall not be surprised to find that my colleagues are bearing burdens on my behalf, and I can only say that you may rest assured of my affectionate sympathy.'

Dating 's.s. "Albertville," English Channel, 30° W. long., Sunday afternoon, May 13,' he writes to Mr. Joseph Hawkes: 'As we are nearing our journey's end, I am writing this to tell you of our whereabouts. We hoped to be in Antwerp to-morrow in time to catch the steamer leaving in the evening for Harwich; but the strong head wind we have had since passing Ushant has spoiled our chance of getting away before Tuesday. If all goes well, we shall be in London early on Wednesday morning. The post-mark this letter bears will tell you how far we are on our way by the time we reach a letter-box.

'We have had a fine voyage, except that since leaving Sierra Leone it has been very cold. But for the revolt at Boma we should have been a week earlier. . . . Practically I am thoroughly recovered from

the sickness which sent me home earlier than I expected. In fact, I was so much better by the time I reached Matadi that I might have turned back, but that I had been out so long. . . . My plans are to wait in London till I have seen Mr. Baynes and the doctor, and paid a visit to Sevenoaks to see the children : then to go on to Penzance. However, I do not expect it will be long before I find my way to Birmingham, either going to or coming from London. You may depend upon my seizing the first occasion for so doing.'

And here a few sentences may be interposed concerning a series of letters written at home, which lie before me—recovered fragments of a voluminous correspondence. Limits of space permit but sparse quotation, and indeed many of the letters are so packed with technical and business detail that they would be of slight interest to the general reader, except as disclosures of the personality of the man who writes. He says again and again that his heart is on the Congo, and the statement is simple fact. He is greedy for news from the field. He carries the whole machinery of the Mission in his head, and the whole *personnel* of the staff upon his heart. Every sorrow hits him : every joy is wine to his soul. In spite of infirmities which prove that he had exaggerated unawares the extent of his physical restoration, he is always about his Master's business. His commercial faculty and special knowledge are continually under requisition, and no detail is too small for his particular and complete attention.

The whole man is there, whether he is buying twine for a net to catch fish for certain school children at Bolobo, or negotiating for a new boat. He must see every Congo man or woman whom he can possibly

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meet in England, his own colleagues, or members of other Missions, for conference and sympathy. His appreciation of his brethren and sisters is joyful and affectionate, and one ransacks the letters in vain for a bitter or censorious word. If any man proves awkward or errant, Grenfell is sorrowful, and keen to find an excuse.

The fault of these letters from a biographer's point of view, is that they say so little about himself. Episodes of profound interest, concerning which one craves details, are dismissed in a line. He has but the slightest interest in his own experiences and emotions, except as they bear upon his work. He lives for Christ and Congo, as truly in England as when away upon the great river. By this time St. Paul has little to teach George Grenfell in the matter of self-effacement, and the modern missionary is the peer of the Apostle to the Gentiles in his care for the infant Churches, in his sympathy with those who suffer, and in his willingness to 'spend and be spent' for the souls that are dear to him in Christ.

On July 13, Grenfell writes from Birmingham to the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt: 'Your letter, with the news of Beedham's death, was preceded by the telegram to the same effect. Poor Beedham! His widow, I am told, has already arrived; as also has Adams. What changes! . . . I hoped to have written you at some length, but mail day has come round, and found me with a racking headache, and but little disposition for writing. Forgive me! . . . I saw Gordon last week. He is far from well. I have sent the copy of your letter to Stapleton, who is undergoing a course of baths. I shall soon want something of the sort, if my bones don't mend their ways. They are becoming increasingly stiff and painful,

especially those of my right hand. Dr. Sims has just gone to Vienna.'

The following letter to Mr. Baynes, dated Birmingham, July 19, is too suggestive to be omitted or curtailed :—

'I have been thinking very seriously of the need that exists for sending help to Bolobo. Do you think that an appeal to the Principals of our various denominational Colleges would be of any use? It seems to me, if you were to write something on the lines of the following, it might result in our finding some one with the needed experience for keeping the printing-office at work during Mr. Scrivener's coming furlough.

"To the Principal . . . College.

"In view of the recently developed needs of our Congo Mission, I venture to ask whether among the young men under your care you have some one who, upon due representation of the case, would probably volunteer. One of the most pressing of our needs is that of help for our brother Scrivener at Bolobo, who, in addition to his work as pastor of the Church at that place, is in charge of the printing press. His furlough is already overdue; but, seeing the importance of maintaining the full working-power of the press, he is very desirous of securing a colleague with the needful technical experience before he leaves. The importance of this branch of our work will be the better realized, when it is understood that the Bolobo press serves not only all the Baptist Missionary Society Stations on the upper river, but all the other Evangelical Societies as well; and just now it is especially important that it should be maintained, seeing we are engaged upon the printing of the New Testament in Bobangi.

"The installation is only a modest one, consisting

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of three Albion presses, and a stereotyping apparatus ; but it needs the supervision of a missionary more or less acquainted with the technique of a printing-office. The staff consists of about a dozen trained natives, and is quite equal to "setting up," "pulling off," correcting proofs, and all the general routine, but is not yet capable of running the office without the control of some one with experience.

' " Have you, among your students who are thinking of Mission work, one who has had the needful experience, and who would be prepared to volunteer for Bolobo ? The Bolobo press is the only one in the Congo State to the east of Leopoldville, and gives promise of developing into one of the most important agencies for the spread of the Gospel, and the uplifting of the people of that great land."

' You, my dear Mr. Baynes, could easily formulate a more telling appeal than the foregoing ; but a man who volunteers upon a prosaic representation of the case is less likely to make a mistake than one who yields to a more impassioned plea. In any case, I beg of you to take such measures as may seem best to you to secure a man for Bolobo, so that our brother Scrivener may not be unduly delayed in setting out on his furlough, and, if at all possible, one who can take up the printing-office work which he now superintends.'

On July 30 he informs Mr. Howell that he has written to the pastors of Churches in steamship ports, with a view to securing a volunteer, who would relieve Mr. Howell of mechanical and navigating duty, and so free him in a measure for more directly religious work. A month later he writes again, rejoicing that his friend has already found opportunity for taking greater part in religious services, and reporting that he is in

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communication with two men of promise, though the prospect of a definite settlement is problematical.

In this letter occurs a significant passage anent newspaper men, which will touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of many a victim of 'Press' enterprise.

'I note what you say *re* Mobeka, and appreciate the wisdom of your abstaining from taking any part therein till you have very sure ground under your feet. A certain newspaper correspondent at Matadi wanted me to speak; but I told him that though I had heard rumours, I was not prepared to take any part in the matter; and he reproduced my conversation with him, to my detriment, in the *Petit Bleu*. Beware of newspaper men. Nothing less than an absolute "*No*," unadorned in any way, will meet our needs in dealing with them. Even the promise to submit proofs before printing is not to be relied upon, as witness my own case in the E—— of a fortnight ago. They are evidently moving in Brussels with regard to Mobeka (or Mongala) matters, and the papers report further troubles there, but nothing definite.'

The postscript of this letter glances at concerns which were heavily burdensome to the heart of every British citizen, but reverts inevitably to the writer's supreme interest.

'China matters, though not so bad as were feared, are still most grave for our Shansi men. I wonder if Britain will get through without falling into grave complications with her neighbours! The Boer war is entering upon its last phase, I hope. If the present movement, which has just commenced, only succeeds, the end may come very quickly. The papers have no space for other topics, so we hear nothing of the Congo.'

On October 29 he writes to the Rev. Lawson

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Forfeitt, and the next day to the Rev. J. Howell. The letters are long, and full of missionary detail, but poor in particulars about the writer. Collating them, we gather that he has been miserably unwell, with little energy for anything; is perpetually wishing himself back upon the Congo; has just come to Bournemouth; is hoping to pull himself together after a while; and, by way of beginning better things, has started upon neglected correspondence before breakfast. He is just as keen and particular in his interest in Mr. Forfeitt's work at Matadi as in Mr. Howell's at Bolobo, and has been looking after its business interests with equal care.

Grenfell was promised by Mr. Baynes, upon his return to England, that he should be relieved of any pressure of deputation work, and he remarks in his letter to Mr. Forfeitt that he has moved about but little, has only spoken three times—once at a Sale of Work at Reading, where he 'saw many Colliers.' His final word in a postscript is: 'I should like to get away early next year, but can hardly do so, I expect, till you have put in an appearance. I am quite looking forward to seeing you here.'

Writing from the Mission House on November 13, he addresses a letter jointly to the Revs. J. Howell and A. Stonelake, Bolobo, formally introducing Mr. Williams, the new missionary engineer, who is about to sail. Only a portion of this letter has been preserved, but the last sentence, though incomplete, reveals something of the missionary heart of the writer, who consented throughout his life, in submission to the ordinance of God, to be immersed in business, clerical, mechanical, administrative, but who was always yearning for the more direct service of souls.

'I am sanguine, brethren, that the additional strength

thus introduced into our steamer department may result in our being able to make more use of our steamers as direct missionary agencies than we have done in the past, for I know that the mere carrying of goods and passengers, important though it be for the work as a whole, no more satisfies your aims [than mine.]'

The following document tells its own tale :—

TO MR. BAYNES.

Hotel Belle Vue, Bruxelles, November 16.

'I said "Good-bye" to Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Brother Kempton on board the "Anversville" this morning, about a quarter of an hour before she sailed. They were well, and in capital spirits. I should have been delighted to have made one of the party. Beautiful weather to-day for their starting, and quite a contrast to yesterday.

'I have seen the secretaries, de Cuvelier and Liebrechts, and had very satisfactory interviews with them. So far as I can see there will be no reason urged against my going forward, when the time comes for me to move. They both of them counselled me to talk freely to the King on the subject. I am to have an interview with his Majesty at ten to-morrow, and I have also received and accepted an invitation (or "command") to lunch with him.

'After my interview to-morrow I am to see Liebrechts again, and on Monday, before I leave, the Chevalier de Cuvelier wishes to have a further talk on Congo matters with myself. It will be as much as I can do, to be back in time for Camden Road, and to get the needful rest between. However, you may rely upon my not failing our friends, except in case of absolute *force majeure*. I am much better than when I left the Mission House,

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and am going to bed early, in the hope of having a good rest to-night.'

I remarked above that this letter tells its own tale. But the telling is so brief, and the subject-matter so interesting that I confessed to looking ahead with something of the journalist's appetite for good copy. My discoveries were as suggestive as they were disappointing.

I found two long letters to his intimate friends, Mr. John Howell and Mr. Lawson Forfeitt. Some three weeks had elapsed since the Brussels visit, but as he had not written to either in the interval, I was hopeful of piquant detail. Mr. Howell's letter, which would make three or four pages of this book, opens with references to the 'jamming of a piston ring,' which had hindered him in one of his voyages, and the 'running with two propellers on each shaft,' which 'Thornycrofts advise'—and proceeds: 'Since I wrote you last I've been to Antwerp and Brussels, and also to Birmingham and Glasgow. The former pair of visits, apart from seeing the "Anversville" party start, resulted in a few formal calls, which may possibly serve us somewhat, or may result in very little.'

That is all concerning Antwerp and Brussels. But the milling machine, which he did not get in Birmingham, and the new boat, which he saw in Glasgow, and the Rice boilers, of which he saw drawings, occupy a page. In Mr. Forfeitt's letter the subject is dismissed even more curtly. 'I saw Dhanis when I was in Brussels. He looked well: is about to be married.'

As the year drew to its close Grenfell's health was still far from satisfactory, and he complains of 'the miserable pace' at which he is pulling himself together, and of the fact that when mail day arrives he sometimes

finds no courage or energy for writing anything helpful, and so lets it slip by. And at the turn of the year the sorrows of others were pressing heavily upon him. The Grenfells and the Stapletons were living in the same house at Boscombe, and on December 27 Mrs. Stapleton gave birth to a child, who lived but one day. The mother's illness was severe, and the occurrence of high fever induced a condition so critical that a medical consultation was necessitated. Mr. Stapleton was also ill at the time. Intense anxiety on the part of the patients, each for the other, militated against their progress, and Grenfell tells all the story in a letter to Mr. Baynes, dated January 1, 1901, in a fashion which proves how acutely the stress was felt by his loving heart.

In the same letter he tells of other calls upon his sympathy. Mr. Banks, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, who had been twenty years upon the Congo, and was one of Grenfell's oldest friends, had succumbed to rheumatic fever a day or two previously. Grenfell had sat up with him all the night of December 28, and a few hours after his leaving, his friend had passed away. He was busy with the affairs of the widow and five children. The letter concludes :—

‘Congo men are evidently not altogether “out of the wood” when they get away to the old country. Up till March last Mr. Banks’ life, humanly speaking, was one of the best in the whole Mission band.

‘This is not a very cheery epistle for a New Year’s letter, dear Mr. Baynes, but it does not prevent my hoping that the New Century is dawning for you laden with many blessings, and that they may be continued for you far down its course.’

A few days later he writes again to Mr. Baynes,

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proffering sympathy in trouble and bereavement which had befallen his beloved chief—for so he ever regarded one whose personality was as inspiring as his abilities were distinguished and his devotion complete. He writes, too, as one who knows that his news will be medicine to a grief-stricken heart.

Mrs. Stapleton's condition is improving, and Mr. Stapleton has been greatly benefited by a visit from Dr. Sims, whose treatment has been helped by the patient's relief on his wife's account. Mrs. Grenfell's health has also improved, and respecting himself he says: 'My own condition has mended more while I have been in Bournemouth than during the whole of my previous stay in England, and I am thinking seriously of getting my affairs in order for returning to Congo. Of course I shall not hurry out, so long as there may be Mission business for me to attend to here, but my heart is much drawn Congo-wards, and besides, Howell's five years are up in May, and J. A. Clark's in July.'

Other letters to Mr. Baynes follow, showing how closely he is watching affairs upon the Congo, and proffering counsel in the emergencies which frequently occur. On February 7, he expresses eager gladness in the prospect of a talk with Mr. Baynes 'respecting future pioneering,' and begs that it may be arranged at the earliest possible date.

On March 6, he writes in a strain of boyish glee to his friend Lawson Forfeitt, who has stolen a march upon him: 'Can it be that you are already once more in the old country, and that it is your superscription that I've seen on your sister's envelope? I've really had to study it, to make sure, and there is no other explanation than that you have arrived. Well, here's the heartiest of welcomes to you and your wife! and may you have

a blessedly good and restful time.' He is impatient for a meeting, which must be arranged forthwith, and continues, 'I was in London a week ago, and saw Dr. Roberts. His report was a most reassuring one, and I've no doubt about being ready for returning to the Congo in August or September.'

After Dr. Roberts' reassuring report, it was disappointment to Grenfell and his friends, that later there came another break-down, which precluded his presence at the annual meeting of the Society. In a letter to Congo, dated May 12, Mr. Baynes writes: 'You will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that the health of our brother Grenfell is very unsatisfactory. It quite broke down at the time of the annual gatherings, and he was unable to appear at any of our meetings—indeed, he was in bed the whole of the anniversary week, and even now he is very far from well, and I am very anxious about him.'

By the end of June he is again at least in good spirits, and writes from Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, to the Rev. J. Howell, who has arrived in England: 'My brother and his wife will be very glad if Mrs. Howell, yourself and Mr. Scrivener will come over on Tuesday morning and dine here, and take tea with us. This will give us a chance of having a nice stroll or two in the Park, and time for a "confab" on Congo matters.'

Mr. Howell being accessible, I wrote to him, asking whether this invitation was accepted, and if so, requesting that he would favour me with a brief note of reminiscence. The reader will be indebted to Mr. Howell for his kindly and illuminating reply.

'Yes, I well remember the visit to Sutton, and the long walk we had together in the Park. This, and many such walks and "confabs," were delightful to me. What

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Grenfell had to say was worth hearing. No word or suggestion of scandal, but interesting and instructive talk round *one subject*—Africa, especially Congo. Grenfell enjoyed a joke as well as any one, but life and work were too serious for him to do much in that line himself. We wished he had done more.

‘The conversation in the Park was largely about the forward work to which he returned. Up to that time we had worked together at Bolobo. This new departure meant separation, as I was to take on steamer work, setting him entirely free for the work at the front. The map of the unopened country was stamped on that single eye of his. His dream was one of a quick march into the dismal night of heathenism with the light. His magnificent plans flashed six hundred miles this way, eight hundred miles another, with little trips up the Lomami two hundred miles, Itimbiri one hundred, etc., spoken of as small asides, hardly worth mentioning. My imagination was so fired that I was at once dissatisfied with my work, and wanted to offer for front-rank work. But “No,” said he, “you must stick where you are, and do your work.”

‘Had Grenfell been permitted to get sites, and men to occupy them, there would be to-day a grand last chapter to a noble life. The last chapter was grand, but cannot be written in this book. It is recorded in “the Lamb’s Book of Life.”’

Of the last three months of Grenfell’s last stay in England there is little to be recorded. Only two or three brief notes are available as data. On August 9, he writes to the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt from ‘Bolobo.’ At first sight this address is rather staggering to the biographer, but a second glance dispels all mystery. It is not Bolobo of the Upper Congo, but Bolobo of

Hatfield Road, Birchfields, Birmingham. The brief letter is mainly a grateful acknowledgment of Mr. Forfeitt's kind purpose to see him off at Liverpool, concerning which he says: 'We shall have but few opportunities for "confab"; still, it will do me good to see your face.' Circumstances precluded his enjoyment of this pleasure.

On September 2 he is staying with his mother, at Ennis Cottage, Sancreed, the house in which he was born, and writes to the Rev. J. Howell: 'I'm returning to Birmingham for a day or so at the close of the week, and then go to London for the final "pack up," where my wife will join me. We expect to stay in Birmingham on our way to Liverpool, say for a night or two.'

The last note, dated 'Birkenhead, September 24,' is also addressed to Mr. Howell: 'We arrived in due course, and our various belongings are now on the landing stage, in readiness for the morning. In the excitement of this afternoon I failed to say, as I ought to have done, "Thank you," for the material help you rendered us in the hurry of getting away. As letters leaving England on October 8 will reach Congo before we do, we are quite hoping to find letters awaiting our arrival.'

CHAPTER XX

LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN

A Monkey Story—Hostile Natives—Lessons—‘Brain Drill’ needed—Loleka’s Story—The ‘Eye of a Needle’—A Birthday kept for an Absent Child—A Piece of String asked for—A Goat Drowned—The ‘Blues’—Hints on Reading—Accident to the ‘Peace’—A Swarm of Bees—Difficult Navigation—Turned back—Bible-reading—Brussels—Importance of learning French.

THIS chapter makes a break in Grenfell’s life-story. Several of the letters date years back, and others rush ahead. But the purpose of this book is not a story-telling purpose purely. It aims to reveal character, and given a certain temperament, few things are more apocalyptic than a man’s letters to his children. Grenfell wrote long, patient, loving epistles to his dear ones, in which the deep, simple things of his soul find utterance, unchecked by the faintest fear of printer or of critic.

I am greatly indebted to Miss Grenfell for overcoming her reluctance to permit the publication of matters so intimate and precious. May she find her recompense in the knowledge that her father’s counsels to his own children have been helpful to other parents and other children! Not that his letters were all counsel. He was far too human and too sympathetic to feed his bairns upon pure homily. Sometimes the story comes without the moral, and he smiles to think how freely the omission will be forgiven. But in story or sermon, the letters are the outpouring of a wise, loving

heart, and happy surely were the children whose long exile from home was softened by such missives from beyond the sea.

TO CARRIE.

Luchiko River, Central South Africa, March 7, 1893.

'While we were camped on the banks of the Kwango a hunter brought a monkey he had shot, and sold it. He also brought with it the young one that would not leave its dead mother. It was quite a mite, and had not been weaned, so Mrs. Sarmento—the wife of the Portuguese officer who is travelling with us [Lunda Expedition]—made a little feeding-bottle and tried to bring it up by "hand." At first the little monkey could do nothing with it; but a taste of the milk and the necessity of a hungry stomach solved the difficulty, and the queer little oddity learned to look for its bottle in the most comical way, and to stretch out its hands to hold it in the proper position.

'However, the feeding-bottle did not save the monkey's life for more than a fortnight or so, for after that time it got weaker and died. It used to splutter over the feeding-bottle at first, and instead of arranging a "bib" Mrs. Sarmento used to tie him up wholesale in a handkerchief. It made quite a funny picture three times a day, as it was brought in after our meals to have its feed. Perhaps if they had kept to the bottle, and not tried experiments on its teeth with hard biscuits and all sorts of odds and ends from the table, it might have survived. My monkey story has no moral, I am afraid. Perhaps you will like it all the better for that reason.'

TO CARRIE.

Bolobo, July 10, 1894.

'Your mother and I have been away for a couple of months on a journey up river. We ascended the

Aruwimi as far as the falls, just beyond the place where Mr. Stanley made his famous Yambuya camp, when he went in search of Emin Pasha. We also ascended the Loika river as far as Ibembo. On the previous occasion when we ascended the Loika our little Carrie was with us, so you know it must have been quite a long time ago.

‘There have been great changes since that time, the Government having taken full possession of the country. When you were with us, as I think I have told you in a letter not so long ago, we were attacked by the natives, and one of the boys standing at my side was wounded by a poisoned arrow. We also made the circuit of Lake Mantumba, and though the lake is not so far away as the Loika, the people have not yet been reconciled to the white men, and they turned out with bows and arrows, just as they used to do when you were with us. During the whole of our two months’ voyage it was only on the lake that the people were hostile. At one place, after preventing us from going on shore for an hour and a half, they became sufficiently assured of our good intentions to allow us to land. Once on shore, we were soon able to overcome their remaining scruples, and when we came away we brought with us a collection of bows and arrows and gay feather war-caps, which they sold to us for beads and small cowrie shells. This was at quite a big town, as African towns go, but then you know they do not compare in size, or in fact, in any way, with English towns. It contained a thousand houses, more or less; the men who turned out against us with their bows and arrows were about four or five hundred. . . .

‘I was much interested to get your fraction sum; I am glad you have got so far. You are such a scatter-brained little “curmudgeon” that I was afraid it would

be some time yet ere you settled down to so serious a task. I notice in the report that you are credited with having "worked well" in geometry. I wish I could gather the same about your French and music; you must try to get better marks in these subjects, for they are among the most important ones for you, considering your future. Dear little scatterbrain! the future does not trouble you very much yet, does it?

'Poor Pattie's birthday is past, and we have sent her no present. Yours will soon be round again, and we will send something for each of you, though it will not be very much. Your father is only a poor missionary, and he has to be very careful what he does with his money, especially considering he has two such big girls at school.

'By the time this reaches England you will be thinking of returning to school after your holidays at grandma's. We hope you will have had a very happy time together. It will be a great joy to auntie and grandma if they have found that you have made such progress with your music as to be able to give them some nice pieces. I hope you have not neglected your practising.

'The "Goodwill" is still on the slip, waiting for the new shaft from England; but, happily, the good old "Peace" still continues to keep in running order. We are afraid, however, that she may suddenly stop short, like the famous old clock; but even if she does, we are hoping we shall be able to make her go again, after a bit.

'You ask in your letter of October 10, whether or not I got your enclosed photo and your friends' in the pocket-book. Yes, it reached us all right, and we are glad to get it and look at the faces of some of those who

have been so good to you. The pocket-book is kept on my writing-table, so far at least, and receives special notes I want to make and keep. Perhaps it may descend to the depths and darkness of a coat pocket some day, when its glory has been dimmed by dust and time : it is altogether too bright for such a dismal fate as yet !

‘ Well, my dear Carrie, here is a letter all to yourself, as you asked, but I am afraid I have forgotten to reply to quite a lot of the questions you asked. You must forgive me, for I have so many other letters to write that I must finish this. Thank you very much for nice long letters, they are very interesting to both your mother and myself, even though they are not so nicely written as we know you can write them when you really try.

‘ With much love from your mother and myself.’

TO CARRIE.

Bolobo, August 22, 1894.

‘ I am sorry to hear of your having had whooping-cough ; happily for you, you have not had to fight it in the winter time. I sincerely hope your holidays will not have been interfered with by it, and that you have had a real good time at grandma’s.

‘ And now, my own dear little Carrie, let me beg of you to make a really good try to get on with your lessons this next term. You don’t understand how important it is that you should begin to study in real earnest, and keep steadily at it. It costs your father and mother a great many pounds (many more than you think), to keep you at school, and you will be very, very sorry when you grow up, if you have allowed the whole of your school-time to pass as you have allowed the early part of it to slip by. What you especially need is the determination to do one thing at a time, and to do

that one thing with all your might. You have got an active little brain that could do great things, if you would only get it into training—it comes out in your letters. They are always interesting, but the way you skip about from one subject to another tells me you want some “brain drill.”

‘Do, my dear Carrie, for father’s sake, and for mother’s sake, make a real hard try at some of the subjects you are learning. We don’t expect you to get high marks all round, but surely you could do well in those subjects you like best, if you only put your mind to it. It would be such happiness for us if you could make us feel you are in earnest about preparing for the life that is before you. Try to think for yourself what that life is likely to be, if you waste the time that is given you to get ready for it.

‘Father and mother both pray very earnestly not only that you may make good progress, but that you may grow up to be a dear good girl. May God bless you, and help you to prepare very earnestly for this life, as well as for the life to come.’

TO CARRIE.

s.s. ‘Goodwill,’ near Mswata, Upper Congo, August 14, 1896.

‘We are very glad to know you are really trying to be a good girl. It is not easy, dear Carrie, is it? Some of the young folk on the Station at Bolobo are trying to follow Jesus, and they find it very hard. Loleka (I send you his picture) has just written me a nice little letter, saying that after a real hard try Satan had got the better of him once more, but still he wanted to be a disciple. I saw him for a little while just before I left, and I hope encouraged him to go on his way, looking to Jesus to help him, and to give his heart entirely to Him ;

for if he kept even one corner of his heart for himself he would be sure to fall again.

‘Jesus wants every bit of us, and will be content with nothing less, and if we only just put ourselves unreservedly into His hands the enemy won’t have the chance to overcome us. The Good Shepherd is able to keep all His sheep! Loleka is almost a young man now. He was quite a little boy when he came on board the “Peace” first (I believe you were on board at the time). He was afraid his old master was at the point of death, and that he would be buried with him, so he cried for me to ransom him.

‘I think I gave about three hundred yards of brass wire to secure his freedom; but even when the price was paid he would not trust himself on shore again, though we stayed at the beach some three or four days. He is a fine manly fellow, and I am hopeful he may turn out a great help to us, for he has a great deal of influence among the young people round us—is quite a leader amongst them, in fact. You must pray for him and for Dot, and for several others, who, like them and like yourself, are trying to follow the Lord Jesus. It is not easy work anywhere, and it seems especially hard here in Congo . . .

‘Only a few days ago we discovered we had been making a queer mistake for a very long while. You remember the place where Jesus says, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.” What do you think we have been saying? Just this: “It is easier for a camel to go through the point,” for to a Bobangi man the “eye” of a needle is its point; what we call the eye they call the nose. They say the eye has no hole to let anything through.

'Your mother and I are both very glad to know your heart is bent upon being a servant of the Lord Jesus. Don't be afraid, dear Carrie, to let your light shine. It may not be very much you can do, but you can always stand on the right side, and then, though your own light may not be very bright, you will reflect some of the brightness of our Master.'

TO CARRIE AND GERTRUDE.

s.s. 'Goodwill,' Stanley Pool, May 16, 1897.

Father and mother have at last finished their long journey to Stanley Falls, a journey that was all the longer because after having returned some three hundred miles we had to go to the Falls again. We are now at Arthington Station, and expect to wait here till dear Pattie arrives. She ought to be here in less than a month. We are very, very happy at the thought of seeing her, and we only wish we could see you too ; but you must stay at school and get on with your lessons, and get ready for going out into the big, big world like Pat. It's not an easy world at all to get on in, and it will be all the harder if you don't make good use of your time at school in preparing for it.

'But I will leave the nasty old lessons, and talk about even more important things—the things of your heart. Even if I am a bit cross when I see your report, when I read what you say about trying to be good, I forget it all, and am very, very glad. Even though you were as clever as Miss Unwin herself, dear Carrie, and your heart was not right, I should be very miserable. The great thing is to wish to be good, and if you really wish it you will get all the help you need ; for God's promise is sure, and it will come out all right, whatever people may think of your having tried and failed before.

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‘I can understand your being a bit sensitive about it ; but, dear Carrie, all those who are interested in you will be delighted to see you trying again, and they won’t think or say what you imagine. All those who love the Lord Jesus are glad at heart when they see the lambs keeping to the straight path. You need not talk much about it, dear child. Just pray, and do the right thing, and you’ll be happy yourself, and make those round you happy too, as well as father and mother and all those who love you, but are far away. I’m sure Miss Unwin would be delighted to see that your heart was really given to the Lord Jesus ; she writes very kindly about you, notwithstanding what you fear. But mind, dear Carrie, it’s no use to give up a great part of your heart, if you keep even a little corner for yourself. If Jesus is to be your Lord and King, He must reign over it all.

‘Both mother and father send their love to you both ; and assure you of our unfailing prayers on your behalf.’

TO GERTIE.

Stanley Pool, November 21, 1897

‘Father and mother kept your birthday. We had a nice cake, only the cook boy, when he took it out of the tin, pulled the top away from the bottom. But it tasted just as good. We also had some of our friends to dinner in your honour, and made quite a “good time” of it, considering we are quiet Congo Mission folk. And, only fancy, we played “snap” and “happy families,” and it is many a long day since your father played “snap,” though your mother does so often with the little Congo children who come to our house for an hour or two in the evenings before going to bed.

‘Pattie was not at home when I left your mother at Bolobo, a few days ago, but I expect she will be there

by the time I get back. She went away in the Mission steamer "Henry Reed," and Miss Vigor (only she is Mrs. Christopher now), who went out to the Congo with her, was on board as well. Only fancy, Pattie was "sea-sick" on Lake Mantumba, and so also was Mrs. Christopher, though she is a good sailor. The waves get up quite big on the lake, as you would know if you could only remember how they rolled you about when father and mother took you there in the "Peace."

'I am very glad to see that you are making good progress with your writing. If you keep on as you have begun, you will write very nicely by the time you are as old as Carrie.

'Auntie told me she was sending you a scrap-book, so I have no doubt that you have received the one you were hoping for when you wrote. What do you put in your scrap-books?

'I want you to send me a piece of string, to show us how tall you are. You must stand against the wall, and get Carrie to make a little mark on a line with the top of your head, and then you can easily send a piece of string just as long as will reach from the mark to the floor. I also want another piece of string, to tell us how tall Carrie is.

'I have sent four pictures. You are to have one of the large ones, and the photo of poor "Gwen." Carrie will tell you how that Gwen is dead, and also about my poor milking goat having been drowned.

'Do you collect postage-stamps yet? If so, Carrie must let you have half of those I now send.

'Mother is not here, to send her love, but I am sure she wants me to send her own as well as mine when I write, so I send you "lots" from both.'

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TO CARRIE.

s.s. 'Peace,' Stanley Pool, November 21, 1897.

'I came here two days ago, making the journey without other company than some of my boys in the dear old "Peace." She is not so fine a boat as the "Goodwill" by a long, long way, but she will always be more to me than her grander sister. Didn't my darling Carrie live a great part, if not the greater part of her Congo life, on board the "Peace"?'

'Some one said to me yesterday, "Do you think the Baptist Missionary Society would sell the 'Peace'?" I very confidently replied that they could not do it without selling me too. . . .

'This time, coming down river, I drowned your mother's favourite milking goat, and I shall get into big trouble when I get back to Bolobo, I know. About twenty miles below Bolobo we met bad weather, and it became impossible to tow the boat in which the goat was placed alongside the "Peace." We therefore got out a long rope and towed the boat astern, thinking all would go as usual, and that when the wind subsided we could just have her alongside again. But the water gradually broke over the bows, till she had just enough on board to make her steer badly, and then all at once she filled and went down. We have more than once before had similar experiences, but usually we had warnings enough to take the needful measures. This time, however, we no sooner realized that things were becoming dangerous than down she went.

'A poor little sheep, of no particular worth, swam about, and one of our men swam after it and brought it on board. Our fine goat, so valuable on account of its milk, was securely tied to one of the thwarts, and so could not save itself. So I have lost, till I get back to

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Bolobo again, my nice fresh milk that I prize so much, and your mother, the finest goat of her flock.'

TO GERTIE.

Bolobo, September 15, 1898.

'Father and mother have been very anxious to know how you got on at the doctor's—what he did to you, and how long you had to stay in London. We were very glad to get your letter the other day, and to learn you were so well through it all, though we had no details. . . .

'Your little sister Grace is growing quite fast, and is trying to write letters to everybody. She makes such lots of funny little straggling signs that are quite original, but keeps them fairly well in line, and regular as to size; but whether they are a's or b's or x's the cleverest of us cannot make out. However, you may soon expect to get some sort of an answer from your dear little G. I. G. She can sing several Bobangi hymns, has been to school once, and is going again to-day. Perhaps she may begin to recognize real letters, and how to make them, instead of her own original ones. I am sending you a new picture of your sister; it is not a very nice one, but it will show you that she is growing. She sends you lots of love, so does your Mother and also your affectionate Father.'

TO CARRIE.

Banalya, September 30, 1902.

'I have already written to you in reply to your long letter, and this is just a line or two, to tell you how I am getting on, and how I left mother. She was going to write you as I left. I am very sorry you had such a big fit of the "blues" just before you wrote. I'm very much afraid my letter about your holidays will have given you another. I shall not be at rest in my own mind till I hear from you, and know how you have taken it. . . .

‘Now about those wretched “blues” or “dumps”—what can I say to you? Girls about your age and with your volatile spirits are often subject to them, I fancy, so yours does not appeal to me as an extraordinary case. It has just got to be met by ordinary expedients, and first and foremost by your getting out of yourself as far as possible. Too much introspection does not tend to comfort, or to confidence in yourself.

‘I am glad you have friends in whom you can confide, wise friends, who, seeing your immediate symptoms, can prescribe for them better than I can, who am so far away. Like your poor self your poor father has had his fits of the “blues,” very bad fits at times. The cares of this life, and the cares of my position as a missionary, and the responsibilities of the work before me, all legitimate enough in their way (to say nothing of unfaithfulness), have been quite enough to weigh my poor spirit down, as the Pilgrim’s burden did. But just as sure as I get to the place where his rolled off, mine rolls off too! It does not matter what the load is, down it drops and disappears!

‘I think as I get older I am getting wiser in discerning the approach of the “blues,” and am becoming more humble, in recognizing that there’s only one thing to be done, and in doing it. Of course, when the burden falls off it does not fall off to set you free to please yourself, but that you may, in the fulness of a very blessed liberty, do the will of Him by whose grace you are freed. When I am at the foot of the Cross I always get a message from the loving face of Him who is nailed there, though I hear no word. I do not always rise up knowing just what to do, though it is often made quite plain; and in cases where it is not made plain I am enabled to go away with the fullest confidence in being

guided aright when the time for taking action comes, if I will but accept the Holy Spirit's leading.

‘It will be helpful to you, perhaps, if you get some good biography to read. So far as I am concerned I find nothing so interesting, and it seems to me good biographies teach just what I've tried to tell you above. I don't say you must not read other books, such as good novels, for instance, but you must not try to feed yourself on light literature. It is not “filling” enough to sustain a healthy constitution. You might with advantage, for I think you are old enough, read *Adam Bede*, if it comes in your way, and even if you have read it I should like you to read it again, with a special view to studying “Dinah Morris.” The authoress, I believe, was scarcely accepted as a consistent Christian, but she certainly could not have been far from the Kingdom, or she could not have drawn such a character.’

TO CARRIE.

Bolobo, October 13, 1903.

‘You will be wanting news of mother and father, and not a sermon! and seeing you have heard so little of late you ought to get quite a budget. You have been very good to send us such interesting letters, and we both of us greatly prize the daughterly affection that has prompted you to keep on writing at such length though you have had so little in reply. God bless you, dear Carrie!

‘The fact is, I had so much writing to do, as the result of the recent turn in Congo affairs, that I've had no time for anything else except the driest business. I need not tell you that many of the things said in England about the Congo are very wide of the mark. People at home do not understand—how can they?

‘You'll think father has got off on another line, and

is telling me nothing of what I want to hear! Well—where shall I begin? First of all, I'm very much better than I've been for a long time, and I'm getting quite hopeful again, though I am still anxiously waiting for permission to occupy new territory, and have had another great "set back" in the shape of a serious accident to the "Peace."

'On the 2nd we ran a trial trip, to see that all was right for the proposed journey up the Kwango. Everything went well, and we brought the steamer to her moorings intending to commence loading up the following week. On the night of the 5th, however, we had a very heavy storm, and the "Peace" was carried by the force of the wind and the waves from her moorings, and only narrowly escaped coming to the end of her history. Hearing the shouting on the beach, Mr. Stapleton and I soon got into some clothes and turned out to see what had happened, and found the poor old craft (on board of which you learnt to walk) blown up stream against the currents on to the long reef of rocks which stretches out into the river just above the station. We thought nothing could save her from pounding herself to pieces, and should not have been surprised had she crumpled up and gone down, for the wind was coming right across the six-mile stretch in front of Bolobo, and the waves broke on the beach in a style almost incredible for inland water. The "Carrie" was soon swamped and filled up—it took us a couple of days to dig her out of the sand! I fear she has finished her wanderings. She has been down at the bottom of the Congo several times, but has come home to wind up her career!

'The photos I send will give you some idea of the damage done above the water line, and the repairs



GRENFELL IN CAMP ON THE ARUWIMI RIVER, BELOW YAMBUYA RAPIDS.



MISSION STEAMER 'PEACE' AFTER A TORNADO, BOLOBO.
Photos: G. Grenfell.



Photo]

RIVERSIDE TOWN, BOPOTO.

[*Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.*

necessary, but there's a lot to be done to the hull, which does not show in the pictures. I never saw boys work better than they did in saving the "Peace," and though they have many and many a time given me a heart-ache because of their heedlessness, I felt quite proud of them for the way in which they struggled for the mastery over the storm, and, even though they had failed, as for quite a time I feared they would, I still should have been greatly encouraged by the evidence they had given of having grit in them. I sometimes say these people will take a lot of "saving," but they are well worth it after all!

'Since I commenced this letter we have had a serious tussle with a swarm of bees, and, so far, they are masters of the situation, notwithstanding I've had my sailor boys to help! Your mother heard that I was almost "eaten up," and rushed out to drag me off, and got such stings on her face and hands as have made her a sight to see, and rendered her glad of help in being dressed! I had a few stings, it is true, but taking care to pull them out at once, I have not suffered nearly as much as your mother.

"These bees had taken possession of one end of Melbourne Hall, the dispensary end, and some days it was impossible for Miss de Hailes to give out medicines, so something had to be done. It is a galvanized iron building lined with planks, and the bees had made a store-house for their honey between the iron sheets and the wooden lining. There were some very fine pieces of "comb" secured, some of them nearly a foot square; but, as I said before, the bees are still masters of the situation, though there are signs that they are preparing for a move, two big "swarms" being in course of formation.

'We are anxiously looking for the photos you have had taken, and are wondering if being twenty makes any visible change! You will see I am sending you two I have just taken of mother.

'Mother sends you lots of love, as I do too, and as we also do for Gertrude and Isabel. God bless you, dear children, and make the way for you all to be very, very plain, and especially plain just now for your dear, dear self!'

TO CARRIE.

Stanley Pool, February 3, 1904.

'We got back from the Kwango to Bolobo on January 26; but as we found the "Goodwill" there, waiting to bring us here for the Conference of Congo missionaries, we simply transferred our things from the "Peace," and came right on; that is, after getting our November and December letters which had accumulated during our absence.

'On the journey from which we have just returned we got as far as the Kingunji Falls, where it becomes impossible for steamers to further push their way. The last twenty miles or so was very difficult navigation, almost like climbing up stairs in places. Now and then it was so dangerous that several of the crew took off most of their clothes, in case they might have to swim for it.

'The current, by reason of the heavy rains, was much stronger than on my previous visit in 1886. (I left you with your mother at Stanley Pool that time, and three months later we started for England.) The current this time was so strong that we were unable to make headway against it with the "Isabel" in tow, so we left it behind at one of the trading factories.

'This being the case, when we reached Kingunji I

did not feel it would be wise to continue my journey on beyond, as I intended, seeing I should have to go in an open boat. In my comfortable canoe, the "Isabel," I should not have minded a spell of bad weather ; but to face rain and wind every day and a tropical storm most nights, as we were doing just then, would be particularly hard upon your poor old father, as well as his crew.

'Turning back was made all the simpler for me, as the Commissaire of the District happened to reach Kingunji while we were there, and kindly promised to take Luvusu and Dala with him to Kiamvo's, to which point (some six days beyond) I had hoped to convey them. I also wrote a letter to the missionaries at Kibokolo, which the Commissaire kindly agreed to send off from the Portuguese post, with a view to finding out, if possible, the route by which the caravans make their way westward, and the time required to reach Kibokolo from the Upper Kwango.

'Another fact which weighed with me was that the journey had taken us twice as long as I had anticipated, and the time was fast approaching when I must start for Yalamba and Yakusu once more. Your mother has written you the news of the journey, so I need not go over it again, but will deal with some of the matters rising out of your letter.

'We are very glad to get a sight of Mr. Baynes' letter to you, and I have written thanking him for the interest he has taken in the settlement of the details of your going to Brussels. I am intending also to write to Sir Hugh and to Miss Hare, thanking them for all they have done for you. They have been most kind ! Mr. Baynes' letter and Miss Roberts' post-card I am sending back with this. The former, possibly, you may have reason for showing to some one some day.

‘You will find Brussels wonderfully different from quiet Sevenoaks, and the Rue de la Loi a great change after Walthamstow Hall and its green fields. However, if I remember right, the Rue de la Loi has a double row of trees, and is close to the Park, but of this I am not certain. You must tell me just where it is.

‘Whatever you may do, or leave undone, don’t forget your Bible reading—at least a chapter for every day, and one paragraph of the New Testament read and thoroughly grasped—I mean grasped in such a way as would enable you to explain what it was about; and this is not always so easy when it happens to be in the Epistles!

‘Brussels, as a capital city, has many attractions; its inhabitants pride themselves upon their city being a miniature Paris; but I want you to remember that all its brightness and life, as in every city, is very superficial, and though life there may be very charming for awhile, it is not easy to get any real and abiding satisfaction out of its brilliancy. I don’t know that I have ever been so utterly lonesome as in London or Brussels!

‘I do hope, dear Carrie, that you may have a very abiding sense of the nearness of the Lord Jesus, and then you will not be the least lonely, and if He is with you you will never be in danger. Mother and I are praying very especially for you. You will be sure to find difficulties. Your peculiar circumstances will be pretty certain to be brought home to you in a more or less uncomfortable manner from time to time, and you will need much grace and patience to run on unruffled.

‘You must bend all your energies to French, and then the sooner you are through, the sooner your pupilage will end! You must write and let us know what your subjects are, and give us an idea as to your “time-table.” So far as we are concerned, we can think

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of nothing which should take precedence of your devotions, and the French language, and if you attend to these we shall not mind your taking other things easily. If there are modern history lessons, you might with advantage add these, if you are so inclined. Take every opportunity of being out in the open air when the weather is fine. "Eye-gate" is no less important as leading to educational results than "ear-gate," that is, if you keep it open.

'It may be that as the daughter of a Protestant missionary you may have to share in some of the obloquy that Belgians are just now pouring out on Protestant missionaries on the Congo. They attribute much of the agitation *re* Congo affairs to the political aims of English missionaries. There is no doubt that great cruelties have been inflicted upon many of the Congo people, though only few instances have come under the personal observation of Baptist Missionary Society men. I have spoken out, as a good man and true should do, concerning those things that have come to my knowledge.

'We were much concerned to hear that the doctor's report concerning yourself was not as satisfactory as you hoped it would be. In what direction did he suggest weakness? You must write and tell us all you know. How about your poor ankle? . . .

'Be sure you write to Gertie and to Isabel, and give a little good advice from time to time from the exalted position of your twenty-first year.

'Be a good girl, dear Carrie! our hearts can know no greater comfort here than the assurance that our children are preparing for a happy and useful future when we shall have left them. Mother and I send you more love than we can say.'

CHAPTER XXI

BALKED BY THE STATE

Disappointment—Reproached by the Governor—Meeting with Bentley at Stanley Pool—Yalemba and Yambuya—Death of Mrs. Millman—Opposition of Romish Missionaries—Importance of Translation Work and Schools—Signs of Blessing at Bolobo—Notes on Industrial Training—Good Work of Disasi—Mawambi—Boy Scholars—A Bachelor Ménage—Evils of State Policy—Unity of Native Races—Death of George Moore at Yakusu—The Lualaba—Nyangwe—Illness of Grenfell—Return of Mr. Lawson Forfeitt—Interview with British Consul—Voyage up the Kwango—Progress at Yakusu and Upoto—First Hymn-book—Atrocities—The Engineer and Carpenter of the 'Peace'—Tsetse Flies—Sleeping Sickness—More Books Wanted—Crocodiles—The Lomami—Native Hymn-singing—Sickness Again.

GRENFELL'S last term of service on the Congo was marked by protracted disappointment and bitter disillusion. He returned to his work full of high hopes, planning great extensions, and believing that the dream of his life was yet to be fulfilled. He found himself balked by ruthless obstruction, and deceived by cynical disregard of obligations and promises. The consideration which the State had shown to Protestant Missions in earlier years was withdrawn. Regions from which Grenfell was warned off because of the dangerous 'unsettledness' of the natives, were thrown open to Roman Catholic Missions, and possessed by them.

Slow to believe that the ostentatious friendliness and profusely professed sympathy of King Leopold could be

mere make-believe, with that charity which 'thinketh no evil,' he too long retained his faith in the fair and benevolent intentions of the State Administration. His eyes were opened, and his grief was great.

The investigations of Consul Casement, and the Commission of Inquiry which Grenfell had urged King Leopold to appoint, made it impossible that he should continue to ascribe the responsibility of atrocities to ill-controlled underlings. The State was responsible, and he defended it no more. And no more did he hope that it might be moved by humanitarian appeal. Like others who had anticipated him in the recognition of the truth, his hope thereafter was in the pressure of public opinion from without.

The Commission for the Protection of Natives, which he had regarded as a valuable check upon evil-doers, assumed to him the aspect of a mere 'blind,' and he withdrew from it. When he was convinced, he spoke plainly, so plainly that the Governor, meeting him upon his last up-river journey, overwhelmed him with reproaches, affirming that of all the Protestant missionaries he had behaved worst.

The insinuation that he had connived at abominable cruelties, by maintaining an interested silence, was absurd upon the face of it, to all who knew the man. And in this matter it is not necessary that his biographer should be his apologist. In his letters he tells his own tale. But the perfidy of the State, ultimately undisguised, went far toward breaking his brave heart. His references to illness and depression become more frequent than of old, and he recognizes that trouble of mind is working physical mischief.

It is true that a gleam of light came at eventide. Some months before the end, the State gave him a

grudging and reluctant permit to occupy Yalembo, upon which his heart had long been set. But when he took effective and personal possession, he was already a dying man.

Upon his arrival in Congo, in November, 1901, he obtained an interview with the Vice-Governor-General, who professed much interest in his plans for commencing work on the Lower Aruwimi, and promised the most favourable consideration for definite application for sites. Grenfell went on his way encouraged, to be thwarted at every point. If the Vice-Governor's professions were sincere, and there is reason to believe they were, he was overruled by the Central Government at Brussels.

On December 9, Grenfell reached Bolobo, and on February 4 commenced a voyage to the Aruwimi. His start had been delayed, that he might attend the General Conference of Missionaries at Stanley Pool, and meet Bentley. The Conference was quite a success, I consider, and though I was sorry not to have been on my way up river, the "good time" we had there, and the joy of meeting Bentley, more than reconciled me to delay.

Respecting this voyage, he writes from Upoto, on his return journey, to Mr. Baynes: 'I reached Stanleyville on the 11th ult. and upon taking the needful steps with regard to our proposed extension north-eastward, had a very favourable reception by the Commissaire of the district, who promised, when communicating with the Governor-General on the subject, to commend my proposals.

'In pursuance of the object in view, I arrived at Yalembo on the 14th, a point fifteen miles east of the confluence of the Aruwimi with the Congo, and proceeded to measure out at that place what promises to

be a very important centre for Mission work, if we can but secure it.

On the 17th I reached Stanley's old camp on the Aruwimi, the point whence he started eastward on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and decided to make a request for a portion of this camp, as the second site we are desirous of occupying in the near future. Both sites are forty feet above the river, and have great natural advantages. Yalamba is in the midst of a populous district, and Stanley's Camp at Yambuya is at the lower end of the canoe transit on the Upper Aruwimi, and at the commencement of a populous belt. I have drawn plans to scale, and taken some six hundred altitudes of sun and stars for determining the geographical positions of these places, and have submitted them to both the Vice-Governor and the Commissaire of the District, with a formal request that our representative may be accorded permission to proceed with the acquisition of the land indicated, in the usual way.

At Upoto he met the news of the death of Mrs. Millman at Monsembe, soon after her arrival, and he writes: 'On reaching this place a few days ago I was greatly distressed to hear of poor Millman's sorrow. It is a burden the Lord alone can help him to bear! Yesterday we heard that Mrs. Dodds had gone down to Bolengi for medical advice, and are full of apprehension, lest the advice may be, "Go to England."'

By the middle of April he is back at Bolobo, and purposes to remain there until he gets a reply from the Governor respecting the new sites.

On April 23 he writes a long letter to Mr. Baynes, giving his views, which have been sought, on the subject of removing the steamers' headquarters from Bolobo to

Stanley Pool. He says he has just completed a ten weeks' voyage in the 'Peace,' and is sorry to have to admit that the consideration of the question of a new steamer cannot be long delayed. A new steamer would have to be built at the Pool, and not at Bolobo.

TO MR. BAYNES.
Bolobo, May 4, 1902.

'You will have gathered from my references to the activity of the Roman Catholic missionaries that we are face to face with forces which aim at minimizing our influence at every possible point. In any country such opposition would be a serious factor, but in the Congo State, where Roman Catholic missionaries have the active support of the Government, it constitutes a difficulty which people in a really free country cannot understand.

However, though we are not a little exercised thereby, we are not in despair. We have every confidence in "the weapons of our warfare." Many of the weapons Roman Catholic missionaries use we would not use, even though they were placed within reach; and, besides, they are weapons which win but little more than the appearance of victory. The weapon upon which we rely is "The Word," and this, unfortunately for themselves and for Christianity, the Roman Catholics seem afraid to wield. When they take to its use, we shall rejoice with them in their successes. Much of their recent success lies in more or less fictitious occupations, with a view to keeping us at a distance.

'The present phase of affairs is such as to lead one to write you a word or two on the paramount importance of translation work and schools. The people must have God's Word placed within their reach, and be taught to read it. *The good seed is "The Word,"* and this must be

sown: in this is the only hope of Evangelical Truth making its way in Africa. We white people cannot go everywhere preaching the Word, but with God's help we can scatter it far and wide.

'The opportunity for insisting on this is afforded not only by the fact that we are face to face with an opposition which can only be met by carrying out this policy of translations and schools, but also by the fact that Mr. Arthington seems to have provided for just such work. Men with distinct linguistic ability, and men who, like Bishop Tucker, are "mad on schools," are needed for the work before us.'

TO THE REV. J. HOWELL.

May 9.

'I have written to Mr. Baynes *re* steamer work, and have followed your admirable statement of the case, adding only one clause. This has reference to the bad beach at Bolobo. In January the "Goodwill" had a very bad time—rolled the funnel over into the river, whence it had to be fished up in the morning, together with the despatch-box! The night before we started up river we had another big storm, and for a while "Peace," "Plym," "Bristol," and "Goodwill" seemed as though they would be piled up together on the beach! The "Plym" knocked three holes in the bow of the "Goodwill" and we could not start till a six-foot patch had been bolted on to the latter.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, May 11.

'I had a very pleasant week with your brother and his wife at Upoto, on the way down river. They are wonderfully well, and, as usual, full of work. . . . So you have seen my friends, the Powells of Edenbridge. They have always been very "chummy" and hearty. And

you've been to Penzance also ! My poor mother's little place is four miles beyond, and out of the world, being on the way to nowhere. She is very old and feeble now, though she is still spared to us. I am glad to know that your mother is better again. She is a much younger woman than mine.'

By the end of May he has received a not very satisfactory reply from the Governor to the application for sites. He intends going up river again in the 'Peace' to Yakusu with stores, and then to Yambuya, there to take to canoe, and make another eastward journey.

TO MISS HAWKES.

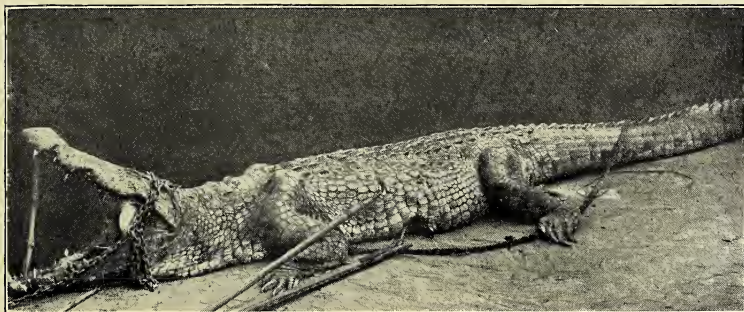
May, 1902.

'You will be glad to know that here at Bolobo, shorthanded as we are, we are not without evidences of progress and blessing. People are more willing to hear, and give heed to the message they have so long slighted. In fact, many are professing to have given their hearts to the Lord Jesus, and there are signs of good times coming. It has been a long seed-sowing, with but little in the way of harvest during the past three or four years. We got up to a certain point, a membership of nearly forty, and then stopped. We have a native evangelist out in a town some fifteen miles away, who is now entirely supported by the Bolobo Church, and who is carrying on a promising work. At a village about five miles to the south, where Miss de Hailes is working, there are several conversions, so things are beginning to move, and we are quite hopeful.'

On July 27 Grenfell writes to Mr. Baynes from Monsembe : 'I reached thus far on my way to the Aruwimi once more on the 25th.' Discussing the new steamer project, he remarks upon the advantages of a



LEOPOLDVILLE, STANLEY POOL
Photo: Rev. J. Howell.



MAN-EATING CROCODILE, BOPOTO,
Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



MISSION STEAMER 'ENDEAVOUR,' OFF KINSHASA BEACH.
Photo: Rev. J. Howell.

shallow-draught steamer, like the 'Peace,' 'advantages which, but for the fact of my having been so much tied down to the regular "tramp" service for the supply of the stations during recent years, would have been turned to better account.'

In the course of his voyage he wrote, and forwarded to Mr. Baynes, a paper on the 'Industrial Training for Natives on the Congo.' The following letter from Professor M. E. Sadler, Director of the Board of Education, London, will account for the task and appraise the execution.

'Board of Education Library, St. Stephen's House, Cannon Row, N.W., November 19, 1902. Dear Mr. Baynes, I have been reading with great interest and profit the notes on Industrial Training for Natives, written by the Rev. George Grenfell at your request, and beg that you will, when an opportunity offers, transmit to him our cordial thanks for his valuable contribution to our volume. It is short, but full of suggestive material, and I am particularly glad to think that it will appear among the other reports.'

From Yalembe Grenfell wrote Mr. Baynes, under date September 9, saying he was leaving the next morning to proceed up the Aruwimi, 'from the mouth of which we are some fifteen miles to the east.' He had received valuable letters of introduction to State officials on the Aruwimi, from his personal friend, Major Malfeyt, the High Commissioner Royal. He adds, 'The way seems clear for my making a journey considerably beyond my previous farthest. I have also lost a little time in procuring and fitting up the canoes in which I am intending to make my way when I leave the "Peace" at Yambuya, at which point further progress is barred by the rapids which stopped Stanley's steam flotilla in

1887, when he went in search of Emin Pasha. It seems to me that God in His goodness is making the way plain for me, and I pray that this journey may be to His glory.'

He then tells of the joy he had experienced in witnessing the progress of the work at the stations on his way up river—Monsembe, Upoto and Yakusu—and concludes, 'I told you of one of our young men having settled among his people at Yalamba, with a view to teaching them what he himself has learned. He is a very worthy Christian, and has already done something towards commencing a day school. On the Sunday I spent at his place on my way up river, I was present at a service in which a hundred people audibly joined in the Lord's Prayer in the Eonga language, in which, as yet, no Mission work has been done except by this young man Disasi.'

'The service was equally well attended the day before yesterday, and again I heard the people unite in the Lord's Prayer. To you at home this may not mean much, but I can remember the time when it was more than we could have heard in all Congoland; and this beginning of things at Yalamba seemed to me to be fraught with great and blessed possibilities for the near future, and filled my heart with joyous hope!'

Six weeks later he is nearing his objective, and writes to Mr. Baynes, on October 21, from Avakubi, Upper Ituri River: 'A further line or two, to report progress. On the maps this place is near the 28th meridian. To-morrow it is arranged that I start for Mawambi, a place practically on the 29th meridian. This leaves a degree of longitude still to be covered before reaching the British frontier, and a few more miles before reaching Mboga, the nearest of the Church Missionary Society Stations.

‘In view of the announced Church Missionary Society programme, Mawambi will be the farthest limit of our future sphere, and though I could easily arrange the transport, I do not propose to go beyond that point—though I must confess it is a great temptation to push on a little farther, and drink of the water of the Nile! Perhaps from Mawambi I may see Ruwenzori, as when conditions are favourable it is visible from that place. It will be something by way of recompense, if I can get a glimpse of the snow-capped Mountains of the Moon, which feed the sources of the Father of Rivers!

‘The carriers who take me on to Mawambi will bring me back say in a fortnight’s time, and in ten more days I may expect to be back at the “Peace” camp. Going down river will be very different from ascending it, especially at this season of heavy rains and floods.

‘God is very good to me, in the way of health and strength and, indeed, in every way! . . . I am told that a considerable part of the route between this place and Mawambi lies along the track already “picketed” for the railway between the Falls and the “Grand Lakes.” I touch it first three days away from Avakubi.’

In the end Grenfell got as far as Mawambi, eighty miles from the Uganda frontier, and wrote, ‘I could have gone on farther, had I cared to do so, but I was plainly in the Church Missionary Society field, and at the end of my pioneering for the Baptist Missionary Society in this direction.’

TO MR. BAYNES.

Yalemba, November 13.

‘With the purpose of getting to know something of the languages spoken in the country through which I have passed, I have brought down with me twelve youths, representatives of the three principal tribes

with whom I have come into contact. Some of these, we may hope, will in the future be messengers or help others to become messengers, of the Truth it will be our one desire they should learn during their stay with us. They came on the understanding that they work during the half of each day, and go to school the other half.

‘On these terms it seemed as though I could have secured almost any number, and many were greatly disappointed because I could not take them. Some of them absolutely cried! As soon as ever they have learned one or other of our school languages, I trust we may be able to put them into the care of a brother whose linguistic instincts specially qualify him for the gathering of vocabularies and grammar notes, which will be of the utmost importance when the time comes for us to occupy the Upper Aruwimi. They have already commenced “going to school,” for we have with us two teachers who have assisted at Bolobo, who give daily lessons to twenty young people on board the “Peace” and the “Bristol.”

‘As soon as I reach Bolobo I shall commence the putting together of the geographical notes I have collected, with a view to making a map, which I hope will be of service in helping you to realize the distances and bearings of the various points I have named.’

At Christmas he is back in Bolobo, making plans for forward work, when the opposition of the State should be overcome.

Prior to spending Christmas at Bolobo he went down to Stanley Pool. On New Year’s Day he was back again, to meet Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, and to confer with him and Mr. Howell concerning the transfer of the steamers from Bolobo to Kinshasa.

On January 18, 1903, he was summoned to the Pool in

haste, on account of Mrs. Gordon's serious illness, whom Mrs. Grenfell remained to nurse. This condemned him to a bachelor *ménage* on his return to Bolobo, of which he gives a very piquant description to his friend Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Birmingham.

'January 24. Your very kind and welcome letter of the close of November reached me last evening. The "Ville d'Anvers" (Government steamer) brought it up, and as the day was done when she arrived, the captain dined with me on the remains of the Congo fowl (pigeon size) which had served for my breakfast. I mean my mid-day meal, for somehow we have got into the continental mode of naming our feeding-times. I'm all by myself just now (will explain later), and, as is often the case, visitors seem to be more than usually numerous. Here, at Bolobo, we are on the main highway to the heart of the continent, and, as compared with our early days, "crowds" go by. I had five visitors to dine with me on Christmas Day (two Dutch and three French), and, instead of having the quiet day I was looking forward to, I had to drill my boys, and get something for the table. And you know I am so far from being a "domesticated" man that the effort must have been a trying one for me. However, I got through it.

'My chief engineer helped to cook, and the carpenter lent a hand to the steward, and the engineer's mate and the carpenter's ditto waited at table, Patience having most of the domestic staff with her at the Pool; and really we got on wonderfully well. The engineer & Co. had a big time with the fragments, which were by no means inconsiderable, for some of them had been out with my shot-gun the day before, and brought in a brace of partridges, and the party that went with the rifle had brought a deer.

‘To-night a Frenchman came along in a canoe, but as he was better known to my colleague, Clark, than to myself, and as Clark has his wife with him to fix up things, I only played the host to the extent of a cup of tea, and then handed him on. He comes from a point ten miles up stream on the other bank—has a bad tooth, which he wants drawn, but must have an anæsthetic! Can’t face the music without! And while I can draw a tooth if a man has nerve enough to look at the forceps, I don’t feel equal to holding his head up while I drag out the stump of a wisdom tooth from his lower jaw.

‘This much by way of introduction, and letting you into something of an idea of my circumstances. Oh, but I’ve not finished the introduction yet, for I meant to have told you something of my immediate circumstances. Time 8 p.m. I’m seated at the top of my dining-table (in top-boots to circumvent the mosquitoes); at the other end of the table are three boys—the cook and one of the brickmakers playing draughts, and Dalla (engineer’s mate) reading a book.

‘Dalla is the boy who used to “lay the table,” but who did not, as Isabel told somebody, “lay the eggs.” The cook is in “undress” uniform, and yesterday he was all glorious in khaki and felt (coat 1s., pants 10d., hat 7½d.), and I took his photo! Dalla and the brickmaker are in butcher’s blue; I’m in my shirt-sleeves, but I’ve a collar on and a tie! While my French visitor was here I wore a white jacket, also a black “cummerbund,” but as soon as I had “passed him on,” I lapsed into the liberty of braces, though I am not sure but that I shall have to don the jacket again, for the mosquitoes are making light of shirt and undervest, and boring through them to get my blood! But I’m not telling you how it

is that, though in my Congo home, I'm living a bachelor life—of course it is because my wife is away.'

There was sickness at Stanley Pool, and also at Bolobo. He himself has not been well. Early in February, however, he starts up river on another voyage, marked at the outset by many provoking delays. He fears that these delays may prevent his making the journey south from Stanley Falls upon which his heart is set. It would be a great disappointment to him; but he would take it calmly, believing simply that his way was determined by wisdom greater than his own. He was twenty days reaching Upoto, and reports having had a miserable time during part of the journey, being shut up in his cabin with fever and cold.

His letters *en voyage* are numerous, and most of them contain references to the distress and disappointment inflicted upon him by the steadfast refusal of the State to grant new sites.

From 'near the Lubi River,' on March 10, he writes a long letter to Mr. Baynes, containing an important pronouncement on the defects of the Congo State system. 'I am not a little concerned about a matter in which I think ——'s influence might be very beneficially exercised. I want you, when the occasion offers, to bring to his notice the fact that the Congo State is doing little or nothing towards the development among the natives of a class whose great interest it shall be to maintain the *status quo*. —— understands how much British success in colonizing has been dependent upon the aim of our administrators to make it to the interest of an important, and, as far as may be, a numerous class to support the Government. . . .

'South Africa is apparently destined to become a white man's country, in a sense that can never be true of

the Congo. The white man by mere force of numbers can possibly always dominate the position south of the Zambesi; but it is hopeless for him to think of doing so to the north. The power to be firmly established on the Congo is one that shall be based upon the self-interest of the people, or upon that of a leading class. Very considerable enlightenment is being acquired by the natives in the whole of the black man's belt of Africa. As soldiers, many of the *élite* of the present generation of Congo men are widely travelled, and have developed a wonderful amount of resourcefulness, and, at the same time, have come to understand in how many directions their privileges and liberty are being curtailed. Instead of the creation of a large class who recognize it as to their interest to support the Government, the very reverse is the case! The gradual development of a more or less educated community, with a personal interest in the exploitation of the resources of their country, could be counted upon to lend stability to the authority under which it prospered.

'The world is now too old, and the circumstances of the tropics are too adverse, to allow of the Congo being successfully administered without the intelligent co-operation of the heads of the people, or without very cogent appeals to the self-interest of at least a very considerable section. Educational facilities for the intelligent, and business opportunities for the enterprising, would soon create a class whose sympathies would be in favour of a stable Government. . . .

'Britain would find it difficult to maintain her authority among Africans, if she had to depend, in the last resort, upon African troops, though she can draw levies from the extreme corners of the continent. The Congo people are all neighbours, speaking languages (all

derived from a by no means remote mother tongue) which allow of the *lingua franca*, in course of evolution, being spoken and largely understood from Banana on the coast to Lado on the Nile! They all belong to one great family, are in no way separated by differences of creed, and are fast forgetting their old inter-tribal feuds. I have met officials who are by no means blind to the possibilities that are suggested by such facts, but the Congo service is not generally regarded as a career, so the possibilities are not taken seriously. "It will last my time," I have heard as a full and sufficient reply in several instances.

'In writing as I do I would not have you think that I apprehend any immediate difficulty. The difficulty I foresee is yet some distance in the future, but how far, is not to be forecast. If the developments since the founding of the Congo State are continued at the same pace, great changes will have to be provided for a few years hence, and these changes can only be intelligently appreciated and provided for by men who make the Congo service a life-career. Doubtless, "things will last my time;" but it would be an infinite satisfaction for me to see them shaping away from instead of towards disaster.

'Forgive me, my dear Mr. Baynes, for bothering you with my thoughts on this topic. They are written as I stand alongside the "wheel" on the "Peace," and I fear they may seem very incoherent; you will, however, recognize the importance of the subject on which I write, though you fail to see the wisdom of my suggestions; and as possibly the opportunity may occur for your securing the attention of those who alone are able to deal with the matter, I commend them to your very serious thought.'

Grenfell reached Yakusu on March 20, after a long and most trying voyage. His stay there was utterly distressful. He was seriously ill for a fortnight himself, and sorrow was heaped upon sorrow for him, by the illness and death of his young colleague, George Moore, who was to have accompanied him upon his journey south. Moore died on Easter Sunday, the death that was transfigured by faith in Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life. Of course, in the sad circumstances, Grenfell's friends at Yakusu endeavoured to dissuade him from his projected journey ; but he said, ' If God gives me the strength to go, I am going on ;' and he went. Some few notes only of this journey can be presented.

On the eve of starting he wrote to Mr. Hawkes : ' This event [the death of Moore] has resulted in the postponing of the start from April 15 to 20 (to-morrow), and all being well the " Peace " will take me up to the foot of the Falls by about three o'clock to-morrow. While the two canoes I have had fitted with roofs over the middle sections are being got round the seventh cataract (as the last of the Stanley Falls is called), my belongings and myself will find our way by the road that has been made to smooth water beyond.

' There are six other cataracts to be passed before the Stanley Falls series will be behind us (five days' hard work), and then we shall have open water for nearly three hundred miles, or to about fifty miles from Nyangwe. I am hoping to get as far as Kasongo's town, forty miles beyond Nyangwe ; but man proposes, God disposes : I am in His hands. One of the young men in my company was sold away from Kasongo's some fifteen or sixteen years ago, and has never since seen his home. I have also another young man with me from the same district, but he has only been absent some five or six

years. Both are members of our Bolobo Church, and the elder of the two is a very earnest and capable worker, quite a good speaker, and I am hoping with his help to hold some interesting services.'

TO MR. THOMAS LEWIS.

Mulamba Shambola, Lualaba River, May 10.

'It is Sunday evening, and I am having a quiet time in camp, and naturally enough I'm thinking of old times and old friends, and also my still unfulfilled promise to write to you. You will be wondering where Mulamba Shambola is. Well, it is really on the Congo, which beyond Stanley Falls is mostly known as the Lualaba. Another fifty miles to the south and thirty to the east, and I shall be at Nyangwe, the place where Livingstone stayed for quite a time on his last and memorable journey, and where he saw such terrible results of the Arab sway as moved him to make those soul-stirring appeals to Christendom which did so much towards the founding of Central African Missions a quarter of a century ago. If God wills, I shall be spending next Sunday in Nyangwe.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Nyangwe, May 24.

'My farthest point this time was Kasongo's, some forty miles beyond where I am staying the Sunday and writing this short note. The journey has been a most interesting one, and I have learned many things it was impossible to learn save by going over the ground.'

This letter contains many interesting facts which lack of space rules out, and concludes: 'I think I told you I had not been very well. I'm all right again now, thank God! On the sixth day after leaving the Falls I came to a stop, and almost turned back, but after a few days' rest I was well enough to go on.'

By the middle of June he was at Yalamba, on the return journey, lamenting that, 'the cloud caused by the refusal of the State to grant the sites for which we applied has been over me all the while I have been away south. I returned safely a few days ago, to find my mails waiting for me, and the position in no way mended by the announcement in the March *Bulletin Official* of 2500 acres having been ceded to the Premontant Fathers in that same district to which we are looking.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Upoto, July 5.

'I reached Yalamba nearly a month ago, but since that time have done little or nothing. The enclosed letter [quoted above] is the only thing in the way of correspondence that I have attempted. The fact is, I have been unwell again—enteritis, dysentery, etc. Williams reached Yalamba just as the dysentery was declaring itself, and brought me down to Basoko, that I might see the doctor. We stayed there from the Friday till the Monday, by which time the symptoms were much less serious, and then came on here, arriving on the 3rd. . . .

'If I am well enough, I shall be making a start on the 8th. If I continue to make the progress I have made during the past few days, I shall be quite equal to the journey by the time Tuesday comes round, though just now I'm very shaky. The attack was very severe while it lasted, and I suffered a good deal, but I'm quite convalescent now.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Upoto, July 6.

'I pray the Committee may not be discouraged because of this rebuff. There's an infinitude of work

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to be done on the Congo! If we cannot for the present obtain other stations, we must enlarge our operations at the points we already occupy. We must establish schools and out-stations, teach the people to read, and give them the Gospel in print in their own dialects. . . . God give us more love, more wisdom, and more of the power of His Spirit for the Work!’

During August his occupations are various, as usual. They include a long, important and statesmanlike letter to the Vice-Governor, urging the appointment of a Special Commissioner, ‘to be charged with the investigation of certain matters which appeal to me as important for the well-being of the people and of the State itself.’

A letter in the same sense was despatched by him to King Leopold. Also he had both steamers on the slip-way, and writes: ‘The poor old “Peace” is in a really bad way, but I shall have to patch her up somehow for a year or two yet. Perhaps she will last my time! As soon as she is ready, I am proposing to go up the Kwango; and by the end of the year I hope to be starting for Yalembe again, to do something serious there.’

At the end of August Grenfell and Lawson Forfeitt met at Stanley Pool, to talk over important matters. They also had interviews with the Vice-Governor, who happened to be there at the time, on Congo State affairs. As a result Grenfell wrote, urging the Committee to call Mr. Forfeitt home, for conference respecting the critical situation on the Congo.

In his letter to Mr. Baynes he said: ‘I very strongly urge the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to call our Congo Secretary to England, to confer with him. . . . I believe Bentley is with me in believing that no one

takes a saner view of matters than our Secretary. . . . Mr. Forfeitt being the legal representative of the Society, being also "well seen" by the authorities, and enjoying the fullest confidence of his colleagues, as well as by reason of his long experience in more or less delicate negotiations with the Government, is marked out as the one member of our Society peculiarly fitted to advise with our Committee at the present juncture.'

This appeal was also endorsed by Bentley, and in response a cablegram was despatched by Mr. Baynes to Mr. Forfeitt, recalling him to England for a time.

As Grenfell had been far from well, Mr. Forfeitt advised him to seek advice of Dr. Sims, of Matadi. Seeing that Grenfell could not face the two days' journey to Matadi by train, Dr. Sims most kindly met him at Tumba (half-way), to which point he and Mr. Forfeitt travelled together from the Pool.

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT, WHO IS ABOUT TO
START FOR ENGLAND.

Kinshasa, September 11.

'With regard to the Commission for the Protection of Natives,¹ both Bentley and I, in view of the difficulty in securing a sitting (by reason of the long distances separating the members of the said Commission principally), have availed ourselves on several occasions of the facilities afforded us for addressing the Governor-General direct, in accordance with terms specially inserted when the Commission was reconstituted. We flatter ourselves that our communications have been as well received as those of the United Commission, and that they have been effective in calling attention to the points raised. All being well, we leave for Bolobo on the 14th.'

On the journey he had an interview with the British

¹ As to which there had been much criticism in England.

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Consul, who was on his way down river, after making investigations as to atrocities, and affirmed that having 'only commenced his inquiries as to the state of affairs on the Upper Congo, he has secured a mass of terrible evidence.'

After his interview with the British Consul Grenfell promptly wrote to the Secretary of State of the Congo Independent State, Brussels, resigning his place on the Commission for the Protection of the Natives, being convinced that it had chiefly been intended as a 'blind,' and that the Congo authorities were responsible for the mis-government and atrocities accompanying the system in force.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, October 9.

'This week I've been much upset by an accident to the "Peace." She was carried from her moorings by a heavy storm on Monday night, and only narrowly escaped being entirely lost. The enclosed photograph will give you some idea as to the repairs I have to make before carrying out my proposed Kwango journey, which cannot now be made till early in December.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, November 14.

'I am not without hope that by the time you get to England Congo questions will be so far before the world that a specialist like yourself from the field will be able to afford very welcome help at many points, and especially to demonstrate to how serious a degree Article VI. of the General Act of Berlin has been disregarded. In 1885 Bentley was on the spot at the psychological moment, and did valiant service. I trust you may be specially helped, and have the right word given you in very gracious measure!'

Grenfell had intimate and confidential correspondence with the British Consuls, and was able to render them valuable help in their work. On December 18 he wrote from s.s. 'Peace,' Bwemba, to the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt: 'Enclosed you will find a letter I have written to Consul Casement, in reply to that he sent me through you, some time before you left for England. You will kindly forward it for me. You might show Mr. Baynes what I have written.'

Then he tells of recent incidents of mis-government and says: 'I tell you of this, that you may be prepared for arguments Brussels will very naturally use. I am sending under another cover copies of sundry communications which have come into my hands. I have received permission to pass them on to you for your use, if you find them of service. . . . I am here on my way to the Kwango. Expect to be back at Bolobo at the close of January.'

TO THE REV. J. HOWELL.

Kalakitina, Kwango River, December 26.
'I have just finished my seventh day up the Kasai and the Kwango. In the Kasai we averaged sixteen knots per diem, and on the Kwango we are not doing twelve! So far, we have stopped from six to ten times each day, to get up steam to get round strong points—have been swept back by the current most ignominiously on several occasions! I have never had to face such a continuous body of strong water, and the poor old "Peace," I suppose, was never in worse fettle for it. We have ninety knots to do on the Kwango before we reach the rapids, and about the same distance to do beyond, by canoe, if our programme is carried out. This will take us a few miles south of Kibokolo, but how far to east is not at all certain.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT (IN ENGLAND).

Stanley Pool, February 3, 1904.

‘I’m very much “played out,” and want a quiet time. The Conference with its three sessions per day, on the top of the stress of the Kwango journey, has been a bit too trying for one of my years.’

During this year (1904) the matter of new sites was ever present to Grenfell’s mind. He took the keenest interest in Mr. Lawson Forfeitt’s mission to England, and was well pleased to have Mr. Baynes’s warm approval of the suggestion which led to Mr. Forfeitt’s temporary recall. For some time he hoped that since the State had occupied a site at Mundungu on the Itimbiri river which the Society had purchased, Mr. Forfeitt might be able to negotiate an exchange of Mundungu for Yalembea.

Mr. Forfeitt did ultimately secure a site at Yalembea, but only on lease; and to this day the State holds the Mission property at Mundungu, and takes a rent for Yalembea. Meanwhile the long delay, and the persistent check to Grenfell’s forward-reaching purpose, so depressed him that he often had to take shame to himself for the inadequacy of his rejoicing in the splendid progress of the Mission at Yakusu and Upoto, where the eagerness of the people for instruction was intense and wide-spread beyond precedent.

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, February 20.

‘Your kindly references to myself afforded me much consolation, for, as I need hardly tell you, I have felt the stress of our recent circumstances in no light measure. However, upon no one’s shoulders has the burden fallen more heavily than upon your own, and you have our very sincerest sympathy in what has been involved by the year of the Congo crisis, as well as by the work in

China and other fields. Our prayers often ascend on your behalf. . . .

‘Our young people are greatly pleased to have the message of thanks from the Committee for what they did on the night of October 5 in saving the “Peace” from breaking up on the rocks. It is a recognition which will not be thrown away upon them. Like the rest of the world, they like to know their efforts are appreciated.’

TO MISS HAWKES.

Bolobo, April 11.

‘If there are some things that cause anxiety, we have great compensations in the good news from Yakusu, where the desire to learn to read still continues to spread in the most encouraging manner. From Upoto also we hear of the branch schools inland making really wonderful progress, and of there being good promise of the “reading fever” catching on there also. . . .

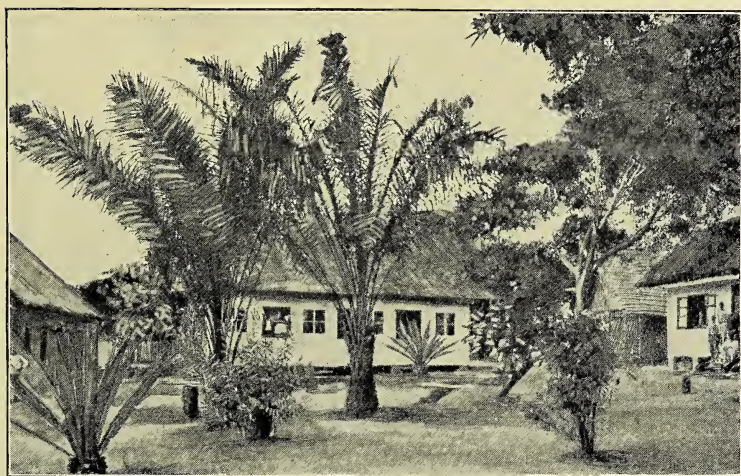
‘The Government is introducing quite a new system of taxation, but it is altogether too elaborate, in my opinion, to be practicable, and lends itself, or promises to lend itself in the hands of unscrupulous agents, to very serious abuses. We shall see how it works out when it comes into operation. . . .

‘We have had baptismal services most months lately, though we are admitting only two or three at a time. So you see our little Church continues to grow. Our Day schools and Sunday schools are also prospering, and we shall soon have to think of more accommodation. Yesterday there were nearly two hundred and fifty scholars present, and just now, as we are having it particularly hot, it is no small effort that is required to work such a crowd.’



[Photo: G. Grenfell.]

THE B.M.S. MISSION CHURCH, BOLOBO.



'PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE,' BOLOBO.

The Recent Revelations 515

TO MR. JOSEPH HAWKES.

Bolobo, April 14.

'You at home will be laying most stress upon news from the seat of war [Boer War]. Missionaries and State people alike out here look first for news concerning Congo affairs, for every one regards the anti-Congo campaign as a serious matter. You can easily imagine the Protestant missionary is not a popular man just now on the Congo. However, I am glad to believe that there is not one of us who cares for being popular or not, so long as he can do the right thing.

'For myself, I may say that the recent "revelations" are as much revelations to me as they are to the world at large. I had come to believe that such things were no longer possible, and when I met Consul Casement coming down river with a mass of evidence I was bound to respect, I was so upset that I almost turned the "Peace" down river, that I might go at once to Europe and represent matters in the highest places.

'However, I did wisely in resisting the impulse, for I could have done nothing which has not since been done in a much more emphatic manner than would have been possible to one who had no direct evidence to give. I hear of quite a number of prosecutions of both white and coloured agents of the State, and expect there will be some severe sentences.

'As I have said, times and again, the laws are good and sufficient. The difficulty lies in securing their observance. The present enforcement of them will exert very salutary influence; but it will remain still to provide for that influence becoming continuous, and not temporary in its operation.

'Some friends seem to think that because my name has not figured prominently, I have done nothing. As I

wrote to Mr. Stead in response to his request for my view, "It was not demonstrated that, because I did not write to the papers, I was not moving at all." It would of course be presumptuous for me to say that anything I have written to Boma or Brussels, or that I have said to the Governor-General in the three interviews with which he honoured me last year, has influenced the policy of the Congo State. However, seeing that steps now being taken in certain directions accord with opinions I have ventured to express, it may be that my views were not absolutely without weight in endorsing the need for certain reforms, which must have been apparent to every experienced onlooker who had seriously studied Congo matters on the spot.

'Naturally, I have been much pained by certain reflections in the denominational papers. However, I can sincerely say I have taken the course in which I felt I could best serve the interests of the people, and that I have not been as quiescent as some might imagine would be easy to prove, if I cared to enter upon a campaign of self-defence. For your information, however, I will say (you won't misunderstand me, I'm sure) that by last mail Consul Casement wrote thanking me for the "part" I had "played," and for the "assistance" I had rendered to the cause in which he had been so busy for the past few months. In a recent circular from the Mission House the Committee assured us they were not indifferent, as had been asserted, but that they would sympathetically receive any evidence as to the need for reform on the Congo.

'I enclose an extract from the *Almanach du Congo*. The writer is a Lieutenant in the *Force Publique*. He touches the crux of the whole matter—finance! You might imagine from what he writes that it is only the

Concession Companies who pay such small salaries, but I can assure you that a very large proportion of the State agents do not receive more than the companies give. As yet Belgium does not understand that Colonial officers must be specially trained and adequately paid, if they are in any way to steer clear of the thousand and one difficulties of Colonial administration.

'The State, in my opinion, will not only need more money to pay for better service, but will have to find it in face of a diminishing revenue from present sources. This, of course, is only "opinion." But, seeing that the last annual shipments of rubber were less than those of the previous year, and that rumour has it that the shortage will be really serious this year (some say by as much as a third!) obviously my opinion is not absolutely baseless. Financial pressure will not be more easily reckoned with than that of public opinion, and just what is to come of it all is not to be foreseen.

'Poor Carrie, as the daughter of a Protestant missionary, will not be having a pleasant time of it in Brussels, I fear. Last mail, for the first time for a very long while, brought us no letters from her, and, somehow, I have never felt so anxious on her behalf.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, April 18.

'The mails just in bring me word of no advance as regards our negotiations with Brussels *re* "Forward Sites," nor any reference to the "Endeavour." I am greatly disappointed.

'As you are aware, I have maintained that the lack of success we have had in our recent appeals to Brussels was the outcome of the political situation in Belgium, which made it difficult for his Majesty to maintain the friendly attitude of earlier years. This means of

consolation, I fear, is no longer valid, for *Le Mouvement des Missions Catholique* for February, to hand three days ago, contains the following:—"The Welle Mission is making a new extension, by the founding of a third post at Gumbali's, to the north-east. The recrudescence of the Protestant propaganda in the mission field, the request by his Majesty the King Leopold II., who wished to prevent (*prévenir*) the installation of Lutheran ministers, and the repeated requests of the natives, have determined our missionaries to delay no longer in putting this project into execution."

'The publication of such a paragraph is most significant, and distresses me not a little. It has the ring of an official injunction about it, indicating a great deal more than is on the surface. . . . It is too late in the world's history for the course of Evangelical Missions to be more than temporarily stopped.'

TO MR. THOMAS LEWIS.

Bolobo, April 18.

'Yours of December 16 must have crossed my last to your good self. Did I not write you a little earlier than that date, telling you of my trouble with the "Peace," and indulging in a sort of general wail? Your letter did my heart good, and cheered me up not a little when I got it. It was like "a draught of the elixir of life out of a quart jug." (Tell your brother's wife, when next you see her, I'm grateful to her for the simile!) I could almost feel the grip of your hand, and see the kindly light in Jennie's eyes. Eh, Tom lad, the memories of such are very precious in a far-off land!'

On May 3, ten miles south of the Equator, Upper Congo, he continued his letter to Mr. Lewis, as follows: "I've just put a line on the previous sheet, to complete the sentence I left unfinished upon the cry of "Sail ho!"

announcing the arrival of the steamer bringing the State functionary charged with the organization of the new "fiscal" system for the Congo.

'It seems as though the State, in revenge for the part played by Protestant missionaries, were going to worry us and make things as difficult and bothersome as possible. People in England have no conception of the "red tape" of continental officialdom, and the red tape of a continental colony is even more vexatious and inane.

'I have always been a law-abiding citizen, and so I set to work at once upon lists and declarations, that I might get them off my mind; but it took me just four solid days, and by the time I got through my head was in such a state that letter-writing was beyond me, so I put the finishing touches upon my preparations for the steamer journey, and started up river a week ago.

'I fear, notwithstanding my efforts to comply with the law, that some of our "orphans" may be taken from our care, and handed over to Roman Catholic missions; the officer informing us that "being a Roman Catholic State, it had no power to place orphans under other than Roman Catholic tutelage." They won't let us have more land, and now threaten to take some of our children away! I fear they will leave no stone unturned that can possibly be put in our way to hinder us.

'You see, the Roman Catholic politicians in Belgium are the party in power just now, and the clerics are having it all their own way. I wonder if they hope one day to get hold of the ropes, and pull them in England? I fancy, however, that at the first sign of such a tendency the Britisher would make as clean a sweep as they appear to be making at this time in France. It is just that sort of thing that John Bull would get awfully wild about. . . .

'On the second day out from Bolobo, we visited the out-station at Bongende, founded by Nkosi, and took part in examining the school he commenced, and at one of the services heard the people sing one of the hymns (No. 7) he translated for them. The language spoken there is quite different from that spoken at any other of our stations, and this little hymn-book is the first printed in it. There were more than a hundred present at the service, and if it had not been market day we should have had many more. Day scholars number about sixty.

'In the afternoon of the same day we visited the new outpost where poor Nkosi¹ lies buried. The white cross which marks his grave at the top of a cliff, about a hundred feet above the river, is visible from some two or three miles down stream, in fact, it makes quite a landmark.

'A few weeks more than twenty years have elapsed since I first landed at the foot of the same cliff, and was driven off at the point of the native spears. It was already sunset when I arrived, and it was two hours before we found a sandbank upon which we could camp for the night. The reception was very different this time. The teacher and a little crowd of school children stood on the beach to welcome us, and I spent a very pleasant time in the village on the plateau just beyond.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, June 26.

'The "Livingstone" came in last evening, bringing the Armstrongs and Ellerys, homeward-bound. Mr. Armstrong kindly takes charge of an important letter

¹ The teacher Nkosi was drowned by the upsetting of his canoe during a tornado.

of mine for Mr. Baynes, inside the cover of which I enclose this. He is also taking a twenty-page letter from Mr. Stannard to Dr. Guinness, detailing recent horrors (last month) that have transpired in the A.B.I.R. district—stories of cannibalism, etc., by A.B.I.R. sentries, following upon murder of women and children. Photographs of mutilated remains and two charred bones from one of these feasts are also on their way to Dr. Guinness. The State will have to move soon, and that very energetically, if it is to retain any vestige of the respect of its oldest friends. I am more distressed than I can say.'

In a letter of June 30, Grenfell tells of preparations for another trip up river, and on July 31 addressed the following to Miss Hawkes, of Birmingham, from S.S. "Peace," near Equatorville :—

'It is Sunday, and somehow on Sundays my heart seems specially drawn out to "dear ones at home." I've just finished a letter to the children, and now begin this to you, in the hope of getting ready for the post-office, which we hope to reach in a few hours' time. When we reached the military camp at Irebo yesterday, we found the Commandant there was very anxious about one of his men who had a bad arm, so I offered to take him on to the State station at Coquilhatville, some five miles beyond the Equator, where there is a doctor.

'Last night we reached one of our wooding camps, set to work and cut quite a pile of firewood, in readiness for making a good start early on Monday, after a quiet day to-day. However, this morning we found the poor man with the bad arm had had no sleep, and I did not at all like the idea of keeping him in his misery that we might rest. I therefore called my two headmen, Bungudi, the engineer, and Mawango, the carpenter (who is acting as mate and purser on board), and asked them what they

thought the Master would like us to do under the circumstances. They went and had a look at the poor sufferer, and a talk to two or three of the crew, and in a minute or two I heard them shouting for the fireman to "fire up." So, although it is Sunday, we are under way, and steaming ahead.

'Bungudi you know. Mawango is one of the three little "stowaways" who some fifteen years ago hid themselves among the firewood to escape from a slave caravan. You must have often heard me tell the story.

'Four days ago we had an awkward accident, for we smashed one of the cylinder covers, and had not a spare one on board to replace it. With the remaining engine we steamed to a sandbank a little ahead, to consider what was to be done. At first I thought there was nothing for it but to go back to Bolobo, for we had more than two thousand miles of running before us to complete our programme.

'As the cylinder cover had been broken into six pieces, and as one of the crew reported having seen one piece go overboard, Bungudi, the engineer, could not patch it together, but Mawango, the carpenter, made a new one of wood.¹ This is our third day of steaming with it, and it does wonderfully well. A little steam gets through the pores of the wood, but only a little, and each day the escape becomes less and less. So, except that it cost us nearly a day and a half on the sandbank, we are not much the worse. It might have been a serious accident to life or limb, but God's good providence, that has so markedly shielded the poor old "Peace" and those on board, still continues to protect them! As I get older, I realize more and more my dependence upon

¹ This wooden shell is now in the Baptist Missionary Society Museum in London.

God's presence and help; and more and more do I wonder at His goodness to me.

'Wednesday. Just at this point I have had a bite from one of the tsetse flies that are credited with doing so much harm among the natives. I enclose the harmless-looking enemy, which I've managed to pinch between my finger and thumb. We've been on the look-out for tsetse flies for years, but did not imagine we had them in the familiar "biyi" of the people. (Just had another bite, so I send both along!) They swarm in certain places, and make life a trial for the time being. Happily, they all hide themselves when the sun goes down; then, however, the mosquitoes begin. The puzzle is, where do these creatures get the germs of the sleeping sickness from? That they distribute them when they bite is now a well-established fact. Fortunately, it is quite possible to have the germs of the disease in the blood without much apparent harm being done; it is only when they get into the spinal fluid that they induce the characteristic symptoms of sleeping sickness.

'Since starting from Bolobo I've heard from Patience that three of the cases I left have terminated in death. Poor Bolobo! I thought I had reason to hope that so far as that place was concerned the worst was past, but it seems as though it will have to sink yet lower before things really begin to mend. All the fifty cases we counted in December last, except one about which we were mistaken, have proved fatal, and it is very doubtful if any of the fifty or so cases I left will survive till I get back. I suppose all who are at all susceptible will take the malady, for there seems to be no way of checking it. How many will be left, I wonder, when it runs its course? It is very, very sad to see the poor people dying off without being able to help them, and all the more sad

because their minds become lethargic as well as their bodies, and it is impossible to rouse them to think of the things we have so long been trying to teach them.

‘Our little Church, as yet, has suffered but very lightly—the better life the Christians live has, no doubt, helped them to resist the disease. Whether the natives are beginning to see there is a difference in our favour I don’t know, but something is making them very much more ready to listen to our message. Our services are crowded as they have never been before. Some are beginning to talk about building a bigger chapel. I’ve told them it is their place to find the money, and that if they will do that, I will draw the plans and give any needful help that way.

‘News from Yakusu continues to be most satisfactory, and is indeed very encouraging. The “Goodwill,” which has just come down from that place, brought big orders for more books to meet the demand for them. The old books are being used up very fast. When the beginners have got through their primers they find other beginners waiting to take them up. Many are learning to read from letters made in the sand.

‘When we were on a sandbank the other day mending our engine, the little boys while playing at building sand-houses found a crocodile’s nest with seventy-two eggs. Each egg was three inches long and two inches round the middle—a string of eggs six yards long in one nest. When they had taken the eggs they modelled a big crocodile in sand, and left it for mother crocodile on her return to the nest. The creatures kill lots of people every season, and so everybody is glad when one of them is killed, or when their nests are found.’

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TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

S.S. 'Peace,' near Ukataraka, August 13.

'The State ought really to take into consideration the Loika site, when they deal with our request for Yalembe. I suppose, however, that the present strong feeling against English missionaries will make them unwilling to have us at either place. But the "sacred rights of property" ought to avail us something. His Majesty himself used the words I have quoted. . . .

'Like yourself, I don't know what the end of it all will be, but I'm still looking for some good to come. The Inspectors and Commissaires are still "inquiring." Some officials are looking forward to increased collections of produce when the *prestations* of the decree of November last (forty hours' work per month for each adult) are enforced, and seem to quite anticipate the feasibility of the project. It can't be done without an immense increase of officials, possibly also of soldiers. Personally, I still regard the whole scheme as impracticable.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

S.S. 'Peace,' August 22.

'If all goes well, I hope to be at Yakusu in a fortnight, and to spend some little time in going over the district between Yalembe and that place, in company with Mr. Stapleton. The year will have nearly run out, if not quite, before I return down river. What a joy it would be for me if in the meantime news should come enabling a commencement to be made at Yalembe! The teachers I have placed there are more than a hundred miles from Yakusu, and need more oversight than we are able to give them. The people, too, are clamouring for a missionary.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

S.S. 'Peace,' Yakusu, September 10.

'I arrived here on the 3rd inst., having spent a couple of days at Yalamba, where the young men I left in charge have built a good clay-walled house, 50 feet by 16, and have nearly finished a store of equal size. School work is being regularly maintained, but the register of attendances is not what I hoped it might be. Services in the town are also maintained; at the one at which I was present I counted a hundred youths between six and sixteen, and some two hundred others. My helpers at this place have visited the neighbouring district, and have found many more villages than we expected to find, and a population much in excess of previous estimates, scattered in the forest, a few miles from the river-bank.

'Here at Yakusu, also, further knowledge of the country is proving that our estimates as to villages and people were below the mark. I refer to this, that you may not be disheartened by the reports concerning up-river prospects generally. If you had regarded similar reports a few years ago, there would have been no Yakusu Station to-day, and the history of our Society would have been minus one of its most remarkable chapters. God's Spirit is very manifestly working among the people. We are all compelled to allow it is not our doing, but God's.

'All being well, on the 13th Mr. Stapleton and myself start for a three weeks' voyage among the out-posts on the river-banks, dependent upon this Station. I came upon the first of them seventy miles down stream; quite a crowd of young people stood on the river side, and welcomed us by singing a translation of "There is a Happy Land." At Irundo, up a long,

narrow side channel which I visited just twenty years ago (a place which I do not think has since been visited by a missionary), I found a young man with a book given him by our Yalamba teacher (Yalamba is some twenty-five miles away), trying to teach the people to read. It was from Irundo that Mantu Parkinson's wife was stolen by the Arabs when she was a girl, some few months before my first visit. The people were much interested to hear of Aku, who is well remembered by some of her family, as they also were to hear of my having been there so long ago, and of the "Peace" having loaded up with a heavy cargo of fuel, in the shape of charred posts of their houses left standing after the Arab raid.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

S.S. 'Peace,' Lomami River, October 1.

'I am now on my way to the main river, after a fortnight's run up the Lomami, the big affluent from the south which joins the Congo about midway between Yalamba and Yakusu. It is just twenty years since I previously ascended this tributary stream;¹ and then I turned back, after making my way against its exceptionally strong current for something more than two hundred miles. As the Lomami falls in Mr. Stapleton's district, he has joined me for this journey, that he might learn something of its possibilities as a field for mission work; and also that we might together visit some twenty of the thirty out-stations attached to Yakusu which lie on the banks of the main river.

'We hoped this time to reach the limit of navigation,

¹ In a letter to Miss Hawkes of the same date, referring to the visit of twenty years before Grenfell wrote: 'The people had never seen a steamer before, and were often hostile. Several times they attacked us with flights of arrows from their bows, but we were always able to overcome their fears and get into communication, and buy the needful food.'

some eighty miles beyond our previous "farthest," but we left nearly a hundred miles of more or less open water still before us when we turned back. Had there been a fairly good prospect of securing food for our crew on the way, we should have faced the small rapids that exist at this time of the year (a month or two later there will be plenty of water everywhere); but as we had come across neither villages nor people during the last four days of our journey, there were no inducements to push on for an even longer stretch through equally unpromising country.

'We found that the people for the first hundred miles up the Lomami speak practically the same language as at Yakusu, so the Lokele field is proved to be even larger than we thought. We also touched the termini of two overland routes from the Lomami to the Congo, and secured the names of the villages *en route*. From the details given, these routes should furnish very promising lines for overland evangelistic tours, as soon as we may be able to detail some one for this work.

'At our turning-point we touched the terminus of the old Arab route, which runs north-east across the Lualaba at Kirundu, and on to the Upper Aruwimi, in which neighbourhood I traversed it for five marches during the journey I made a couple of years ago. The diminished population of the Upper Lomami is doubtless due to the Arab raiders, who had it practically "all their own way" between 1885 and 1893. I am told there are more people in these parts than there appears to be—the visits of the tax-gatherer resulting in the riverside villages being abandoned for the less accessible interior.

'The visits to the out-stations were most inspiring. In many of the villages the school houses were far and away the biggest buildings, and this entirely at the cost

of the natives themselves. Unfortunately, just now the supply of books and reading cards is quite inadequate, and in many places four or five scholars have to learn from one card, five inches by three inches, instead of having one apiece; but we are taking steps to remedy this. These out-stations, to say nothing of the prospective work along the Lomami and among the thirty or so villages that have sent deputations requesting teachers, and where, in some cases, schools have been built in anticipation, could keep a steamer and missionary well employed in going to and fro and looking after them.

‘We were again much impressed as to the need for better-trained teachers, but did not succeed in evolving any scheme for producing them that we could at present recommend to the consideration of the Committee. Possibly half the further applications for teachers may be met by the end of the year, but to find thirty seems to be impossible.’

Writing to his friend, Mr. Lewis, of Birmingham, from Yalamba, on October 11, in reference to the voyage described in the letter to Mr. Baynes, Grenfell says, ‘At several of the landing-places we were welcomed by the assembled “choir” of scholars with their teacher, singing translations of “Around the throne,” “Crown Him Lord of all,” and other well-known hymns. The singing, as singing, was often very poor, but there was no doubting the heartiness with which they sang. Even before the engines had stopped, and while we were still some distance off, the strains reached us. Remembering, what I could remember, about these places, one is not inclined to criticize the singing. For myself, my heart was too full, and I had to join in.

‘Some of these places I had seen in the possession

of the Arab raiders, some of them I had seen still smoking after the raiders had done their worst, and burned them out. In all of them wickedness and cruelty had had a long, long reign, and the people had suffered many sorrows. But now, surely, was the beginning of better days, for was not this the beginning of the rising of the "Sun of Righteousness, with Healing in His wings"? God has indeed been good to me, to let me see the dawn of such a day! . . .

'In the midst of our many difficulties it is no small encouragement to find things progressing as they are in this district, and that without putting the Society to any expense for either teachers or buildings. We have teachers in one or two villages that have never yet been visited by the missionaries, and among the waiting requests for teachers there are several more from places we have not yet reached. It is not merely the desire to read that is impelling them, for many of the "deputations" have come with definitely expressed anxiety about the message of which "the Book" tells them. Many of them have somehow come to realize that there are other things than those that can be handled and felt, and that there is another world than that in which they find themselves. We can only put it down to the gracious working of God's Holy Spirit upon the "Word" which has been scattered to places beyond where it was originally sown.'

In the middle of November Grenfell is back again at his Station, Bolobo, after long absence, and writes as follows to his colleague, the Rev. J. Howell: 'The Commission¹ having sat for six days, left on the 12th, in the afternoon. I've been on my back for most of the time, but I managed to be present twice, and to make certain

¹ King Leopold's Commission of Inquiry.

depositions. First of all, it was fever, now it is a temperature often below normal that troubles me. Yesterday morning it was a degree and a half below; but as it is half a degree nearer normal this morning, I'm hoping I have turned the corner, and that I shall feel equal to starting for the Pool on Wednesday. I intend taking the "Bristol," so as to relieve you of the Bolobo loads, and thus simplify your programme a bit. I am proposing that the "Peace" should go to Monsembe early in January, and on to Bopoto with C. J. D.'s things. But of that we will talk together. . . . The Commission goes to Lukolela, to Ikoko, Bolenge, Lolanga, and then to Monsembe.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT (IN ENGLAND).

S.S. 'Peace,' Kinshasa, November 22.

'The apologists for the State must be very hard up for arguments, when they trot out that old bogey of the trading missionary! I've heard nothing of it out here since our previous correspondence on this topic.

'The Commission stayed a week at Bolobo, and went forward on the 12th, evidently much impressed by the evidence submitted. Scrivener and his witnesses are likely to be called to Boma in January, when Malo-Malo is to be tried. Lake Mantumba, Lulonga River, Monsembe and on beyond was the programme before the Commissioners when they left Bolobo. . . .

'I'm much concerned to note the serious deficit of Baptist Missionary Society revenue, and sincerely hope that matters may soon be mended.'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, December 6.

'It is very significant that the way should be opened for English Roman Catholics, and closed against us. Evangelical Christianity does not breed the dumb cattle beloved of officialdom!'

TO MR. BAYNES.

Bolobo, December 30.

'I am sending you no report for the past year, for, so far as my own special purposes are concerned, I can chronicle no progress. I am still waiting, as you know, for the much-desired permission to instal at Yalamba or to go forward. . . .

'December of last year and January of this were mainly spent on the Kwango and Kasai rivers. May was devoted, in company with Mr. Harry Stonelake, to a visit to the Ngiri, and the country to the west of Monsembe, and between three and four months have been given up to a journey to Yakusu, and, in company with Mr. Stapleton, to visiting the Lomami. However, if I have been deeply disappointed at my own failure to go forward,¹ I have been greatly rejoiced by the evidences of real progress at Yakusu, Bopoto, Lukolela and Bolobo.

'In case you have not yet received the good news from Lukolela, I enclose Mr. Whitehead's last letter. During the Ngiri journey to which I have referred I called twice at the place on the Mubangi we are now occupying as an out-station. Mbuma, whom Mr. Whitehead has placed there as a teacher, was a little boy of about ten when as pilot's boy he joined the crew of the "Peace" on her first journey up river, more than twenty years ago.'

¹ Owing to the action of the State.

CHAPTER XXII

TO YALEMBA AT LAST!

Resignation of Mr. Baynes—Grenfell's Affection for him—Withdrawal from Monsembe—Visit to Out-Stations—'Keeping School'—Feuds at Yalembe—Unrest among the People—Misrepresentations—Conference at Kinshasa—Dr. Bentley's Death—Grenfell's Protest against the State—A Heavy Load for the 'Peace'—The 'Endeavour'—Wreck of the 'Roi des Belges'—Health of Missionaries.

THE year 1905 opened gloomily for Grenfell. The deadlock in the matter of sites continued. Obviously the State and the Roman Catholic Missions were conspiring to make things difficult for him and for his cause. About this time he quotes the interesting language of a Jesuit missionary, who in a magazine article incites the State to send all Protestant missionaries 'out of the country.'

His health is not vigorous, and in a letter to Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, dated January 18, referring to the trials of the last year or two, he says: 'That I have been downhearted at times and much discouraged is only natural, and you won't be surprised to know that as well as suffering in spirit I have suffered in body also, though I have not said much about it.'

Another matter weighed upon him. As far back as February, 1904, news had come to him that the resignation of Mr. Baynes was impending, news which he wrote, 'fills me with great apprehension. Who knows

Congo affairs as he does? or who else can so steer us through the present crisis?' At this time, indeed, these two men bore each other's burdens with the painfulness of true affection. Mr. Baynes's letters to Grenfell are charged with sympathy, which Grenfell reciprocated to the full; and as the year wore on it was gall and bitterness to him to know that one whom he regarded as his honoured and beloved 'chief,' should have been treated by the authorities in Brussels with signal discourtesy, letter after letter remaining unanswered and unacknowledged.

Meanwhile, though Yalembe was calling him with mystic iteration, he 'did the next thing,' according to his favourite motto. In February he started with Mr. Scrivener upon a tour of the out-stations in the Bolobo district, and enjoyed 'a good time, the inland posts being especially promising.' Nor was he always depressed. Though 'the clouds, instead of dispersing, are thickening, they will break up some day, and I am not at all despairing about the final outcome. Between the clouds are narrow rifts, through which I get gracious glimpses of the coming Kingdom of our God, which convince me more and more that all will be well in the end.' These words were written during a journey in April, undertaken that he might bring the Rev. J. H. Weeks down river from Monsembe, on his way to Wathen, the population of Monsembe being so reduced by State evils and other causes that the missionaries were withdrawn, and the station left to the care of native teachers.

As the year approaches its prime the mystic call of Yalembe becomes irresistible. In the middle of June Grenfell is too busy fitting the 'Peace' for a long up-river journey to write much to his friends. On June 24 he is still 'hanging on at Bolobo,' waiting, if



[Photo ; Rev. Wm. Forfeitt
RIVER BANK, YALEMBA, UPPER CONGO.



YALEMBA: GENERAL VIEW OF GRENFELL'S LAST STATION, 1906.

Photo ; Rev. John Howell.



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happily the way may be cleared, but determined to go in any case. And a few days later he started, making a deliberate progress toward the goal of his desire, visiting all the intervening stations and out-stations, and hoping ever that news would overtake him of an open door at Yalembo. The story of his voyage and of the realization of his hope is told graphically in the following letter to Mr. Thomas Lewis, dated s.s. 'Peace,' Yalembo, October 1, 1905.

'I have just received the news I have been waiting for so long—that our Society has at last secured a lease for this place, and that we are free to go on building, with a view to establishing our long-proposed station! I tell you I've had one of the longest and biggest fits of "the blues" over this business that I've ever had, but I trust I'm through it, and in the strength of this trust I'm beginning the pile of long-neglected letters that ought to have been seen to "ages" ago, but which till now I have not had the heart to touch; and I'm beginning with yours.

'It is now three months since I left Bolobo, and, with the exception of two spells of seven days each at this place, the whole of the time has been spent in the journey up river, in visiting the various outposts along the line, and in turning aside here and there where needful, to visit those not directly on my route. Altogether we have now over a hundred and twenty of these out-schools, of varying importance and promise; but I have not been able as yet to visit more than some seventy of them, though I am hoping to increase the number before I return.

'It has been a truly wonderful development of our work, and one for which we are but ill prepared in the way of trained teachers; but the demand from the

people to be taught has been so urgent that we have been compelled to send out such as we had, rather than wait for their being more fully equipped. In more than eighty cases the school houses have been built by the people, and the teachers are being maintained by our native Churches. In several cases our hands have been forced by the people, for they have built the school houses, and appointed teachers of their own from among those who had learned a little more than those who know absolutely nothing, at one or other of our schools.

‘Of course, with such a work going on, I ought to have kept a glad heart, and never got into “the blues” at all; but you know how my heart has been set on going forward, and what a weary time of waiting I have had. I fear that I’ve been terribly ungrateful about it, for, so long as my own pet project did not move towards accomplishment, it now seems to me as though I had been more or less in the sulks. Well, it is one more to be added to the terribly long list of failures, for which I pray to be forgiven.

‘However, I have not been under the clouds all the time, for bright gleams have broken through again and again; had it not been so, I must have given up in despair. I shall never forget one evening, a few weeks ago, as we were looking for a good camping-place among the reed-covered sandbanks, about half-way between this and Yakusu. There was a threatening sunset, and we sought a shelter from what promised to be the stormy quarter. Then suddenly we heard strike up “All hail the power” (Miles Lane), from on board one of the big fishing canoes among the reeds. We had not observed the canoe, but the crew had recognized the “Peace,” and gave us what to me was a glorious welcome which will long remain a blessed memory! We anchored right

there, and found that the boys on board this canoe and several others (they sleep out in these canoes for weeks together at the fishing season) had brought their lesson-books with them, and were "keeping school" in the fishing fleet, and teaching the hymns they had learned ashore to their comrades afloat. Whose heart would not be moved to hear "Crown Him Lord of all" under such circumstances?

'It was just about this same place that, twenty-one years ago, we came first into view of the burning villages of the big Arab slave-raid of 1884. I little thought to live to see so blessed a change, and my heart went forth in praise! Yes, God's Kingdom is surely coming; day by day the progress is not very apparent, but to me there is no fact more certain in the whole realm of Truth. The astounding thing about it is, that God is able to make use of such poor tools!

'Well, having received the permission to establish here at Yalembe, it is now for us to decide as to the "next thing." It seems pretty clear that this will be a journey to Bolobo for additional stores to proceed with the installation, and also to put the "Peace" on the slip for repairs. This latter project means going down river before the present month is out, or it may be we shall be caught by the low water, as we were last season, and again prevented from making repairs that become increasingly important as time goes by. This is an essential, from the point of view of securing the needful "forward" supplies; but is even more important, in view of the need for visiting our outposts in a systematic and persistent manner. I suppose it is not necessary for me to point out that our poorly-trained teachers—many of them without any training at all, and placed anywhere up to a hundred miles away from their main station—will

call for a lot of looking after, if we are to avoid difficulties that can easily become embarrassing for ourselves and our work.

‘Just now this part of the country is more or less in a state of unrest; the taxes have been greatly reduced, and the people in several places hereabouts are expending their energies on their own private feuds. In the village just opposite three or four men have been killed during the past month, and here at Yalembe last week I had to interfere, to prevent things becoming really too serious; as it was, there was lots of blood flowing, and one man seriously hurt. I got in between the rival factions, but my poor shouting was simply nowhere when they got a “howl” on, and I had to resort to a piece of bamboo I had in my hand for making an impression. They got it both sides indiscriminately when the lines closed up for another charge. They were over a hundred of them, many of them with no other covering than their shields, and armed to the teeth with knives, spears, bows and arrows, and all the savage panoply of the real old-time scrimmage—paint and feathers galore. They must have felt very ridiculous standing there, being licked with a stick by a little old white man. There was “glory” in it when they could get up close to one another and draw blood; but this was altogether too tame, and so they drew off, and let their tempers down. The next morning they allowed I had done well to give them the stick, “for,” said they, “if you had not interfered, somebody would have died.” These folk are not fools—only a very wild species of “wild Irishman.”¹

¹ Grenfell was of good courage, but like other brave men confessed to moments of trepidation. While staying at Underhill, in the early days of the Mission, he sustained a fright, creepy and long-drawn out, which remained with him in vivid memory. Lying in a canvas camp-bed at

‘(Just at this point I am pulled up by an incident that will stop my letter till I know how it ends—for the canoe I sent off a quarter of an hour ago with a letter for my wife has capsized, and I can see with my glass the crew of five struggling in the water three-quarters of a mile away, as I sit at my table. The boat has gone off to the rescue. *Half an hour later*—it is all right, boys are safely back, so also is the letter—it’s the fourth vain effort I’ve made to get it off—such is Congo!)

‘I began to tell you about the unrest among the people, but had not got so far as the most serious item—that of the killing of two white men at a rubber factory, about sixty miles away. Though it took place three weeks ago, absolutely no details have transpired, beyond the fact that the natives sacked the store, killed the soldiers (twenty-five), and took their guns, after they had killed the white men. The judge passed up a week ago to visit the scene, and was followed a few hours later by a small military force of a score or so. But if the natives have got hold of the ammunition as well as the guns (and it is so reported), I expect more serious measures will have to be taken.

‘The white men may or may not have brought it upon themselves; these are not the people to be “squeezed,” I am quite sure, and if the agents have been mad enough to resort to measures of which we have heard in other parts, they must have been lacking in ordinary foresight, to say the least of it!

‘I note the report of the Belgian Commission of

night, he was wakened by an uncanny, intermittent, upward pressure, accompanied by a hissing sound, which suggested that a big snake was astir beneath him. He stealthily groped for the match-box, which was missing. Not daring to rise in the dark, he lay in a cold sweat till day-break. Then facing the peril, he discovered, with emotion which can easily be imagined, that his dread disturber was *an old duck*.

Inquiry was promised for August. Naturally, we are all wondering what sort of impression it will make. If all the depositions are published, it will create an immense sensation—that is, if folk take the trouble to read it. A few who are specially interested will do so, without doubt ; but what does the bulk of the people care for Congo ?

‘My latest news of Carrie was that she had arrived in England ; but I’ve no direct news since June, when she wrote of her intention to get back to the old country during the coming month. Mr. Lawson Forfeitt met her at Oxford, at the dedication service of the “ Endeavour ; ” he tells me she was much better.’

At the end of August Mr. Baynes wrote the following letter, which Grenfell would receive upon his return to Bolobo, and which would give him no little joy: ‘My dear brother, how I wish I had time to write you a long letter ! There are fifty subjects I should be glad to discuss with you ; and to have a shake of your hand, and one of your old grips would do me an incalculable amount of good.

‘You will have heard before this of the interview that our brother Lawson Forfeitt had with the authorities in Brussels, and of the sanction he obtained for going on with our work, at any rate, at the one new station of Yalembo. Under these circumstances I feel it is clearly our duty to establish our work openly on that spot ; and it is with regard to this that I wish to write you officially.’

After suggestions for the permanent occupation of Yalembo the letter continues—

‘I am thankful to report to you that your daughters are spending the vacation at Brighton in the home of Miss Hare, a sister of the Lady Principal of the Seven-oaks Girls Mission School. Carrie is certainly better, and I have a very strong hope that she may still be able

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to devote herself to mission work on the Congo. I was thankful to find her so bright, and to hear from her that her stay at Brighton is not only doing her good, but her sisters also. I need not tell you what a rare pleasure it has been to me to render her any trifling help within my power. My reverence and affection for *you* would make any assistance to her a great delight.

‘We here in England are all waiting for the publication of the report of the Congo Commissioners. When it will come out, what will be its nature, and what its conclusions, are questions of infinite importance, and will lead, I am quite sure, to very definite and decided action on the part of our Committee. I long for the dawn of a complete change of policy. I am sure there is a grand future in store for the Congo State, if a righteous, humane and far-seeing Government policy can be initiated. It will come some day, perhaps not in my time; but it is a great country of almost infinite possibilities, and under righteous Government it will have a future second to none.

‘You have devoted your noble life to the truest interest of this great continent, and you will have the lasting satisfaction of having endured untold hardships, cruel and most unjust misrepresentations; but through it all you have maintained a character that will stand the most minute investigation, and you have made a noble self-sacrifice which will find its highest satisfaction in the Hereafter, with the “Well done, good and faithful servant.”’

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

S.S. ‘Peace,’ near Lukolela, October 27.

‘I met the Governor-General at Monsembe, and had a very disagreeable time with him; he said I had behaved worse than any of the other Protestant missionaries, and

was very angry. I'm exceedingly sorry things have turned out as they have, for the Mission's sake rather than my own. The unofficial report of what I said before the Commission is largely responsible for it, for the words I used, as I tried to point out to the Governor, are not nearly so offensive, and that in fact I did not intend them to be in any way offensive. However, I can't go back on what I said, and what I signed in my declaration. My words were, "I had been proud to wear the decorations his Majesty had conferred upon me, but that now I was no longer proud so to do." I spoke strongly, no doubt, but I felt strongly. I was asked by the Commissioners to speak freely, and as I was before a Royal Commission I felt myself free to do so ; but, if I had realized the possibility of being mis-reported I certainly should have said nothing about decorations at all.'

TO THE REV. WILLIAM FORFEITT.

Bolobo, November 26.

'You will have heard of my interview with the Governor-General. I felt very bad about it at first, but it has worn off, and I've become indifferent to a degree as to his attitude—though I expect I shall have to pay for it. I see, by a decree just recently published, that no new buildings may be erected, nor alterations made to existing ones, without first having obtained permission. This places new possibilities for hindering us in the hands of the State, though I am hoping it is mainly intended for the lower river.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, December 20.

'I have received the report.¹ It can hardly satisfy those who are dissatisfied, even though their dissatisfaction

¹ Report of King Leopold's Commission of Inquiry.

is of the mildest type. Even friends and supporters of the State *régime* (if they read it) will be made uneasy. It is very cleverly done, and well calculated to make it easy for those in power to introduce changes, without passing sentences that are too severe upon themselves. The question now is as to what the new Commission will do to mend matters. The fact that Jannsen, the President, is on it is a very hopeful sign. I'm still looking to financial pressure as the most promising and potent factor of the future. . . .

'I am glad to tell you that I'm feeling much better than when I wrote last, and am much more sanguine about getting down to the Conference and Committee. At one time I began to feel very uncertain as to the prospect. I'm very sorry I have not been able to go to Thysville to meet you; it would have been not only helpful, but would have been a great pleasure for me. I fear my attendances at Conference gatherings will not be so regular as they might be; that is, if I can only get hold of you to play truant with me, that we may make up for the lost opportunity upon which we counted.'

TO THE REV. WILLIAM FORFEITT.

Bolobo, December 22.

'We are all very sorry there is no chance of your being at the Committee meeting; with Lukolela, Upoto, and Yakusu unrepresented, it will be but a "lop-sided" affair! I believe all the other stations will be represented. I shall be hoping to make a start for Yalembe once more before January is out; but as we shall be heavily laden with the "Bristol" in tow, we shall be "making" a very leisurely progress.

'Here at Bolobo we are in great straits for "chop" for our people. Our lazy neighbours have been neglecting their plantations, and the consequence is they have not

enough for themselves, much less for the State. The kwanga tax is only being got together with great difficulty, and in miserably small dribblets.

‘Christmas and the New Year will have passed before you get this, but this will tell you that we are not forgetting to wish you every good. My wife joins with me in so doing. May 1906 mark even greater progress than this year, which has brought you so much to be thankful for in the matter of the work! Your latest news is full of encouragement for us all.’

Grenfell duly attended the Conference at Kinshasa. On the second day tidings reached him which perceptibly loosened his moorings in this world, and intensified his anticipations of the life beyond. The Conference opened on Tuesday evening, January 9. On Thursday at noon Mr. Lawson Forfeitt arrived from Matadi. Not expected by that train, he made his way immediately to Grenfell’s temporary home, took him out into a quiet place, and there told him the heavy news of Bentley’s death. How much this meant to Grenfell, it is difficult to realize. The two men were greatly different in gifts and temperament. During most of their missionary life they lived apart. But they were *men*, with manhood tremendously accentuated. They were utterly consecrated to their common cause. They were sure of each other’s unfaltering fidelity; the bonds of their affection were those iron bonds which are wrought into infrangibility by the shocks of long conflict endured in gallant comradeship.

Grenfell’s grief was in no small measure shared by the whole Conference. A memorial service was held on the Sunday, at which he gave the following address: ‘I am quite sure that in standing here as I do this morning, I have the sincere sympathy of you all. You



GRENFELL'S FAITHFUL ATTENDANTS AT YALEMBA AND BASOKO.

Representing five different tribes.

Photo: Rev. J. Howell.

BALUTI.
(Basoko.)

MAWANGU.
(Boboto.)

LUVUSU.
(Ba-Congo.)

NWANAMBILA.
(Bangala.)

NDALA.
(Bobangi.)



B.M.S. MISSIONARIES AT THE GENERAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE,
KINSHASA, JAN., 1906.

do not need to be told that to one who had already lost so many loving, helpful colleagues the news of the death of Dr. Bentley is nothing less than a staggering blow.

‘It only intensifies what has long been a mystery to me ; for why should I have been spared, while so many younger and better qualified, and stronger men, have been stricken by the angel of death ? And now Bentley has gone !

‘In one’s early life those “on the other side” who stand beckoning are comparatively few ; but one by one loved friends and fellow-workers cross the narrow sea and join their ranks. In my own case this has gone on till now the majority of those who have been dear to me, and of those with whom I have been privileged to work in unity of heart and purpose, have passed on before, and have made the other side to become the “home-land” of my poor human heart, as well as the real home-land where my Lord and Saviour dwells !

‘To us who live the more or less solitary lives of missionaries in heathen lands, the gaps that are made by death mean much more than they do to those who live in the more serried ranks of the old country. There, in many cases, the gaps are soon filled up by new associates or fresh interests. To us out here they persist ; and after awhile—say after a life like mine—one drops into a loneliness that at times brings a great sadness, but which is not without its compensations, in that it allows of a closer communion with God, and leads to a more complete dependence upon the Divine.

‘There are several of us here who can count more years than Bentley could, and this sad news which has reached us comes as a very emphatic warning to us to be also ready, as well as an incentive to apply ourselves more diligently to redeeming the time that of God’s

mercy still remains to us. In my own case it constitutes a warning I cannot help taking most seriously to heart.

‘At home, twenty-five years’ service would be counted as nothing remarkable; but those of us who have seen how our brother worked know that many of his single years should count as two, and we shall reckon ourselves happy if we can accomplish half as much in equal time. He was not only endowed with great natural ability, but with an extraordinary capacity for work. He could see so quickly the right thing to be done, and could in so many cases do it so readily, that it was not always easy to work in harness with him. However, a more devoted servant to his Master, or a truer-hearted and more affectionate fellow-worker it has never been my privilege to know.

‘The son of one of the best Hebrew scholars of his day, he was clever enough to be his father’s pride, even in matters linguistic; and the son of a large-hearted woman, whose motherly heart I rejoice to know found a corner for my poor self, he inherited an affectionate nature, which was the solace of both his parents, and which bound the hearts of his fellow-workers to his own with cords that will never be broken while memory lasts.

‘Yesterday I received a letter from him, written less than four weeks ago: a letter full of enthusiastic plans for the future, full of the optimism which was so markedly the characteristic of the man, and which had helped him blessedly in many a tight place. I read it, filled with the thought that my friend and brother had already gone hence, and that the projects, so far as he was concerned, had all been ruthlessly cut short by the strong hand of Death, and my heart was heavier and more sad than I can say.

‘Was I sad on his account? Not for a moment! I

was sorry for his poor wife, sorry for his dear children, sorry for our poor selves, who have lost so good, so brave a comrade in arms. I make bold to say that if only our individual selves were concerned, there are not a few of us who would count it a blessed thing to be standing at his side before the face of the Master.

“A good soldier of Jesus Christ,” he has departed to be with his Lord, which is “very far better.”

‘He has “fought the good fight,” he has “finished his course,” he has “kept the faith” and made good his claims to the crown of righteousness which the Lord hath laid up for those who love His appearing.’

During the Conference a strong resolution was passed, denouncing the mis-rule of the State, and on this subject Grenfell made a pronouncement which appears in the published report. He said: ‘Dr. Leslie [American Baptist Missionary Union] met with opposition from the natives, and overcame all difficulties. I have met it from the State, that “great philanthropic agency of Central Africa,” and have been effectually barred. When I first came to Congo there was no civilized power; the traders were a law unto themselves; and I had seen the evils of this at the Cameroons. There was then not a single missionary of the Cross in the land. I hailed the advent of a European power. I rejoiced in the prospect of better times. I saw the fall of the Arabs; I saw the door closed against strong drink, and when his Majesty bestowed his decorations upon me I was proud to wear them. But when the change of *régime* came, from philanthropy to self-seeking of the basest and most cruel kind, I was no longer proud of the decorations.

‘We are serving a great Master. We are on the winning side. Victory is not uncertain. Truth is

strong, and must prevail. We are checked, but not disheartened.'

The meetings of the Conference were followed by those of the Local Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, at the close of which Grenfell returned to Bolobo, to prepare for yet another voyage up river. And on this voyage, as Luvusu wrote, who accompanied him, 'he went up to die.'

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

Bolobo, February 12, 1906.

'I am glad to get the news about the lease, and of its being under way. The main stipulations I quite accept, and I am hoping the minor ones that I gather are to be included, will be such as we shall deem reasonable. One is sorry to have "doubts" about such matters and to be anxious about seeing it all "in black and white," but I must confess I shall look eagerly for your copy of all the conditions.

'Thanks for the news of the reception of your note *re* Bentley's death by the Governor.

'I have not yet traced the origin of the five shillings charged in 1899—have commenced making a thorough overhaul of my papers, and am keeping my eye on this, as well as the other and more important points I am hunting up.'

TO MISS HAWKES.

S.S. 'Peace,' Upper Congo, March 15.

'After my long silence I did not at all deserve to have such an early reply to my last letter. It reached us just as we were leaving Bolobo, and we were very glad to hear from your good self (as we always are), and I was especially glad to find you were not going to pay me back in "my own coin."

'The "we" who left Bolobo a week ago consisted of

Patience, Mr. Clark, and myself. Patience left us on the morning of the fourth day, or rather we left her, for she was going to stay a few days at our Bumbende out-station, and then visit the three other outposts lying between that place and Bolobo, on her way back in the boat, which we towed up for that purpose. These three outposts are in charge of three of our old steamer boys, and we consequently feel especially interested, and like to keep in touch with them. Two other posts are in charge of our old boys ; but Patience won't reach them this time. Last year I visited them all, but I shall hardly do it this. They all come in to Bolobo every two or three months, so they are in no way cut off. Besides, Mr. Scrivener makes a point of seeing them from time to time on his itinerating journey.

'When we started it looked as though the poor old "Peace" would not be able to make headway against the stream, for Bolobo is just at a point where the Congo narrows itself into a sort of bottle-neck, where the current is very strong. Three or four miles above our station the river is six or seven miles wide, and immediately below it is equally wide, while at the "bottle-neck" it is less than two. Not only had we the strong current to ace, but we had an exceptionally heavy load, in the shape of three boats and three canoes to tow alongside. There was the "Bristol," with doors and windows, locks, bolts and bars, nails and screws, and all the odds and ends required for building the new station, to say nothing of the brass wire and bales of cotton goods, to buy food and pay wages of workpeople ; altogether about seven tons. Then we had the station boat in which Patience was to return, with its load of tent and camping gear, and its paddles and paddlers ; the other boat was filled with firewood, for the "Peace" is too full

to allow of more than a few hours' wood being put on board.

'Happily, we are not dragging so heavily now, for the station boat is on its way back, and only one of the three canoes remains with us. This we keep with us all the way, and each night, as soon as we reach camp and "tie up," we start it off with three or four of the crew to catch fish for those on board the steamer. If we did not help ourselves in this way, we should have to fare very hardly at times, for fresh food is sometimes not to be bought for a week together.

'Yesterday I said "good-bye" to Mr. Clark at Lukolela; he went ashore there, and will stay till the "Goodwill" comes down and furnishes him with an opportunity for getting back to Bolobo. Mr. Howell is on the "Goodwill" this journey, and is hurrying back, so as to help with work on the "Endeavour." A captain of one of the steamers that has just come up from the Pool told me a couple of days ago that he saw the hull of the "Endeavour" on the beach at Kinshasa, apparently almost ready for launching, and the boilers were in readiness for being put on board. The "Endeavour" will be launched as soon as the carcase is riveted up, and all the engines, cabins, and upper structure put on board and finished when she is afloat. At this rate she may perhaps be ready earlier than was expected. When I was at the Pool in January, the idea was that she might be ready for the October journey to Yalembe and Yakusu. I am very much interested in the progress of the new steamer, for if she realizes our expectations I shall be relieved of all responsibility for the transport of cargo for our "forward" work, as she will deliver all I shall need at Yalembe. This will mean more in the way of help for my poor self than for any other member

of the Mission, and you can understand how interested I am in her success. Our steamers, so far, have been "screw-boats"; the "Endeavour" is a "stern-wheeler," a new departure for us, and with more or less of the unknown about her.

'So far, I must confess I have been prejudiced against stern-wheelers; but I shall only be too delighted if our new boat is a brilliant success, and dissipates all my prejudices. Stern-wheelers are very apt to be top-heavy, especially the smaller ones; but I am hoping the "Endeavour" will be altogether beyond the class of risky ones.

'On my way up river this time I got the details of the capsizing of the steamer "Roi des Belges" which was lost on the Kasai River a few weeks ago. It seems that as she was turning round a sharp corner, the current acting in one direction and the rudders in another, she just turned over, without giving any notice at all. An Italian doctor, whom I knew very well, and another official, were in the cabin at the time, and the pressure of water against the door prevented them from making any attempt to escape by swimming. The captain and engineer and two others found themselves in the water, but were able to scramble to the bottom of the boat, which was now out of the water, and on this they spent the whole of the night—it was just before sunset the disaster occurred.

'The following morning they found the steamer, upside down as she was, was drifting close enough to an island to induce them to swim for it; but one of the four succumbed. It was indeed in a pitiable plight that the three swimmers landed; they had scarcely anything in the way of clothes to protect them from sun and flies, and absolutely nothing to stay the pangs of hunger.

‘After a few hours, one of the three, a good swimmer, made up his mind to try to get to the mainland, and then to make his way to one of the State posts, some few miles below ; but he had hardly got more than thirty yards when with a great shout he threw up his hands and disappeared—taken by a crocodile !

‘The remaining two endured all the miseries of their position for two more days and two more nights before they were taken off by a passing boat. If they recover from the shock and from the strain to which they have been subjected they may count themselves fortunate. Experienced traveller as I am, I think three such nights would be my death. (I know the place very well ; it is only a hundred miles or so from Bolobo.) However, the “Roi des Belges” is a small steamer by the side of the “Endeavour,” and I don’t think it is at all possible that our larger one can behave in the same way ; still, it is excusable for me perhaps to be anxious for her to go through her trial trips, and prove herself the trustworthy craft we hope she is. The designer of the “Shamrocks” (Lipton’s American racing boats) passed the plans, and no one understood such matters better than he. You see, on the Thames, at Oxford, there was not water enough to allow of her being properly tried.

‘I suppose I ought to have kept my nervous notions to myself, and I certainly did not intend to write about them. I should not at all like the idea to get about that I am anxious. I wrote to the Committee before the builders began upon her ; and this was the reason they called in the famous designer, and decided to spend an extra £1000 on making her wider and more steady, so I really ought not to be in any way afraid ; but, all the same, I want to see her well through the testing she will have when she runs her trial trips on the Congo.

The 'Endeavour' Arrives 553

The "Endeavour" reached the Pool while I was down there in January ; the loads filled eight trucks, and were delivered at our siding, about a hundred yards from the beach and about sixty feet above the water-line. They will almost have slipped down into position of themselves, when once our people had put them on the rough tram-line they laid down, to connect the railway siding with the work-sheds on the beach. How different from our labour with the "Peace" and with the "Goodwill"! when everything had to be carried on men's heads up hill and down dale for more than two hundred miles through the cataract region! You will easily understand that it was no small satisfaction for me to see the "Endeavour" arrive, after having waited so long. From those portions that were open to view, I judge that both material and workmanship are of the best, and if the design is only as good, the "Endeavour" will be a great success.

'I happened to be down at the Pool, to meet the other members of our Committee for our annual meeting. As Chairman I had to make an effort to be there, though I could ill spare the time. The General Conference of Congo Missionaries was timed for a few days earlier ; so altogether we made up quite a gathering, fifty-three all told. . . .

"Our old friend Dingulu" is the only man left of those who settled the question as to whether or not we should be allowed to have a piece of land at Bolobo ; and but for him it would have been refused. As it was, we only got a small plot just a little more than was necessary for our tent. Bit by bit, however, we have been able to get more, till now we have a piece three hundred yards long by two hundred yards wide ; none too much, when one considers our dwelling-houses,

school, hospital, workshops, printing office, boys' houses, and so on. It is not too much, that is, if we are to have breathing-space between our buildings, and here in the tropics we want lots of breathing-space. . . .

'You will have observed, perhaps, the statement in the *Herald* about Mr. Oldrieve taking a bioscope out to the Congo, so as to secure a series of "living pictures" for exhibition at home. This instrument has been passed on to me for the Upper Congo pictures, and is then to be sent to China and India. I fear that really interesting pictures which could be shown at a missionary meeting at home are not very plentiful. I've taken a few at Bolobo, and hope they will turn out all right.

'Since writing the foregoing I have been into Lake Mantumba, to visit the American Baptist Mission there; and there I heard of the death of Mr. Rankin, of the C.B.M. Mr. Ellery, of the same Mission, died just three months ago; both leave widows. Mr. Rankin had only been married a fortnight. Mr. Ruskin, also of the same Mission, is on his way home to England, having been called thither on account of the serious condition of his wife, who went home some months ago with all the symptoms of "sleeping sickness." Mrs. Morgan, you may remember, after suffering for some time, apparently recovered while in England some two years ago; but she has been ill again, and left last month in the "Leopoldville," to be wrecked on the island of St. Thomas, if the report that has just reached us is true. The Camerons (Baptist Missionary Society) as well as Morgans were present at the Conference, and like them got the doctor's orders to go home. We are very much afraid Mrs. Weeks may also be ordered home. Mrs. Cameron was very well; it is Mr. Cameron whose health failed. Sutton Smith, at Yakusu, has been

suffering very severely from fever, and though he soon pulls himself together after a spell of high temperature (he went up to 105'8 just before last news left), we can't let him go on indefinitely facing the risk involved, unless the attacks become fewer and less severe.

'You refer to Bentley's death. The news reached me when I was down at the Pool, and it was indeed a shock. Bentley's death and Mr. Baynes' leaving the Mission House weigh me down with a loneliness that makes me very, very sad at heart. Without my best friend and nearest colleague on the field, and without the Secretary at home with whom I have had such long and intimate correspondence, things will be very different for me in the days that come. I find there are only some four or five Baptist Missionary Society missionaries in active service whose appointments date earlier than mine—a fact that naturally makes one think very seriously.

'I don't grieve for Bentley; his was a blessedly full life, and he has well earned his rest and his crown. I'm sorry for his wife and children. They, poor things, will feel the blow far more keenly than his nearest friends. His last letter to me was written just a week before he died, though it did not arrive till some days after the telegram announcing his death. I read it, therefore, almost as a message from the dead. He was as full of hopes and plans as ever, and evidently had no thought of being so near the end of his programme. I learn there was no idea of his being seriously ill till some hours before his death.

'I have just had a talk with an American traveller who came across from the East Coast through Uganda, and who spent Christmas at Yakusu. He tells me he has seen absolutely nothing in the way of cruel treatment

of the natives. However, like myself, he feels sure that in certain places the agents engaged in collecting rubber have been guilty of the grossest outrages. I only wish we could believe they had come to an end. From what one hears, it is to be presumed that the same *régime* is still being enforced, though in parts of the country less under observation.

‘We have been buoyed up with the hope that Belgium herself would take steps to put the matter right ; but so far nothing appears to have come of all the pressure that has been exercised upon the State—except this, perhaps, to confirm the decision of those in power to prevent the settlement of Protestant missionaries at points farther in the interior. However, we must not, because it threatens to upset our plans for the future, fail in testifying against the wrongs committed upon the people ; better renounce them altogether than neglect so palpable a duty.

‘If we cannot occupy new places at the front, we must make the most of those we occupy already. In the midst of our troubles we have much to be thankful for, in that God’s face shines upon us as it does. The last Sunday I was at Bolobo we had a baptismal service, and added three to the number of our Church members ; and I hear that the number of out-schools round Bolobo has increased to forty-three, and the Yakusu schools to over a hundred. We have, indeed, cause to thank God and to take courage!’

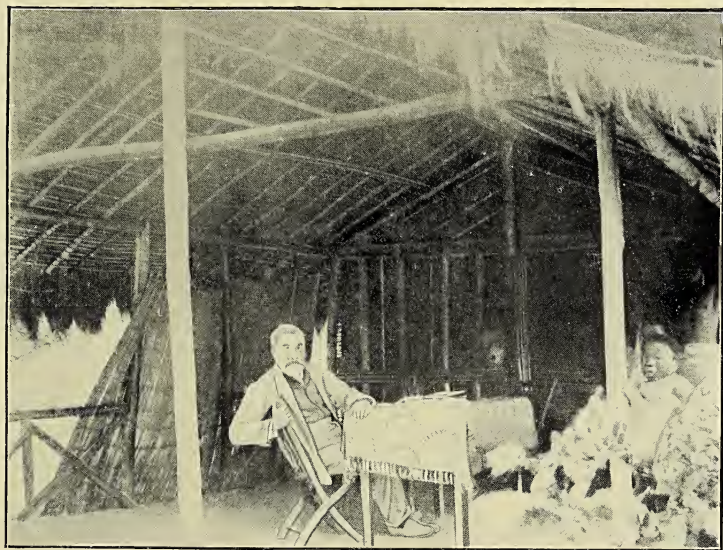
TO MR. HAWKES.

S.S. ‘Peace,’ near Monsembe, March 22.

‘Being once more out of the rush of Bolobo and the Pool, I am trying to overtake some of my arrears in the matter of letter-writing. My boys know the run so well that I can leave things very largely to their care, though naturally I have to keep my eye on them. I’m down in



LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF GRENFELL, at Bopoto. S.S. 'Peace' at anchor.
Photo : Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



GRENFELL ITINERATING AMONG VILLAGE SCHOOLS, UPPER CONGO.

the cabin, which, as you remember, perhaps, has windows all round, commanding a full view of the river, and so have only to lift my head from time to time to see how we are getting on. I've one boy at the lead in the bow, and he "looks out" for snags, as well as shouts the soundings. Then there is the "man at the wheel" (up till a couple of years ago a cannibal from some fifty miles beyond Yalembo), who naturally looks out as well as steers. Besides these there is always an "officer" on deck, whose post is close to the wheel and the signals for the engine-room. So you see I have so systematized things as to ease myself of a good deal of the pressure of the earlier days.

'I may say that our wheelman is brother of one of the engineers who came to us nearly twenty years ago as quite a little boy, having been rescued from the Arabs, and placed in our care by Sir Francis de Winton. It is only since I have been out this time that our engineer found his people, and got his brother to join him. These two are among the quietest Congo folk I know; in fact, I may say they are very much quieter than any others I know, and one scarcely hears their voices from week's end to week's end—ordinarily our people are all too voluble, much too voluble. The elder is a very consistent member of our Bolobo Church; but I've never known him take part in any service beyond singing. Most of our members, women as well as men, have no hesitation in getting up and speaking, and some of them do it wonderfully well, considering how little they know. Did you find your West Indians so generally ready to "testify"? To talk in public seems to come as natural to our people as swimming does to ducks. (It has its compensations!) . . .

'Very naturally, the opposition of the State to any

extension of Protestant mission work bulked very considerably in our deliberations at the Conference. I must confess I see no immediate prospect of a change for the better.

'Yesterday, upon calling at the mouth of the Lulongo (at the C.B.M. station), I learned that while travelling in the A.B.I.R. concession two of the Balolo missionaries received a letter from one of the rubber agents, in charge of a post some three hours distant, asking by whose permission they were travelling in that district, and practically ordering them off. This letter, and certain interesting and important correspondence, is now on its way to England by a returning missionary, and I imagine should result in our understanding more clearly than we do the value of the treaty rights, which, so far, have availed us little.

'Some of our younger men are in favour of going to a place, and simply sitting down and waiting to see how far the Government would go in the way of forcing them off. By a recent enactment of the Governor, one is prohibited from staying more than a fortnight in any place where he has no title to the land, or where he is not the guest of some one who has a title.'

TO THE REV. C. E. WILSON, B.A., SECRETARY BAPTIST
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

S.S. 'Peace,' Upoto, April 7.

'The mails that left England on February 21 have followed me up river, and overtook me at this place yesterday. They brought me a letter from Mr. Baynes, indicating that in future I was to address yourself as the Secretary of our Society. It is no light matter to me after a long and intimate correspondence with Mr. Baynes, to find that it has reached its limit, and that it has to be counted among the things of the past. I

cannot expect that my years will allow my correspondence with yourself to cover anything like the same period of time ; but I shall count myself a happy man if you can afford me anything like the same consideration I enjoyed at his hands so long as it lasts.

‘ As Secretary of such an organization as the Baptist Missionary Society, you won’t have time for long letters ; I shall, however, do my best to keep you regularly informed as to progress of the work in hand.

‘ The present covers my reply to the communication from the Committee concerning forward projects, also a map, which I think will save me much writing and yourself much time in trying to grasp my meaning.

‘ Praying God to give you strength, and all needed grace and patience, and assuring you of my sincerest sympathy in the difficulties of the position you have been called to fill, I remain,’ etc.

TO THE REV. LAWSON FORFEITT.

S.S. ‘ Peace,’ near Bumba, April 10.

‘ By this last mail I have received copies of the proposals made by Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Stapleton anent forward work, and a request for my views concerning them. Mr. Fullerton seems to think there would be less difficulty about getting permission to work a post in State territory near the British frontier, if we approached it from the east ; but I fear he has not much ground to go upon. Stapleton’s proposal is to work southwards from Yakusu ; but this for the present is as strictly barred as the Aruwimi, I fear. I say we must enter in at the first open door, and push forward in both directions as opportunity may serve. Mr. Fullerton’s idea is to establish in the Pygmy forest, but the Church

CHAPTER XXIII

'THE DEATH OF "TATA" FINISHED'

Grenfell goes to Yakusu—Returns to Yalembo—An Insidious Fever—Progress at Yalembo—A Debt 'Palaver'—Grenfell's House Fired—His Last Illness—His Last Voyage—Doctor's Devotion—Mr. Millman's Journey—'Peace' sent to meet Mr. Millman and Consul—Mr. Kempton's Arrival—Hope Abandoned—Last Scenes—The Dearest Tribute.

GRENFELL'S voyage from Bolobo to Yalembo occupied six weeks. 'Time enough,' he remarks in a letter to one of his friends, 'for you to have gone across the Atlantic, spent a month in America, and got back again.' But the poor 'Peace' was heavily laden, and her master was happy in the thought that the coming of the 'Endeavour' would release her from such 'tramp' service. Upon arrival he met Mr. Sutton Smith, who had just completed a tour of inspection of the out-schools extending along the hundred miles of river-bank between Yakusu and Yalembo.

When the 'Peace' had discharged her cargo of supplies and material for the new station, Grenfell took Mr. Smith aboard, and steamed with him to Yakusu, where he purposed to remain for some little time. The magnitude of the work there delighted his soul, but dislocated his plans.

At the Kinshasa Conference in January it was suggested that a man should be spared from Yakusu

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for Yalembe. Grenfell wrote, in March, requesting a volunteer. Mr. Millman replied that while any one of the staff would go to Yalembe if called, their present work was so absorbing, and so greatly blessed of God, that a volunteer could not be expected.

Grenfell went up to give the 'call.' On the spot his heart failed him. He confessed that he dared not take one of them away, 'Though,' he said, 'I believe I could have any one of you, if I cared to press the matter.' Meanwhile he resolved to wait until a new missionary from England could join the staff at Yakusu.

It was finally arranged that when the 'Endeavour' brought Mr. and Mrs. Wilford to Yakusu, some two months later, Mr. Kempton should go down to Yalembe and take charge, thus permitting Grenfell to attend the Committee meetings at Stanley Pool in September.

His lonely return was hastened by news of trouble which called for his presence; and on the morning of Friday, April 28, he said 'good-bye' to his friends, and started in the 'Peace' for the voyage of a hundred miles. He complained of a troubled night, and a morning headache, which it was hoped the river-breeze would blow away. 'I lie down with fever,' is the significant entry in his diary for that day.

For three days only of the remaining nine weeks of his life did that insidious fever relax its grip. 'Insidious,' because for long time it was low fever only, which the patient declined to take seriously. Usually temperature rose no more than one or two degrees. One day, when it was 103° , he resolved that if it reached 104° , he would go down river. But it dropped again, and he held on.

At Yalembe he went to bed. But even on his back, with the fever burning, he could not let his work alone.



YALEMBA SCHOOL-CHAPEL.
Photo : Rev. J. Howell.



YALEMBA : HOUSE WHERE GRENFELL LIVED PRIOR TO HIS DEATH.
Photo : Rev. J. Howell.

The new station must be made ready for the missionaries when they came. Baluti and Disasi had done splendidly during the long months in which they held the fort. A big riverside clearance had been made in the forest, where trees grow to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. In addition to the teachers' wattle and daub houses of the first days, a school house had been finished, and a carpenters' workshed, sixty feet by twenty, erected. The two houses for missionaries, materials for which had been brought from Europe, had yet to be put up, and the workpeople were kept busy.

From his bed Grenfell gave instructions. When he could creep out, with assistance, he did. His boys were distressed, and, made bold by love, forbade him; but he would not be forbidden. They desired to write to Yakusu for help, and he 'scolded them gently.' Once they almost succeeded in persuading him to drop down to Upoto, where they knew he would have a restful, happy time and be well cared for by his friends Mr. and Mrs. William Forfeitt: almost, but not quite!

Early in May the fever was complicated by acute rheumatism and inflammation of the throat. The latter proved so great a trouble that he was constrained to make a single-day journey to Basoko, to consult Dr. Grossule, who said that he would shake off the low fever, and prescribed so successfully for his throat that the painful ulcers quickly disappeared.

During these days in which the cares of building operations weighed upon him, he was also burdened by native concerns. The people of Yalamba were, as he often said, 'a rowdy lot.' Physically they were magnificent; their mental alertness elicited his admiration; he believed they would make grand Christians, when the

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Spirit of God touched their hearts ; and for this consummation he devoutly yearned. For the time being, however, they were much given to palavers, and were prone to point their arguments with knives and spears.

It was the trouble resulting from 'a miserable debt palaver' which necessitated his premature return from Yakusu. Edingo, one of the mission boys, unmindful of his master's counsels, allowed himself to be mixed up in this palaver, took a side in the ensuing 'scrimmage,' and was seriously hurt. When Mr. Sutton Smith reached Yalembe, he found Edingo suffering, but concluded that he was only badly bruised, and that with good nursing he would recover. When Grenfell came he formed the same opinion. But a few days after the missionaries had left Yalembe for Yakusu, Edingo died.

Baluti immediately wrote requesting Grenfell to return, placed the body of Edingo in a canoe, paddled down to Basoko, and laid the matter before the judge. The doctor was ordered to make a post-mortem examination, which revealed broken ribs and serious internal injuries sufficient to cause death. A trial ensued, and two men were convicted, one being sentenced to two years' penal servitude, the other to a fortnight's imprisonment.

The palaver dragged on, and Grenfell, who could not, or would not, pronounce upon the rights of the case maintained that it was a purely native affair, and incited the chiefs themselves to make a peaceful settlement. Ultimately he found that the matter in dispute was no more than 'twenty shillings worth of brass wire,' and to compose the strife he undertook to pay the debt himself.

Meanwhile an incident occurred which might have issued tragically. At 3.30 on the morning of May 16 Grenfell, who was 'half asleep and half awake,' was

roused by a shout of 'Fire!' and observed a tongue of flame bickering in the far corner of the roof under which he lay. He was too ill to leave his bed in response to the call of the boys, who were amazed by his absolute calmness. The fire was soon extinguished, and no great harm was done. Obviously the mischief was the work of an incendiary. A 'fire-stick' had been thrust into the thatch from outside. Grenfell himself was of opinion that no grave outrage was intended. He thought it was a ruse on the part of the 'side' which Edingo had taken to get the other side into trouble; his reason for this mild view being that the alarm was so promptly given.

Baluti took a grimmer view, and bluntly asserted that the dastardly work was done by the father of the man who had lately suffered a fortnight's imprisonment. In any case Grenfell declined to lodge a complaint at Basoko.

About this time the fever abated. But the patient's battle was rendered harder by the poverty of the provisions which Yalembe yielded. There was little food fit for an invalid. More than once a canoe laden with kindlier fare came down from Yakusu, and Grenfell's gratitude will be a pleasant memory to those who ministered thus to him in his bitter need.

On May 17, the day following the fire, he had finally concluded that Yalembe was not a place in which a missionary should be left alone. So he wrote to Mr. Kempton, revoking his engagement to come to Yalembe. This was the letter—

'Yalembe, May 17, 1906.

'I've been down with continuous fever from the day I left Yakusu till yesterday, when I had the first intermission. It has been nothing serious, in no case going beyond 103°. Still, my dear K., I feel compelled to

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revoke the arrangement concerning which I was so content when we said "good-bye." I simply could not leave you at Yalamba by yourself, to face all that would be involved. It has been bad enough for me at times, though with the steamer standing by I have always felt I could get away at a few minutes' notice, if the need should arise.

'With yourself it would be very different, and you would be practically a prisoner till help came. I think too much of your dear mother, of your dear sisters, and of their dear "Ozzy," to be willing any longer to further the plan of your coming down here and holding on by yourself. If only some new man might be coming along, and you could be left together, that would put my mind at rest, but, by your own good self, No! it can't be.

'I'm in no trim for letter-writing, but having commenced by a few lines to my wife, I felt I must get this matter off my mind. After so many days' fever, after several days' acute rheumatism in ankles, knees and wrists, and after an inflammation of the mouth and throat that made even the taking of a spoonful of water a matter of severe pain for two or three days, you can imagine I am feeling pretty "limp." However, thank God, I am full of hope as to being on the high way to recovery, and am beginning to take food again more or less freely. The trouble is to get just the right food. I am still sanguine as to holding on for the "Endeavour."

'Commend me to Millman and to Sutton. I have often thought of you all in the midst of your big meetings, and have prayed God to give you gracious times of refreshing and help all round.

'P.S.—The Antwerp boat, due to bring us long-expected help, is leaving to-day. God prosper her! and especially those who are coming to lend us a hand.'

Two days later Grenfell addressed a letter to his friend Mr. Joseph Hawkes, which brought to a close a long, intimate, and most valued correspondence. It contained the following passages, suggestively descriptive of his physical and spiritual condition :—

‘I am just pulling myself together after three weeks of continued fever, and sometimes have a head on me that is like two heads, or even three; and that makes me feel as though I existed on two or three different planes, all at the same time. However, during the past day or two, the normal is more and more asserting itself, and it becomes less and less a matter of doubt as to just where I am. . . .

‘God has been very good to me through all these three weeks on my back, and though some of the days have been dark, and the consciousness of my many sins and much unworthiness has been heavy upon me, yet I have not lost the assurance that it is of His grace that I am saved. I am less confident in trying to explain the Trinity, the Atonement, and Justification, than I used to be; but this I know, better than ever, that Salvation is of Grace, through Christ, and by faith.’

At the end of May Baluti observed with joy that his dear master was better, ‘walked strongly, tried to do his work,’ and so encouraged the boys in theirs that they ‘got the iron on the roof in one day.’ But the amendment was temporary, and as the early days of June passed the sick man’s sufferings increased, and he grew feebler.

Meanwhile he proved himself as ever an indefatigable correspondent. Between May 5 and June 11 he wrote many letters, of which eighteen lie upon my table. Some are short, and some are long. The longest was addressed to Mr. Archard, of Bath, as late as June 7,

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and would make eight pages of this book. The writer is very grateful to Mr. Archard for kindness to his children. He tells the story of his recent experiences in Yalembe, and minutely discusses the plans of Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Stapleton, to which reference has been made above.

Mission business is his chief concern, as evidenced by several brief, matter-of-fact, but intensely affectionate notes to Mr. William Forfeitt at Upoto, Mr. Lawson Forfeitt at Matadi, and Mr. Kempton at Yakusu. There is a long letter each for the Rev. C. E. Wilson, Miss Hawkes, Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Birmingham, and Mrs. Rowe (Grenfell's sister), at Sancreed. He is sympathetically interested in all the concerns of his correspondents, especially their trials, and his personal note is one of steadfast cheer. Of big things he thinks in a big way; of little things he is not unmindful. He hopes the English election will settle the Education Question, concerning which he expresses opinions too sane to be practicable: he studies with critical interest reports of discussions in the Belgian Parliament: he has hunted up the pot of mustard which he failed to leave for Mr. Forfeitt at Upoto, and has had it packed for transit.

On June 2 he writes to Miss Hawkes: 'Soon after the "Endeavour" has passed up I expect to start for Bolobo, and later to proceed to the Pool, for the September Committee meetings. . . .

'My news from Bolobo is very scanty, and from the two last notes I have had from Patience I learn she was not well. While I've been down with fever I've had lots of quiet times, long wakeful hours, when my thoughts have travelled far and fast. They have often been with you, and I've wondered a good deal as to how it might

be faring with you. God has been specially good to me through it all, and has shown me many new things out of His Truth, and more and more concerning His wondrous far-reaching love.'

On June 5 he concludes his letter to his sister with the following pathetic sentences: 'During the time I was down with fever and was so much on my back, I often used to think of the old place, and wonder if I should ever see it again. In the spirit, perhaps I may, in the body it is hardly likely. A man at my age in Central Africa is an old man, and these last two or three years have told on me a great deal. However, God has been wonderfully good to me—infinately good, and I can wait the unfolding of His will concerning me with all confidence. I need not point out to you, or to your husband either, where to go for strength to bear the burden that has fallen to you. The good Lord comfort you both, and strengthen you both, and give you much grace, and an unfailling consciousness of His abiding presence!'

His last letter, never finished, was addressed to his friend Mr. Lawson Forfeitt, and dated June 11. He reports that the fever still clings to him, but that he is better, though miserable for about half his time. 'In between the spells I get up and worry round, trying to put things into shape a bit.' Discussion of various items of Mission business follows. And in the final sentences the writer congratulates his friend upon having successfully carried through certain negotiations in the interest of the Mission.

During the ensuing week the sufferer's symptoms worsened, and his attendants grew desperate. Baluti records that on Saturday the 16th 'the agony began truly.' It was a long agony. On Sunday the 17th a

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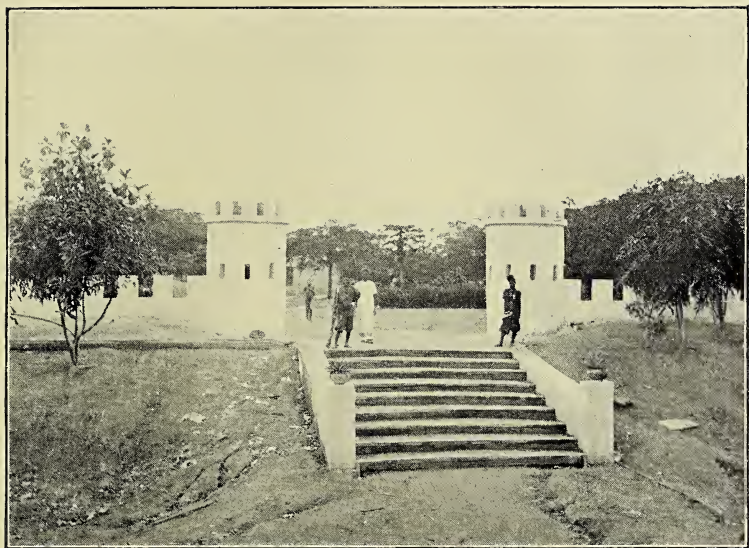
letter, misdated 19th, and given here in facsimile, was secretly despatched to Yakusu.

B. M. S.
Yalemba
19 June, 06,

My Dear Sirs,
Millman, and
Hempton, & Smitts, we are very
Sorrow
because our Master is very sick,
So now we beging you one of you
let him come to help Mr Grenfell.
please, we think now is near.
to die, but we dont know
how to do with him.

Yours,
Disai Mgkulo
& Masevo, Unwasa.

On Monday the dying hero surrendered. Dreaded hæmaturic symptoms appeared; his pain was unendurable, and he consented to be taken down to Basoko.



CONGO STATE STATION, BASOKO, WHERE GRENFELL IS BURIED.
Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.



[Photo: Rev. Wm. Forfeitt.]
 GRENFELL'S GRAVE AT BASOKO.

Even then there remained a duty to be performed before embarking. The names of the work-people must be registered for the State. Luvusu wrote down all the names with swift obedience. Grenfell sat up in bed and examined the list; and this being finished, he was laid in the cabin of his much-loved little steamer for his last short voyage.

On this voyage Mawango took charge of the steamer, and Baluti remained by his master's side. As they neared Basoko darkness fell, and with his natural and perhaps undue concern for others, the patient said: 'When we reach Basoko, do not call the doctor by night.' Happily, Baluti was spared the pain of obeying or disobeying this difficult command, for the doctor, who had heard of the trouble, was on the beach. He immediately made himself acquainted with the facts of the case, and commenced a gallant but unavailing fight with death. His devotion could not have been surpassed. He did all that skill could suggest or kindness execute. He visited his patient three or four times a day, and often remained long. On the day following arrival Grenfell was taken ashore from the cramped cabin of the 'Peace,' and comfortably housed. Two days later his indomitable energy asserted itself, and he made arrangements for the meeting of Mr. Millman. Here a brief digression is called for.

Towards the end of May the British Consul, being at Yakusu, desired Mr. Millman to make a journey with him to the Nile; but the missionary could not be spared from his station so long a time as this journey would require. It was afterwards arranged that they should travel a hundred miles north of Yakusu, strike the Aruwimi at Yambuya, drop down the river to Basoko, and return to Yakusu, touching at Yalembe.

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On his second day out Mr. Millman despatched a letter across country to Yalembe, describing his plans, and requesting that Grenfell would send the 'Peace' to Yambuya by June 14, to pick up the travellers, and give them a welcome lift on their homeward way. A second letter from Mr. Millman stated that he could not reach Yambuya by the date named, and that he and the Consul would attempt to travel by canoe to Basoko.

Upon receipt of the first letter Grenfell at once arranged with his boys to despatch the 'Peace' as requested, and on June 13 ordered them to make preparation for the journey. But the stress of his increasing illness and the postponement of date thrust the matter into the background. Yet on June 22 the 'Peace' met Mr. Millman and the Consul at Yambuya, and Baluti shall tell how it came to pass.

'The faithful, diligent one in the house did not wish to fail in the promise he had given to Mr. Millman, and he asked Mawango, "What day is this?" Mawango replied, "The fourth day—June 21." Then we took a chair, and placed him in it, and he said, "Mawango, I want you to go with the "Peace" to Yambuya, to receive Mr. Millman and the Consul. You will return on Saturday." Afterwards he said, "If I die here in Basoko, you shall take my body and bury it at Yalembe." When we heard this, our hearts broke, and we said, "You, knowing you are dying; how can you send the 'Peace' to Yambuya?" He said, "It is well, go; we shall meet again." Then he sent me to the doctor, to find a man who knew the way to Yambuya, to accompany Mawango. The doctor sent two men, and the "Peace" left that day. Nkoko [grandfather] lay in the death-agony. Luvusu and I remained to guard him, worn out.'

The arrival of the 'Peace' at Yambuya on Friday,

June 22, was providential for Mr. Millman. His fellow-traveller had been lying there ill for five days, and when he had recovered sufficiently to permit removal, it was found impossible to hire men to work canoes. But Mr. Millman's joy on sighting the 'Peace' was turned to heavy grief, when a letter from the doctor was handed to him, describing Grenfell's extremity, and bidding him make haste if he desired to see his friend again.

On the 21st, after the departure of the 'Peace,' the State steamer 'Ville d'Anvers' touched at Basoko, bringing mails. Grenfell revived a little, looked over some of his letters, and in the night called for the newspapers, and read the boys an account of an earthquake, by which they were much impressed. He also asked them cheerily if they did not think he would recover. A period of acute pain supervened; but when Mr. Millman came on Saturday the 23rd, he revived again, and talked of his travels. On Sunday his attendants dared to hope once more, but the amendment was transient and illusory. Great anguish quickly came upon him, and thereafter the sun sank and the shadows lengthened.

On the following Tuesday night Mr. Millman left him for a while, to take leave of the Consul, who was going away on the morrow. Returning to the house, he found the boys outside weeping bitterly. Inquiring the cause, he learned that Nkoko had asked them, 'Do you think I shall see Mamma [Mrs. Grenfell] again?' They answered, 'We do not know; if God wills you may.' Whereupon he shook his head, and they passed outside, that they might not distress him by their unbridled sorrow.

In the morning Mr. Kempton arrived from Yakusu, having made a record journey, thanks to the devotion of

men who, wearied at the start, had paddled night and day, that they might carry help to Nkoko. Grenfell just recognized his friend, and called him by his name. That was all. Afterwards, for the most part, he lay in semi-consciousness, murmuring words of prayer.

The valley of the shadow of death is a lonely place. In one dark hour Grenfell found it so. His nearest and dearest according to the flesh were far away, and in his loneliness he looked with yearning eyes into the faces of young men who were his sons in the faith, who would have died to save him, and cried, in words which the Church of Christ in Africa will surely treasure for all time: 'Help me, my children, I am dying! pray for me!' Later he was clearly conscious of Divine companionship and succour, for he said softly, 'Jesus is mine. God is mine.'

His last words were words of simple courtesy. On the morning of Saturday, June 30, as Dr. Grossule entered the sick-room, his patient whispered something which he failed to catch. The words were repeated, and Baluti, who had stooped to listen, at request, said, 'He greets you, doctor, and would know if you have slept.' The doctor answered pleasantly. 'Nkoko also smiled.'

With the fading of that smile the world faded from his eyes for ever. He outlived the last day of June, faring on through misty regions which baffled human love could not penetrate. But when the new month was one hour old, mists lifted, shadows passed away. It was morning, Sabbath morning, and the hero of many voyages dropped anchor in 'the desired haven.'

His sorrowing 'children' would have borne his body to Yalamba, according to his wish; but, in the absence of the Commissaire, Dr. Grossule could not grant the

necessary permit. He said, however, 'We will bury Mr. Grenfell at Basoko as great men are buried.' And Baluti, who loved his master passing well, shall tell the story of the funeral. 'Workmen toiled through the darkness by lamplight, and made a good coffin. Cloth was put round him well. The soldiers were dressed in their uniforms, and came to the burying. First we and the teachers sang a hymn, 'Shall we gather at the river?' [in the native version]. Then the soldiers fired their guns, and we raised the body, and carried it gently, gently, the soldiers blowing their trumpets as they marched. When the body was laid to rest, they fired their guns again. Mr. Millman read the service. Then we sang another hymn, the State white men looking on, and a Roman Catholic priest. Last of all we closed the grave, replacing the earth, and so the death of "Tata" [father] finished.'

Well written, O Baluti; 'the death of Tata finished,' but not the life! As your brother in service and in sorrow, Luvusu wrote, 'We know that our master entered into joy in heaven, with his great Master Jesus Christ our Saviour.'

And on earth your master lives. In your love and in your ministry he lives. In the love and in the ministry of those whom you, in turn, shall lead into the faith, he will live. In the love and in the ministry of men of his own blood, inspired by his example, who will tread the paths he found, he will live. His body lies mouldering in the grave at Basoko, 'but his soul goes marching on'; and shall march, with the armies of the Living God, conquering and to conquer, until the cruel forces of evil which oppress your people shall be broken in final conflict, and the wounds of Africa shall bleed no more.

576 'Death of "Tata" Finished'

The fountain of sorrow opened at Basoko flowed with ever-widening stream. When the news was flashed up and down river by the mysterious telegraphy of the natives, there was weeping from Stanley Falls to the coast. In the Homeland thousands of kind eyes grew dim with tears, as they read brief records of the veteran missionary's death. Eulogies were written and spoken by leaders of Science and Religion. But if the spirits of departed ones take immediate cognizance of the things of earth, the tribute to the work and worth of George Grenfell, dearest to his mind, will be the tender, sorrowful, unfeigned, reverent love of those simple people, for whose uplifting and salvation he travailed even unto death.

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